LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

MARY KING WADDINGTON

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE,

BY THE COLLECTOR OF THE LETTERS

MARY ALSOP KING WADDINGTON is a daughter of the late Charles King, President of Columbia College in the City of New York from 1849 to 1864, and a granddaughter of Rufus King, the second Minister sent to England by the United States after the adoption of the Constitution.

Miss King was educated in this country. In 1871, after the death of her father, she went, with her mother and sisters, to live in France, and in 1874 became the wife of M. William Henry Waddington.

M. Waddington was born in Normandy, France, in 1826. His grandfather was an Englishman who had established cotton manufactories in France, and had become a naturalised French citizen. The grandson, however, was educated first in a Paris *lycée*, then at Rugby, and later at Trinity College, Cambridge. As an undergraduate he rowed in the Cambridge boat in the University race of 1849. Soon after leaving the University, M. Waddington returned to France and entered public life. In 1871 he was elected a representative from the Department of the Aisne to the National Assembly, and two years afterward was appointed Minister of Public Instruction in place of M. Jules Simon. In January, 1876, he was elected a senator for the Department of the Aisne, and two months later again became Minister

of Public Instruction. In December, 1877, he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Waddington was then first plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin in 1878. On February 4, 1879, he became President of the Council (Premier), retiring the following December. In the winter of 1879-1880 he refused the offer of the London Embassy. In May, 1883, he was sent as Ambassador-Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Czar Alexander III at Moscow, and upon his return from Russia was appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James to succeed M. Tissot. He held this post until 1893, and died in Paris in the following year.

Mme. Waddington accompanied her husband on his missions to both England and Russia. The letters collected in this volume were written during the period of her husband's diplomatic service to describe to her sisters the personages and incidents of her official life. About a fourth part of their number have lately been published in *Scribner's Magazine;* with this exception, the letters are now given to the public for the first time.

TOMPKINS MCILVAINE.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1903.

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LETTERS
OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

PART I

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR

To G. K. S.

PARIS,
31, Rue Dumont d'Urville,
March 15, 1883.

Our breakfast at the English Embassy was most interesting. I began by refusing on account of my mourning, but Lord Lyons wrote me a nice note saying that there would be no one but the Léon Says and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, so I accepted. I was very anxious to see Mr. Gladstone.

We had a pretty little breakfast upstairs in the small dining-room, and the talk at table was most interesting. I thought Mrs. Gladstone looked older than her husband. He of course did most of the talking. He has a fine voice, bright, keen, dark eyes, holds himself very erect, and apparently knows everything about everything. When the men were smoking after breakfast I had quite a talk with Mrs. Gladstone, who told me about the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish. She said her husband heard it at a big London party, and had to go and tell Lady Frederick. Mr. Gladstone was more upset by the whole thing (and the having to tell the unfortunate wife) than she had ever seen him. Il y avait de quoi, for even here in Paris, where *outside*

questions don't trouble them very much, there was great excitement when the news came.

I had a nice talk with Plunkett, who congratulated me on W.'s* appointment as Ambassador to Vienna. I told him there was no truth in the report (they had offered it to W., but he won't hear of it), and I think he is quite right. He has no particular *attaches* at Vienna. He knows German well, but doesn't speak it absolutely perfectly, and hasn't really the social talents that one needs in Vienna. They ought to send a dashing general, or a courtier, not a serious savant.

We certainly are leading different lives. I am wrapped in my fur coat, and driving in a shut carriage. Your tea in the garden sends a shiver through me. It sounds quite romantic having the son of the "Roi des Montagnes" to breakfast. I wonder if I shall ever see Athens; W. says when I do that I will never care again for Rome; that colouring and ruins are far superior in Greece. I almost think in that case I would rather remain under my present impression of dear, beautiful Rome, not quite like our American friend, who thought "the Colosseum was pretty, but she liked the Court-House at St. Louis better."

PARIS,
Sunday, March 18, 1883.

I will write a little this morning, Dear—I am just back from l'Étoile. I have had rather an agitated week, and here is my news, good—bad—I don't know myself. W. is going as Ambassador Extraordinary to Moscow to represent France at the Coronation of the Emperor Alex-

* W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Henry Waddington, "G. K. S.," "H. L. K.," "A. J. K." and "J. K.," to whom the letters are addressed, refer to Mme. Waddington's sisters, Mrs. Eugene Schuyler, Miss Henrietta L. King, and the late Miss Anne J. King, and to her sister-in-law, the late Mrs. Cornelius L. King.

ander. It was a "bolt from the blue" to us. I will tell you from the beginning. We went to ride as usual Thursday morning, but rather earlier than usual (9.30). When we came home Mdme. Hubert told us we hadn't been gone ten minutes, when le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères (Challemel-Lacour) came to see W., was much discomposed at not finding him, and told Mdme. H. he would come back at 11. He didn't reappear, but one of the young attachés did, with a note from Challemel begging W. to come and see him directly after breakfast. We couldn't think what he wanted, but we both made up our minds it was to insist on the Vienna Embassy. I protested, and I think W. would not have taken it.

I went out in the afternoon with Anne to try on a dress at Redfern's, and just as we were coming away W. appeared. He had seen the carriage at the door and knew he would find us. He looked rather preoccupied, so I said, "You are not surely going to Vienna?"

"No, not to Vienna, probably to Russia, for the Coronation."

I was too bewildered at first to take it in, and I must frankly say I was wretched. Of course he asked 24 hours to think it over, though the Minister urged him very much to accept at once. Challemel also wishes me to go, says a woman gives more éclat to an Embassy. Of course it will be a magnificent sight, but I am a perfect poltroon—I am so afraid they will take advantage of that crowd to blow up everybody. However, if that should happen it would be better to be blown up together, but I really am nervous (I am not usually such a coward, but Russian Nihilists and dynamiters are terrible elements to contend with), and wish they hadn't asked him to go.

Of course it is a great honour and compliment to W.'s personal position, and I have given no opinion, but I don't feel happy at all. I have always said that I would never try to influence my husband's actions (public) in any way, and I suppose I have kept to that as well as most women do who marry public men, but I should like to put a decided veto now. I will keep you au courant of the decision.

March 20th.

Well, Dear, it is quite decided. W. accepts to go to Moscow, and takes me with him. He consulted his brother and his friends and all told him he could not refuse. As long as they didn't send a soldier (W. himself would have asked Maréchal MacMahon to go, if he had been at the Foreign Office), he was "tout indiqué."* It seems all the other Powers are going to send Princes—Spain, the Duc de Montpensier; England, the Duke of Edinburgh; Italy, the Duc d'Aoste, etc.

We are to start somewhere about the 8th or 10th of May. W. is busy now composing his Mission. Of course everybody wants to go. It seems such an undertaking. We had a nice ride this morning—various people riding with us, and all talking about the Coronation. I overheard one timid old gentleman saying to W., "Vous emmenez vôtre femme? Vous avez tort; on ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver"—not very reassuring.

April 1st.

My Dear, my letters will now become monotonous, as I have only one idea—the Mission. All the arrangements are being made, such an affair. W. has sent off a man to Moscow to see about a house big enough to

* After the Berlin Congress and the Foreign Office.

hold all the party, with ballroom, and large dining-room We are 9 people—W. and I; Comte de Pontécoulant, Ministre Plénipotentiaire (W.'s ancien Chef de Cabinet); Général Pittié (Général de Division, chef de la maison militaire du Président de la République); Colonel Comte de Sesmaisons, commandant les 6ème hussards; François de Corcelle, Secrétaire d'Ambassade; Commandant Fayet (de la maison du Président—Jules Grévy); Richard Waddington, Député, Capitaine dans l'armée territoriale; Robert Calmon, lieutenant dans l'armée territoriale. L'uniforme est absolument nécessaire en Russie.

We have three servants—W.'s valet Joseph and my two maids Adelaïde and Mdme. Hubert. All the gentlemen have their servants. Then there is Pierson, the huissier from the Quai d'Orsay (you know whom I mean, the big man who wears a gilt chain, announces the people, and writes down names, etc.), two cooks with one or two garçons de cuisine; 3 coachmen, Hubert of course, and two Englishmen. One, Mr. Leroy, such a magnificent person, came this morning to see W. He has already représenté on several occasions, and driven gala carriages, etc. He seems graciously inclined to go with us (with very high wages, and making his conditions—will drive only the Ambassador and Ambassadress in the gala carriage, etc.). That will necessitate very delicate negotiations with Hubert, who also wishes to drive only the Ambassador and me. However, as he has never driven a gala carriage, and they are very heavy, unwieldy vehicles to manage, I think he must waive his claim.

April 10th.

There has also been a long consultation about horses, how many for the gala carriage. When Maréchal Mac-

Mahon went as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor of Germany's Coronation he had six horses and running footmen (it seems there must be six or two—four are not allowed. Four would be too sporting—not serious enough). We have four enormous footmen, and one ordinary sized one for every-day use—2 gala carriages, and a coupé d'Orsay, which must be painted dark blue with white stripes, our colours.

April 12th.

We are getting on slowly. The horse question is settled—no one has more than two, so we take 9 enormous carrossiers. Hawes is commissioned to get them. They could not be found anywhere in France. I forget the exact height (as big as they make them), but he promises to get them from England, or the Luxembourg, where it seems they have a special breed of enormous, heavy coach horses.

We had a most satisfactory interview this morning with M. Lhermite, the head man of the great restaurant, Potel & Chabot. W. had been rather bothered about a head man, or major domo, who could take charge of the whole household. Our Joseph is not very brilliant—he does W.'s service, and can look after an ordinary household, but would not be at all up to the mark in this case. Lhermite heard that W. was looking for someone, so he came and volunteered to go with us, and superintend everything. He was so well dressed and had such good manners that W. rather demurred, and thought he was above the place; however Lhermite pressed it very much, and wound up by saying, "J'ai été cuisinier moi-même, Monsieur, personne ne vous servira mieux que moi." So it was settled, and he has full powers to engage cooks, scullions, etc.

The man who went to Moscow has just sent us the plan of the house which he has found. It seems large and handsome, a good entrance, marble staircase, large ballroom and dining-room, and sufficient bedrooms. It calls itself "Maison Klein," not a palace; and is evidently the house of a rich Jew.

Sunday, May 6th.

I am glad to have a day of rest, Dear. I didn't even get up for church. The standing at the dressmaker's is something awful. Yesterday I tried 12 dresses (finished), 6 at Delannoy's before breakfast, and 6 at Philippe's afterwards. They are all handsome—I think the Court dresses will be handsome. The principal one for the day of the Coronation is sapphire blue satin embroidered all round the train (3 mètres long), with a beautiful wreath of flowers in chenille, and silk, and gold and silver leaves; very showy, in fact rather clinquant (not at all like me), but they said I must have "des toilettes à effet qui seraient remarquées." The under-dress is salmon pink satin, the front all covered with flowers to match the embroidery. I shall wear blue feathers (short ones) in my hair. I am happy to say that the regulation white waving plumes of the English Court are not de rigueur in Russia. The other train is a pale pink satin with raised dark red flowers and velvet leaves, all the front my old point de Venise flounces which look handsome. I suppose I shall take about 18 dresses in all.

I have just had a nice visit from Prince Orloff, Russian Ambassador here, who is a great friend of ours, and who was very anxious from the first that I should go. I confided to him that I was very nervous and uncomfortable. I don't mind so much in the day time when I am seeing quantities of people, and interested in the

preparations; but I don't sleep, and have visions of the Kremlin being blown up, and all sorts of horrors. As Richard* goes with us too, I have made W. appoint a guardian for Francis, as Henrietta and Anne could hardly bring up a Frenchman, and after all we may none of us ever come back.

Henrietta was reduced to tears this morning when W. gave her the key of his secrétaire, and said his will and last directions were there, in case anything happened to him—cheerful preparations for a festive journey.

Tuesday, May 8, 1883.

Our boxes and cases are being packed, and the house is a curiosity—crowded with every conceivable thing. My two maids (I take Mdme. Hubert too, as Adelaïde is not very strong, and if she gave out I should be in a bad way) are much taken up with their outfit. They each have two sets of new things, a blue serge costume and coat for travelling, and a black silk for their gala occasions. Pontécoulant is always teasing Mdme. Hubert, and asking if "ses toilettes sont prêtes."

This morning I saw the 9 gigantic horses which were paraded under the windows. They started to-night, as they must rest at Berlin. M. Lhermite is a treasure. He also starts to-night with his cooks and provisions of all kinds. W. and Pontécoulant gave him all their instructions, and then he came for mine. I told him I must have my maids in the room next to me, and as we had a plan of the house, it is quite easy. I have a fair-sized bedroom and dressing-room (which he will arrange as a sort of boudoir) on the court (no living rooms are on the street), and the maids a large room opening out

* Richard Waddington, Mme. Waddington's brother-in-law, now Senator of the Seine Inférieure.

of the dressing-room. He is eminently practical; takes charge of the whole personnel, will arrange a sort of dormitory for all the men servants; will see that they are ready in time, clean and well turned out.

Pontécoulant, who is also very practical, overlooks that part of the business; also the stables, and Mr. Leroy and Lhermite will report to him every morning. Leroy has also just been in, much pleased with his gala carriage and liveries. Hubert is beaming, and most particular about his lace jabot and ruffles. I wonder how they will all ever settle down to our quiet life again.

Thursday, 10th.

"I will finish this afternoon, Dear. I am ready to start, dressed in my travelling dress, dark blue cloth, with a long coat lined with red satin, and a black hat with blue feathers (I haven't got on the coat and hat yet). There has been such a procession of people all day, and great vans to carry off the luggage. I have been rather bothered about my jewels—how to carry them. I have taken everything the family own. Anne's necklace, with some extra stones I had, has been converted into a tiara. All the Russian women wear their National coiffure at the Coronation, the Kakoshnik. As that is very high, studded with jewels, any ordinary arrangement of stars and feathers would look insignificant. Freddy, who is an authority on such matters, advised me to concentrate all my efforts on the tiara—he also suggested ropes of pearls (artificial) but I couldn't make up my mind to that. Chemin, the jeweller, was very anxious I should "louer" a sort of breastplate of diamonds—but on the whole I preferred taking less—merely mine and the sisters'. What I shall do if they are stolen or lost I am sure I don't know. I don't care to carry them my-

self in a bag, as I never by any chance carry my bag, I should certainly leave it somewhere; and I don't like to give it to the maids either, so I have put all the jewels in two trunks, scattered about the fond, wrapped up with silk stockings, etc.

I have given my last instructions to Nounou, and a nice young coachman who comes to replace Hubert in our absence, and also provided a surprise for baby in the shape of a large train, which will distract him the first days. We saw also this morning the detective who goes with us. He is one of those who always accompany the foreign Princes who pass through Paris, and is said to know well all the great nihilist leaders (all of whom he says will be at the Coronation). He has two ordinary policemen with him. They go of course on the train with us, and never lose sight of us. I shall feel rather like a distinguished criminal being tracked across Europe.

Pontécoulant is very funny over Philippe the coiffeur, who presented himself at the Quai d'Orsay, and insisted upon being included in the suite (consequently travelling free of expense on the special trains, etc., with us). He really isn't my coiffeur—I never have anyone except Georges from time to time, but I daresay I shall be glad to have him. He said to Pontécoulant, "Monsieur le Comte comprend bien qu'il faut que je pose le diadème de Madame l'Ambassadrice le jour du Couronnement;" however he has gained his point, and Madame l'Ambassadrice takes her own coiffeur with her, as well as her two maids.

Well, Dear, we are going in an hour, and I must try and reason with myself, and not be the arrant coward I really feel like.

To G. K. S.

KAISERHOF, BERLIN,
Saturday, May 12th, 1883.

Here we are, having accomplished our journey so far most comfortably. We arrived last night about 9, and this morning I am unpacking a little, and settling myself, as we shall stay four or five days. Our departure from the Gare du Nord Thursday night was a curiosity. We got rather early to the station, as W. was preoccupied with the baggage, and besides there were last words to say to all the people who came to see us off. Henrietta, rather tearful, came with us to the station—Francis was so engrossed with his new railway train that was careering round on beautiful green rails in his father's study, that he was quite indifferent. The whole quai was filled with boxes and trunks labelled "Waddington, Moscow," and when you think that all the soldiers took their saddles and trappings of all kinds, and what the stable alone represented, 2 enormous gala carriages, one coupé d'Orsay, and all the heavy harness and servants' liveries, you can imagine what an excitement there was until everything was put on board.

We started, however, fairly punctually—W. and I had a lit-salon, with cabinet de toilette; the two maids and W.'s man next door, and Sesmaisons and François de Corcelle (the only two who came with us, the rest of the Mission joins us Tuesday at Berlin), had their coupé next to ours. There were all sorts of last directions to be given to Pontécoulant, and to poor Henrietta, who remains in charge of Francis.

I slept pretty well all night, as you know I am a good traveller, and about 7 Adelaïde came in to arrange me a little, as we were to breakfast at Cologne (where we

were due at 8 o'clock) with our consul there, and also the consul at Düsseldorf, who is rather a friend of W.'s. We had a very good little breakfast in the private room, and when we started again, the Chef-de-Gare coming at the last moment to conduct us to our coupé, there was much bowing and scraping to Monsieur l'Ambassadeur and Mdme. l'Ambassadrice. We made quite an excitement at the station, and all the people who were coming and going in the numerous trains that passed through had their heads out of the windows to see what was going on. They had filled our coupé with papers of all kinds (German), illustrated and political, also a large bouquet for me.

We dined at Hanover, not in a private room this time, but at a round table at one end of the large room. Who do you think came to see me? Mr. Joy; he had seen in the papers that we were to pass through, so he took himself down to the station to see if he could see us. I introduced him to W.—we had only time for a little talk, as he came rather late. He also brought papers and a magazine or two, so we are well supplied with literature for the present.

When we arrived here at the station we found M. de Courcel, our Ambassador in Berlin, waiting for us with all his staff. He drove us at once in his carriage to the hotel, and said he would come in again an hour later and tell W. about his audiences, etc. We have beautiful rooms, a large salon looking on the street, dining-room, two good-sized bedrooms and a very good ante-room (where by the way Pierson, with his chain and sword and dress clothes, is already installed. When I came out of the salon just now he was there, and I rather felt as if I was back at the Quai d'Orsay, and he was announcing my visitors).

While we were talking to Courcel last night one of the hotel servants came in to say—would I go for one moment to speak to the maids, he couldn't make out what they wanted. I did go, but merely to tell these ladies that I would thank them to get along as well as they could, and to find a polygot waiter, or someone to translate for them; that I certainly was not going to look out for them, and they had better try and learn a little German.

Courcel says the Emperor, Prince Imperial, and Bismarck all want to see W.—he also warns him that Bismarck is in an execrable humor. I don't think W. minds that very much. He is a very cool gentleman himself, and I imagine he will say all he wants to to the great man.

10-30.

W. and I went for a walk before breakfast to the Pariser Platz to see the outside of the French Embassy; it looks big and imposing. We came home through "Unter den Linden." Berlin has much improved, and has much more the air of a capital than when I first saw it a great many years ago. Of course I was much struck with the quantities of soldiers one sees in the streets. The officers are a fine lot of men, but, like ramrods, so stiff; and when they are walking two or three together take up the whole pavement.

Sesmaisons and Corcelle breakfasted with us—Sesmaisons is delighted to be back in Berlin. He was military attaché there at the time of the Berlin Congress, when St. Vallier was Ambassador, and has many friends. M. de Courcel came in just as we were finishing, with a long list for W., his audience cards, invitations, etc. Then came George de Bunsen with his wife and daugh-

ters. I had never seen the ladies of the family, and was glad to make their acquaintance. They were very friendly, and we made various engagements with them. M. de Bunsen I had seen before in France—he is quite charming, very good-looking, and not at all Prussian, so cosmopolitan, which is always most attractive.

W. and I went out together and paid several visits, to the Embassy first, where we found Mdme. de Courcel. The rooms are large and handsome, with good pictures and splendid tapestries. We took a turn in the Thiergarten, and the Jardin Zoölogique (where we saw an enormous yellow lion—a terrible beast, handsome, too). W. then went to see Hatzfeldt (Foreign Minister), who was very amiable, but said nothing in particular—none of Bismarck's people ever do.

We dined early at the Embassy with all the personnel. The dinner was good and handsome, plenty of servants, lights, flowers—everything in very good style. While the men were smoking Mdme. de Courcel and I talked. She told me some of her Berlin experiences, and how difficult her beginnings were, but I suppose they always must be until one has had time to look around a little. We have just come home, and after talking a little with the gentlemen I have left them to their cigars and papers, and am glad to be in my own quarters.

The maids have had a delightful afternoon. They have found a gérant who speaks French, and who has taken them a little about Berlin, which they find "très gentil." W. has his audience from the Emperor at one o'clock to-morrow in uniform. None of the ladies, Empress nor Princesses, are here, so I have nothing to do.

Sunday, May 13th.

I didn't go out this morning, but wrote and read. The two gentlemen breakfasted with us as usual, and a little before one W. went off for his audience with the Emperor in full uniform, which is very becoming to him. (He hates it as it is so heavy, with all the thick gold embroidery, and he is very hot and uncomfortable.) The audience lasted about three-quarters of an hour. W. was astounded at the Emperor's appearance and conversation, said he was au courant of everything—he said among other things—'Ah, vous emmenez Mme. Waddington à Moscow? eh bien! moi, je n'envoie pas mon héritier,' adding though immediately he didn't think there was any danger from the Nihilists this time.

He had barely time to get home and out of his uniform when Lord and Lady Ampthill arrived. They were quite charming, both of them. He and I plunged into the old Roman days, where we knew him so well as Odo Russell. They are great favourites here, both at court and with their colleagues. He spoke a great deal about St. Vallier, said he was the best colleague he had ever had.

At four W. started again to see Bismarck (not in uniform this time), and I drove out to the George Bunsens' to have tea. They have a pretty house. Theodore was also there, and we had a pleasant hour. They asked us to come in to-morrow after our dinner at the Embassy. When I got back I found W. smoking in a big arm-chair, quite pleased with his talk with Bismarck, who was most amiable, had at least no "crise de nerfs" while he was there. He said he was very frank, almost brutal, in his appreciations of other countries, and particularly of different public men whose views didn't coincide directly with his, but on the whole not too offen-

sive. He kept him until his dinner was announced (at 5 o'clock), and asked him to come and see him on his way back from Moscow, and give him his impressions; so apparently it is only from his own agents that he doesn't wish impressions. Do you remember C. writing to him, from the Hague, I think, the account of some manifestation or political crisis, and naturally saying what he thought about the matter; and the very curt answer he received from the Minister, saying he had asked for facts, and not for "personal appreciations." One would think that the opinion of the most ordinary agent on the spot would have a certain importance.

Tuesday, 15th.

It is very warm—I have been out with Adelaïde trying to get a light blouse, my cloth body is unbearable. Everything was shut yesterday, as it was Whit Monday. W. dined at the Palace at 5, Sesmaisons also. I went to the races with Mdme. de Courcel and some of the young men. It was rather amusing, a lovely day, about three quarters of an hour by train from Berlin. The public was not nearly so élégant as on a Paris race-course, but there were more pretty women, and quantities of stiff, arrogant officers (always en tenue).

When we got back to the hotel at 7.30 we found W. at the door, just back from his dinner, so François de Corcelle and I dined tête-à-tête, and W. talked to us —said the dinner was good, small and easy. The Prince Imperial and Grand Duchess of Baden were both there. The Grand Duchess told W. that in a telegram received that morning from her mother (the Empress Augusta) she had said how much she regretted not seeing him, that she had always watched his career with great inter-

est, and was very glad to see him coming to the front again.

The Emperor talked about everything—France; England; the religious question in France; he believed French women of all classes were clerical, and under the influence of the priests, so naturally they could have no sympathy with a liberal government, "which is a pity, it is a mistake to have the women against you." We had an audience with the Prince Imperial after dinner, which was pleasant, but absolutely commonplace. He and all the Princes were in uniform, petite tenue.

We finished our evening at the Bunsens', which was pleasant. W. was very glad to have a quiet talk with M. de Bunsen, who is most attractive, such a charming manner. This evening we have dined as usual at the French Embassy with quite a party, including Bleichroeder, an Israelite banker, bras droit of Bismarck, and therefore interesting. We came early, as all the rest of our Mission arrived to-night at 9 o'clock, and we wanted to see them. They all came up after supper, looking most cheerful, had had a very pleasant journey, rather warm in the middle of the day, and were quite game to see all they can of Berlin to-morrow, as we go on to Warsaw to-morrow night.

Wednesday, May 16th.

We are starting this evening, Dear, so I will scratch a few lines to finish this very long epistle, and will send it from here. It is still very warm. I went out to see some of the pictures (how beautiful the Velasquez are) and the marbles of Pergamos, and Pontécoulant and I breakfasted together at the hotel; W. and Richard at the George Bunsens', who really have been as friendly and hospitable as possible. After breakfast we had various

visits, and then Pontécoulant, Corcelle and I went for a last drive in the Thier-Garten. I hoped we should meet either the Emperor (I have never seen him) or the Prince Imperial, but we didn't. There were plenty of people riding and driving, as it was the fashionable day "Corso." We saw the Princess Frederick Charles in an open carriage with four horses, and a piqueur in front. The Court liveries are handsome, but sombre, black and silver. Everybody bowed and curtseyed, the officers saluting de front.

We went round by the Zoo to show Pontécoulant the big lion. Pontécoulant was most amusing over their journey, and said he was nearly driven out of his mind the day before they started with all the people who came to see him. He says Philippe, the coiffeur, has never left him, that it won't be his fault if my diadem is not perfectly posé, and that he plied him with beer all along the route. He is here supping and living at the hotel with all our suite, and sent word to me this morning that he was at my disposition to make me a "coiffure de circonstance" for the night journey. What do you suppose it would have been?

Pontécoulant had seen Henrietta and Francis the day he left, and had left orders at the Foreign Office that the Havas telegrams which will keep her au courant of our movements shall always be sent to her. All the personnel except W. and me dine at the Embassy to-night. I am not sorry to have a quiet evening. We leave at 11 to-night, and get to Alexandrownow about 7.30 to-morrow. That is the Russian frontier, and there we shall have some sort of official reception.

W. has been riding these last two days with Sancy, the military attaché, and that always does him good. I couldn't find any sort of silk blouse, so I trust it won't

be very warm travelling to-night. When we cross the frontier I shall feel as if our journey had begun. Here we have lived so with the Embassy that I hardly feel as if I was abroad, only the cadre is different, and the Prussian uniforms a disagreeable reminder. I don't think it is an easy post to be Ambassador here, and I should think M. de Courcel's succession would be a very difficult one. He knows German well, and has always lived with diplomatists, but if they send a political man, I think he will have a hard time; though as Bismarck said to W. when they were talking about any possible war in Europe—"Je désire la paix, je suis un homme satisfait," which wasn't very pleasant for the French Ambassador to hear, as I suppose what has largely contributed to his satisfaction is the possession of Alsace-Lorraine.

We have had our dinner, and W. smoked on the balcony, and we saw all the gentleman-servants, omnibuses and baggage start. We shall only go just in time to have 5 minutes talk on the platform with M. de Courcel, who is coming to say good-by. The gérant of the hotel has just been up to hope we were satisfied—would we telegraph when we came back, as of course he would give us the same rooms, and presented me with a large bouquet.

Did I say that the Malagache Embassy was at the hotel, on the same floor with us. Every time I go down the corridor I see two or three tall, dark men, dressed in white flowing garments and white turbans, who make me low salaams. They are not going to the "Kronung," as they call it here.

My next letter will be from Warsaw, where we should arrive at 4 to-morrow afternoon.

To H. L. K.

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, VARSOVIE,
Thursday, May 17th, 1883.

Here we are, Dear, having arrived from Berlin at 3.30 this afternoon. We started at 11—it was very hot even at that hour of the night, and the coupé-lit stuffy and uncomfortable. M. de Courcel and all his staff were at the station to see us off, and the two Embassies united made quite a gathering. I had a little talk with Princess Guillaume Radziwill, who is starting for the Coronation. It seems she has splendid jewels, and was rather bothered to know how to carry them. She has got them all on, in little leather bags around her waist, and she thinks she won't be very comfortable all night, with pins, brooches, etc., running into her. She was horrified when I told her where mine were.

The night was long, we were not very comfortable, and the gentlemen were decidedly squeezed in one little carriage. We stopped somewhere, I don't remember the name, about 6. The men all got out and had coffee. I didn't move, but they sent me in a cup. We got to Alexandrownow, the Russian frontier, about 8. The station had a decidedly festive appearance—flags, greens, soldiers, music, etc. They were evidently preparing a salute and a national anthem of some kind. We all thought it was for us, and were proceeding to emerge to the strains of the "Marseillaise," when we heard the "Wacht-am-Rhein." It seems there was a Hessian Prince, nephew of the Emperor, on board, who was also going to the Coronation, so we rentréed our heads, and remained quietly in our carriages until they had disposed of him.

Then came our turn. We were received with all ceremony—a tall Russian officer took charge of me, saying, in very good French, he was sure I would like to brush off the dust, and have some tea, etc. He took me upstairs to a very nice room, where a little maid was waiting with hot water, towels, brushes, tea, and little rolls. I took off my dress to have it brushed, and while I was standing in my petticoats several gentlemen came to the door (which wouldn't shut), and made various perfectly unintelligible remarks to me. The little maid laughed and made signs, and carried off my dress, which I thought was dangerous—however I couldn't say anything, so I put myself behind the door, and Adelaïde arranged my hair; and I was just thinking of having a cup of tea when the maid reappeared with my dress, accompanied by another officer, who told me in French, from the other side of the door, that his Royal Highness of Hesse hoped I would do him the honour of breakfasting with him. I said I would come with pleasure, but begged they wouldn't wait, as I was not quite ready. As soon as I was dressed I sallied out, found my officer waiting, who conducted me to a private room, where were the Prince and his party, including W. and a Russian general, who had been sent from Varsovie to meet the Hessian Prince.

They were all at table—the Prince put me next to him, introduced the Russian general and all his suite, and we had rather a pleasant hour. We had excellent tea in glasses (the first time I ever saw it), delicious little rolls, eggs, and cold meat. The Prince is a tall, broad-shouldered, good-natured German, speaking French quite well.

We had the same ceremony at starting, first the "Wacht-am-Rhein" for the Germans, then the "Marseil-

laise" for us. The journey was not particularly interesting from the frontier here, but Varsovie itself most curious. We found the same bustle and preparation at the station here—the Governor of Varsovie, and Préfet de Police en tenue, and our Consul, M. Bérard.

We drove at once to the hotel, looked at our rooms, which are comfortable, and started again for a little drive through the town before dinner. Anything so unlike the cities one has been accustomed to see can't be imagined, long, straggling streets, enormous spaces, many houses tumbling down, and abominable pavement, deep holes, and paving stones as big as ordinary rocks—why the carriage ever got along was a mystery to us all. The Russian coachman, a perfect type with his long caftan and flat cap. Why the horses remain attached to the carriage is a problem, as they apparently have no harness of any description. I used to think we didn't use much in America. Will you ever forget Coligny's face at Oyster Bay when we started trotting down hill without any breeching?

There were quantities of dirty Polish Jews in every direction, all with their long caftans, greasy, black curls, and ear-rings. I had time to rest a little before dinner. We all dined together, also Bérard the Consul, all the men in their dress clothes, and I in my grey moiré with white lace, and a big, black velvet bow, one string of pearls which I had on under my corsage. Pontécoulant, who is the next man to W., took me in, and I had General Pittié on the other side. The dinner was handsome and well served. Pontécoulant had attended to that while we were driving about.

After dinner the men all went off to the theatre in the Governor's box to see a famous ballet. I was rather tired, and as we start again to-morrow, and have two

nights in the train, I sha'n't mind going to bed early. I was interrupted, as we have had a visit, pleasant enough, from Mavrocordato (Greek), who is also on his way to Moscow to represent his country, and now I am going to bed. We leave to-morrow at 4, and I will try and write a little en route. They say I can probably, as the Russian roads (railroads) are smooth, and they go very slowly.

Friday, 2 o'clock.

I will go on a little and send this letter also from here. We had an expedition this morning to one of the châteaux belonging to some member of the Sobieski family, or rather belonging to a Potocki quelconque, where there are many souvenirs of Sobieski. I never was on such a villainous pavement (they tell me Moscow is worse), and the road long and straight through flat country, not very interesting. The château was full of pictures and bibelots of all kinds, and every possible souvenir of Sobieski, flags, swords, snuff-boxes, etc., and quite worth seeing. I enjoyed the outing, as everything was absolutely unique, carriages, costumes, carts, people, language, houses, a poor tumble-down little hovel next to a great palace with gates and courts and gardens.

We lunched again with all the Embassy, and then I went to see what was happening to the maids. I had left them in such a dejected condition on the landing when I went out. They couldn't get hold of any servant (couldn't make them understand when they did), couldn't get my boots or travelling skirt, or hot water, or anything, in fact. The hotel is full of people, all starting this afternoon, and there is a fine confusion, but they really must learn to get along without all modern conveniences.

ENTRE VARSOVIE ET MOSCOU,
en wagon, Samedi soir, 19.

I will try and write a little, Dear, while we are stopping at Smolensk for tea. It is rather difficult when we are moving (though we go slowly) as you will see by the writing, as the train shakes a great deal. As soon as it stops we all tumble out, are received by railway officials in uniform, and conveyed to a private room decorated with greens and flags, where most elaborate repasts are provided. We got off from Varsovie yesterday most comfortably about 4 o'clock. Various officials, our Consul Bérard, were at the station to see us off, and an engineer of the company, who goes with us to Moscow to interpret and look after us generally. The train is most luxurious—for W. and me one long saloon carriage lined with grey satin, and with every variety of easy chair, sofa, table, writing-table, lamp, etc. Flowers on one of the tables and maps of the route on another. Communicating with it and directly behind are two bedrooms for us—mine is capitonné in blue satin, a very good-sized bed, glass, chairs, table, etc., also a dressing-room with every modern convenience. W.'s is grey satin, equally comfortable, with dressing-room, bath, etc.—behind these again a coupé for the maids—then a long carriage for the rest of the Mission with chairs, tables, etc., and small coupés. The engineer showed us all the arrangements, hoped we were satisfied, and also told us that two employés would be stationed at each end of our carriage always for whatever we might want.

We got off fairly punctually. I wonder if I shall ever see Varsovie again. We stopped somewhere about 5.30, and found a charming little tea waiting for us in a private room, served of course in glasses with pieces of

lemon, and excellent rolls and cakes. There we fraternized with the Dutch Mission, who are also on the train. M. Schimmelpenninck, a tall, stylish-looking man, with his son and gendre. The young men had recognized W., having seen him at the Congrès de Berlin; so they recalled themselves, and we made friends. We agreed to take all our meals together, and as apparently we shall have about 6 in the day we shall probably see a good deal of each other.

We had rather a pleasant evening, dined (very well) at Brest, always the same ceremonial; and after dinner some of the gentlemen came and paid us visits. We talked of course about "La Grande Armée" and Napoleon's campaigns, as we are passing over the same ground that they followed. The two moujiks at the doors are most attentive and intelligent; as soon as they hear any noise in our carriage, opening or shutting a window, or anything falling (some of the heavy books slipped off a table just now), they seem to divine it, and appear instantly and ask, I suppose, what we want. We have no means of communication, but they evidently understand.

I was very comfortable last night in my little blue room, and had been sleeping quietly, when I seemed to divine that someone had come in. I didn't stir, and half opened my eyes, and for a moment was rather startled. The lamp, shaded, was burning, and in came one of the moujiks quite quietly. He moved very softly about the room, rather an appalling figure, with his high boots, fur cap, and curious half-savage face (gentle too), touched door and windows, fussed over the lamp, drew the curtain of the dressing-room a little closer to keep out any draught (didn't come up to the bed), and went out again just as quietly. It was a curious experience, flying through the darkness of the

night, and wakening to see that strange figure prowling about.

About 7, I think, in the morning he reappeared, this time standing at the door, and making many perfectly unintelligible remarks. It was so evident I didn't understand that he smiled, made a despairing gesture with his hand, and disappeared. As I was quite sure he would come back I got up and fastened the door. In a few moments I heard a colloquy outside, and then the voice of the engineer asking when I would like my maid and my tea—also saying they would stop in about an hour for early breakfast, and that mine and the Ambassador's would be brought to our carriage.

I asked to have the maid at once—so Adelaïde appeared with hot water and a cup of tea, and I dressed as comfortably as if I was in my dressing-room at the Rue Dumont d'Urville. As soon as I was ready I went into the big carriage, which looked very nice and clean, had been swept and dusted, window-panes washed (Adelaïde saw the men doing it); a very nice little breakfast tray was brought, tea, every variety of good little rolls, and some fish. We contented ourselves with the rolls, didn't experiment upon the fish. The table was close to the window—all the gentlemen came up and talked to us, and as usual there were quantities of people about.

We have passed through most desolate country, miles of plains, with scarcely any traces of human habitation. The cottages are very few and far between—generally a collection of litttle wood hovels, or "isbas," as they are called. We go long distances without seeing houses, fences, gates, or even a road. At all the stations there are people—the big ones crowded—and at the smaller ones, where we hardly stop, merely slacken, peasants—

and such objects, one can hardly tell the men from the women; long, unkempt hair, all barefooted, and all wearing a sort of fur garment with a hole in the middle to pass the head through, and which falls low down to their knees.

We have just had tea at Smolensk, which is very Russian looking, with gilded domes and pink and green painted roofs. The gentlemen are smoking and walking up and down the platform, always exciting great attention. There are two rather pretty girls, with fair hair and red blouses, who are giggling and looking, and evidently wish to be remarked.

We have gone on again now and are settled for the evening. The carriage looks so comfortable, curtains drawn, lamps lighted, flowers on the tables, and quantities of books and maps. Sesmaisons and Corcelle have just been in with their maps and Napoleon's Memoirs. It is most interesting to follow it all. They read out bits here and there as we passed through some well-known locality. At the Beresina, I think, where the passage of the river was so awful—some of the men quite exhausted, and yet not wanting to lie down on the snow, made themselves seats out of the dead bodies of their comrades. What an awful retreat!

We have crossed the Beresina, where we saw a long procession of wood rafts. They are of the most primitive description—long logs lashed together, and in the middle a sort of cabin or hovel, where the women and children live. They were floating slowly down with the tide as we passed, and singing a sort of sad, monotonous chaunt, which sounded weird and pathetic, but impressionnant. They say all the Russian National songs have that undercurrent of sadness.

Our dinner to-night was very gay. Schimmelpenninck

is most attractive. We have become great friends—I have even confided to him where my jewels are, as he thought I had left a bag in one of the stations, and was convinced it held my diamonds. I told him what dress I was going to wear at the Coronation, also my difficulty in finding out what the French Court dress was. The Empress never wore a regular Court train—her presentations in the Tuileries were always in the evening, in ordinary ball dress. I didn't think Queen Marie Amélie's would have been very pretty, so we concocted a Court dress from pictures, other people's souvenirs, etc.

I was glad to walk up and down a little—one gets cramped sitting so long, even with our outings for food, which are frequent. The tea is extremely good always, a sort of greenish flavour, but very delicate, and I should think very strong. Pontécoulant showed me Monsieur Philippe in the distance, talking and gesticulating, evidently considering himself a most important feature of the Mission—also the detective, who looks like an amiable well-to-do bourgeois travelling for his pleasure, until you meet his eyes, and there is a quick, keen look which tells you he is very much on the alert. He has again just given W. the pleasing piece of information that all the well-known Nihilist leaders will be at Moscow.

Hubert came up and says the horses are quite well—their rest at Berlin did them good. He is very much impressed with the absolute solitude of the country—"pas de villages—pas de barrières, pas même de chemins." We have also a telegram from M. Lhermite saying the house is quite in order, he and his cooks and attendants installed, and he will have breakfast ready for us tomorrow morning. We arrive about 8. We must be ready early, as they say the approach to Moscow is very fine.

It stands low in a plain, but one sees the gilt domes and coloured steeples from a great distance.

Our engineer tells us the railway officials are out of their minds. He says the special envoys—Princes particularly—change their minds and their routes all the time. They all have special trains, and the confusion will be something awful. The Hessian Prince is just ahead of us. We haven't crossed many trains, and yet there must be frequent communication between Varsovie and Moscow.

I still feel rather in a dream, but not tired. I must stop now as it is nearly eleven—my next letter will be from Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska, Moscow. Richard came in just now, and we have been talking over our future—Russia is a "terra incognita" to all of us. It has been certainly most novel and interesting so far. Just now we stopped for a few moments at a little station, quite alive with people and lights, as of course trains are going all night. The people look so different—generally fair, with flat features, and a repressed look, as if they had always been kept down.

This long effusion will go early to-morrow morning, as they send off a valise at once from Moscow.

To H. L. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE, MOSCOW,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Monday, May 21st, 1883.

We arrived quite safely and comfortably yesterday morning—34 people, counting servants, policemen, etc. I hadn't time to write, but you will have had the Havas telegram announcing our arrival. I am writing in my little boudoir, which looks on a large, square, light court-

yard, and I wish you could see the wild confusion that reigns there. Quantities of boxes and "ballots" of every description. Mdme. Hubert, with a veil tied over her head, struggling to get at some of my trunks, which are all marked with an enormous M. K. W. in white letters (a private mark, so as not to confound them with the general mark of the Mission). Leroy, Hubert, and Pontécoulant trying to get the big carriage cases opened (they look like small houses). Sesmaisons and Calmon fussing over their saddles, which they apparently had got without much difficulty—quantities of Russian helpers working, talking, but *not* loud, nor yelling to each other. How anything will ever come out of all that chaos I don't know.

However, I must begin at the beginning. We got here about 8.30 yesterday morning. We were all up early, as the country grew more interesting as we approached Moscow. We had a confused vision of gilt domes, high coloured steeples, etc., but nothing stood out very distinctly. There was a fine confusion at the station—quantities of officials, all in uniform, detachments of soldiers, red carpets, etc. We were *not* received officially, not being Princes. The Mission only exists here *after* they have presented their lettres de créance. We found our consul, Lagrené, waiting for us, several members of the French Colony, and Lhermite. We drove off at once to our Ambassade. The main street, Tverskaya, looked very gay with quantities of flags and draperies in every direction, and even at that time in the morning a great many people. Our house looks well—the entrance isn't bad, and the staircase marble, handsome. I hardly looked at the reception-rooms, as I was anxious to get to mine. Lhermite had done them very well, quite as I wanted, and a nice-looking woman,

Russian of course, the femme de charge left in the house, was there to see if everything was right.

I washed off a little dust, got a cup of tea, and then went with W. and Pontécoulant to inspect the house. The ballroom, "serre," and 3 drawing-rooms are nice; the dining-room small in comparison and low. Not a breath of air anywhere, double windows, hermetically sealed, with *one* pane opening in each; so the very first thing we did was to send for someone to take down the extra window, and open everything wide—the close smell was something awful. The femme de charge was astounded, and most unwilling. I think she thought we wished to demolish the whole establishment. W. has a large room opening out of the drawing-room. Pontécoulant took charge of the distribution of the gentlemen's rooms (which wasn't easy, as they were generally small, and not particularly comfortable, but I must say they were all easy going, and not at all inclined to make difficulties). He chose a room down-stairs for himself next the Chancellerie, which he has arranged at once very well. The ballroom is handsome, a parquet floor, and yellow satin furniture; the other drawing-rooms too are well furnished in silk and satin. The dining-room is small, but the serre will make a very good fumoir where the gentlemen can sit and smoke. It has nice cane arm-chairs and tables, and will be a resource.

I went back to my own rooms and arranged my affairs with the maids. There is a large room, half lingerie, half débarras, upstairs, with good placards and closets where I can put my dresses if I ever get hold of them. They must be unpacked at once, particularly the velvet dresses. Of course I am always at the window. My Dear, how it would amuse you, so absolutely unlike anything you have ever seen.

The men seem to work well enough—they all wear red flannnel shirts tucked into their trousers, and high boots—at the present moment they are all gaping at the horses, who certainly do look enormous (the Russian horses are all small). It seems ours stand the cannon, and shouting, and waving flags and draperies very well (so the lessons in the École Militaire, where they were taken several times after they arrived in Paris to have cannons and guns fired close to their heads, and flags waved about, did them good).

A little Russian maid, in a red petticoat, and a blue handkerchief tied over her head, has just appeared, and I suppose will be a sort of fille de chambre. She smiles every time I speak to the maids, and watches every movement I make. I moved a fauteuil just now, and in an instant she had possession of it, and stood over it looking at me hard to see where I wanted it put. I daresay we shall get on very well. We breakfasted at 12.30 all together—a very good breakfast, flowers on the table, and everything most correct. The gentlemen were amusing, all giving their experiences. Just as we were finishing we heard someone coming, with the clank of sabre, and those long, heavy spurs the Russians wear; and a good-looking officer, Colonel Benckendorff, who was attached to our Embassy, appeared. He will never lose sight of us now until the ceremonies are over.

We adjourned to the serre, and he put us au courant of everything. He told us the crowd and confusion at the Kremlin was indescribable (all the foreign Princes are lodged there). He had all sorts of papers, invitations, audiences, cartes de circulation, etc. W. is to present his lettres de créance and all the Mission en grande tenue at 10.30 to-day. (I am waiting now to see them start.) W. has just been in, looking very well,

Colonel Benckendorff.
From a photograph by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

as he always does in full uniform. He wears the Danish Grand Cordon, he hasn't the Légion d'Honneur nor any Russian decoration. Two Maîtres des Cérémonies, covered with gold lace and embroideries, have arrived in an ordinary Russian Court coupé—they have also an Imperial gala carriage for the Ambassador, and two ordinary Court carriages, and they have just started, quite a crowd of people before the house to see them depart. First went two Maîtres des Cérémonies, their coats covered with gold embroidery; then W. alone in a gala carriage with four horses, two footmen standing behind, two mounted, and an écuyer. The rest of the Mission followed in two ordinary Court carriages, all with the Imperial liveries, which are not very handsome, long red cloaks, with a sort of cocked hat. Benckendorff followed alone in his private carriage.

Our big footmen figured for the first time—the four in their blue and silver livery were at the door when the Maîtres des Cérémonies arrived, and Pierson with his chain in the anteroom. They looked very well; Lhermite and our coachman saw the whole thing, and were not at all impressed with carriages, liveries, or horses. They said the carriages were absolutely shabby, the liveries neither well made nor well put on, and the horses beneath criticism. They do look extraordinarily small before those great heavy state carriages, rather like rats, as Hubert says—"Quand on verra les nôtres ce sera une surprise," for they are enormous.

What do you think I did as soon as they had all gone? I had rather an inspiration—I told the maids to bring me my blue court train (they have unpacked some of the boxes, the jewels are all right, and locked up in a coffre-fort in W.'s room, but can't find one of Delannoy's caisses; I suppose it will turn up though, as

Pontécoulant says the compte was quite right when we arrived yesterday, all the boxes here). I then locked the door of the ballroom, stationed Pierson outside, with strict orders not to let anyone in, put on my train over my brown cloth dress, put Adelaïde and Mdme. Hubert at one end of the room, and whisked backwards and forwards, making them low curtseys (they were rather embarrassed). I have never worn a train in my life, as you know, and I wanted to see how it would go. It seems perfectly cut, and follows every movement, and doesn't get twisted around my ankles. The maids were quite satisfied, and told me it worked beautifully, particularly when I backed across the room. Madame Jaurès, wife of Admiral Jaurès, permanent French Ambassador to Russia, told me such hideous tales yesterday, when she came to see me, of women getting nervous and entangled in their trains when they backed away from the Emperor, that I thought I had better take some precautions. I indulged in those antics for about twenty minutes, then unlocked the door, released Pierson, and went upstairs to the lingerie to see how my unpacking was getting on. The missing trunk had just arrived, and my two women, with the little Russian maid, whose eyes opened wide when she saw the quantity of dresses being produced, and W.'s man were putting things to rights.

The gentlemen got back to a late breakfast, much pleased with their reception. They were received in a small palace outside of Moscow,* as the Emperor makes his formal entrée into the town to-morrow only. They found the Emperor very amiable, talking quite easily, saying something to everyone. He had on the Grand Cordon of the Légion d'Honneur. They were all pre-

* Petrofski.

sented also to the Empress. W. said she was very gracious and charming; remembered quite well having seen us in Paris. We were presented to her by the Prince of Wales, Exhibition year. He said she recalled the Princess of Wales, not so tall, and had splendid eyes.

Benckendorff stayed to breakfast, and we told him his place would be always ready for him at breakfast and dinner. The hours of standing apparently will be something awful. About 3.30 Mdme. Jaurès came for me, and we went to see Lady Thornton, who is Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique, but didn't find her. The Jaurès have just arrived themselves with all the Corps Diplomatique from Petersburg. They said the starting from there was frightfully mismanaged, not nearly carriages enough for the people and their luggage. The Ambassadors furious, railway officials distracted, a second train had to be prepared which made a long delay, and a general uproar. The only man who was quite quiet and happy was Mr. Mackay (Silver King from California). He formed part of the United States Mission, had his own private car attached to the train, in which were Mrs. Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt (U. S. Minister and his wife), and was absolutely independent.

After leaving our cards we drove through the Tverskaya, the main street. There were quantities of people, and vehicles of every description, from the Ambassadors' carriages (all with small, black Russian horses, a Russian coachman in caftan and flat cap, and a gorgeous chasseur, all gold braid, and hat with feathers, beside him), to the most ordinary little drosky or fiacre. Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, passed us going very quickly with the regular Russian attelage—3 horses, one scarcely harnessed, galloping almost free on one side.

All the houses are dressed with red and gold draperies, and immense tribunes put up all along the street, as the procession passes through it from one end to the other when the Emperor makes his formal entrance to-morrow. There are crowds of peasants and country people, all the men in flannel shirts tucked into their trousers, and the women with a handkerchief or little shawl over their heads. They don't look the least gay, or excited, or enthusiastic; on the contrary, it is generally a sad face, principally fair, and blue eyes. They stand, apparently a compact mass, in the middle of the street, close up to the carriages, which can scarcely get on—then comes a little detachment of Cossacks (most curious looking, quite wild, on very small horses, and enormous long lances), rides into the crowd and over them. They make no resistance, don't say anything, and close up again, as soon as the carriage passes—and so it goes on all day.

I was quite excited when we drove into the Kremlin—it is enormous, really a city, surrounded by a great crenellated wall, with high towers at intervals, quantities of squares, courts, churches, palaces, barracks, terraces, etc. The view of the town from one of the terraces overlooking the river is splendid, but the great interest is the Kremlin itself. Numbers of gilt domes, pink and green roofs, and steeples. It seemed to me that pink predominated, or was it merely the rose flush of the sunset which gave a beautiful colour to everything. We saw of course the great bell, and the tower of Ivan the Terrible (from where they told us he surveyed massacres of hundreds of his soldiers), everywhere a hurrying, busy crowd (though always quiet).

Thanks to our "Carte de Circulation" we pass everywhere, though stopped at every moment. We crossed,

among other things, a procession of servants, and minor court officials, with quantities of silver dishes, flagons, etc., some great swell's dinner being sent from the Imperial Palace. We went from one great square to another, stopping at the Palace where all the fêtes are to be. There we found one or two Court officials whom Mdme. Jaurès knew, and they showed us as much as they could, but everybody is "sur les dents," and nothing ready; and in spite of all the precautions one feels that there is a strong undercurrent of nervousness. We went to the Church de l'Assomption, where the Coronation is to take place. There too we found officials, who showed us our places, and exactly where the Court would be. The church is small, with a great deal of gilding and painting. All the tribunes are ready, and what we shall feel like when the ceremony is over I am sure I don't know. It will last about three hours and a half, and we stand all the time. There is not a vestige of a seat in the Tribune Diplomatique—merely a sort of rail or "barre d'appui" where one can lean back a little.

We lingered a little on the terrace overlooking the river where there is a fine view of the town, and came out by the Porte St. Sauveur, where everyone, Emperor and peasant, uncovers. I was glad to get home and rest a little before dinner, but I have had a delightful afternoon.

I will finish this evening, as the bag goes to-morrow. We had a pleasant dinner, our personnel only, and Colonel Benckendorff, who told us all we had to do these days. The day of the Coronation we meet at the German Embassy (General Schweinitz, who married Anna Jay, is Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique), and go all together to the Kremlin. The hour of rendez-

vous is 8 there, and as it is quite far off, and the gala carriages go on a walk, we must leave here at 7, and get up at Heaven knows what hour. What do you think we will look like in full Court dress at that hour in the morning? Our dinner was very good—wines, fruit, etc. W. complimented Lhermite.

To-morrow we start at 11 for the Palace of Prince Dolgourouky, Governor of Moscow, from where we see the Emperor pass on his way to the Kremlin. It is not far away, but the streets are so barricaded and shut up that we must make a long détour. The most stringent measures are taken, all windows closed, no canes nor umbrellas allowed, and a triple line of troops all along the route. The maids are much excited. They have places in one of the Tribunes, and M. Lhermite is going to escort them. In some marvellous way they have been able to communicate with the Russian maids, and have given me various pieces of information. I have left the gentlemen all smoking in the serre, except W., who retired to his own quarters, as he had some despatches to write. He has had a long talk with Jaurès this afternoon, and has also seen Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador. The house is quite quiet—the court-yard asleep, as no carriages or horses have been out to-night. We have two ordinary Russian landaus, with those fast little horses, for our every-day outings, as the big coupé d'Orsay only goes out on state occasions.

The detective has made his report, and says the Nihilists will do nothing to-morrow—*perhaps* the night of the gala at the Opéra. It is curious to live in such a highly charged atmosphere, and yet I am less nervous—I wonder why—the excitement I suppose of the whole thing. Well, Good-night, Dear; I would say it in

Russian if I could, but so far all I have learnt is "Tchai," which means tea, and "Karosch," which seems to be an exclamation of delighted admiration. The little maid says it every time I appear in a new garment.

To H. L. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À MOSCOU,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Mardi, May 22d, 1883.

How shall I ever begin to describe to you, Dear, the wonderful life we are leading. Everything is unlike anything I have ever seen. I suppose it is the beginning of the real far-off East. This morning I am sitting at the window reading and writing, and looking out into the court-yard, which is a never-failing interest—such quantities of people always there. The first thing I hear in the morning is Pontécoulant's voice. He is there every day at eight o'clock, conferring with Leroy and Hubert, examining the horses and carriages, deciding which ones are to be used, and giving orders for the day.

Then arrive the two Russian landaus which go all day, and very different they look from our beautiful equipages and big important servants. Then comes Lhermite, rattling off, in a low pony cart, with the boy from the Consulate along-side of him. He goes to market every day, and nearly has a fit because he can't talk himself, and he knows they are all lying, and stealing, and imposing upon him generally. In one corner there is a group of little Russian horses tied to the stable doors, with Russian soldiers fussing over them. They have been sent from one of the cavalry barracks for the gentlemen to ride.

In every direction men are cleaning carriages, saddles, harness, liveries; and with such little noise—they are extraordinarily quiet.

May 22d, 5.30.

We have just got back from the Governor's palace; and to-night the Emperor is safe in the Kremlin.

It was a marvellous day. We started (the whole Mission) at 10.30 this morning, W. and I alone in the d'Orsay, which looked very handsome. It is dark blue with white stripes, like all our carriages, and lined with blue satin of rather a lighter shade. The men were in demi-gala, blue plush breeches, white silk stockings, and high hats (not tricornes), with silver bands and cords. Thornton, the English coachman, looked very smart, and handled his big black horses perfectly. The gentlemen told us he used very strong language when he got back to the stables over the abomination of the Moscow pavement. We were preceded as usual by Richard and Benckendorff in a light carriage. I wore one of Philippe's dresses, brown gauze embroidered in velvet flowers, all the front écru lace, and an écru straw bonnet, with a vieux rose velvet crown.

I was much amused while I was dressing to hear various members of the party in the lingerie, "Madame, voulez-vous me coudre un bouton," "les plumes de mon chapeau ne tiennent pas," etc., even Thornton came in to have his lace cravate tied. We were a long time getting to Prince Dolgourouky's palace; not that it is far away, but the streets are barricaded in every direction, however I didn't mind—the crowd was so interesting, packed tight; they had been standing for hours, they told us, such pale, patient faces, but so *un*joyous; no jokes, nor bits of songs, nor good-natured scuffling; so

unlike our Paris crowd on a great fête day, laughing and chaffing, and commenting freely on everything; and certainly very much unlike the American-Irish crowd at home in New York, on the 4th of July or St. Patrick's day. I remember quite well putting boxes of fire-crackers in a tin pail to frighten the horses, and throwing numerous little petards under people's feet, but no one seemed to mind. Fancy the effect of a pailful of fire-crackers exploding in any part of Moscow to-day. The tribunes covered with red cloth, or red and gold, crammed; and armies of soldiers, mounted and on foot, in every direction; and yet we were only in the side streets. The real crowd was in the Tverskaya where the cortége was to pass.

When we finally arrived we were received by the Governor's two nieces, Madame Mansouroff and Princess Obolenski. The Prince, like all the other Russian noblemen, took part in the cortége. All our colleagues were there, but the Duc de Montpensier was the only special envoy. All the other foreign Princes were riding with the Emperor's suite. It was almost a female gathering, though of course all the men of the Corps Diplomatique were there. We waited some little time in the large drawing-room, where many presentations were made; and then had a very handsome breakfast, people talking easily, but the Russians visibly nervous and preoccupied. As soon as it was over we went out on the balconies, where we remained until the cortége had passed. They brought us tea at intervals, but I never stirred from my chair until the end.

It was a beautiful sight as we looked down—as far as one could see, right and left, flags, draperies, principally red and gold, green wreaths, flowers and uniforms—the crowd of people well kept back behind a

triple row of soldiers, the middle of the street perfectly clear, always a distant sound of bells, trumpets, and music. A salute of cannon was to let us know when the Emperor left Petrofski, the small palace just outside the walls where he has been all these days. As the time drew near one felt the anxiety of the Russians, and when the first coup sounded, all of them in the Palace and in the street crossed themselves. As the procession drew near the tension was intense. The Governor's Palace is about half way between the gate by which the Emperor entered and the Kremlin. He had all that long street to follow at a foot's pace. As soon as he entered the Kremlin another cannon would tell his people he was safe inside.

At last the head of the gorgeous procession appeared. It was magnificent, but I can't begin to tell you the details. I don't even remember all I saw, but you will read it all in the papers, as of course all their correspondents are here. There were quantities of troops of all descriptions, the splendid chevaliers-gardes looked very imposing with their white tunics and silver cuirasses; both horses and men enormous. What I liked best were the red Cossacks (even their long lances red). They look perfectly wild and uncivilized and their little horses equally so, prancing and plunging all the time.

The most interesting thing to me was the deputations from all the provinces of this vast Empire—Kirghis, Moguls, Tartars, Kalmucks, etc. There was a magnificent chief from the Caucase, all in white, with jewelled sword and high cap (even from where we were, so high above the crowd, we saw the flash of the diamonds); the Khan of Khiva, and the Emir of Bokhara, both with high fur caps, also with jewels on cap and belt. A young fellow, cousin I think of Prince Dolgourouky, came

and stood near me, and told me as well as he could who the most important people were. Bells going all the time (and the Moscow bells have a deep, beautiful sound), music, the steady tramp of soldiers, and the curious, dull noise of a great crowd of people.

Then a break in the troops, and a long procession of gala court carriages passed, with six horses and six runners, a man to each horse, with all the grands-maîtres and high officials of the Court, each man covered with gold lace and embroidery, and holding his staff of office, white with a jewel at the top. After that more troops, the Emperor's body-guard, and then the Emperor himself. He was in full uniform, riding quite alone in front on his little white horse which he had ridden in the Turkish campaign. He looked quite composed and smiling, not a trace of nervousness (perhaps a little pale), returned all the salutations most graciously, and looked up, bowed and smiled to our balcony. A little distance behind him rode his two sons, and close up to him on the left rode the Duke of Edinburgh in red; any bomb thrown at the Emperor must have killed the English Prince.

Then followed a long suite of Princes—some of their uniforms, Austrian, Greek, and Montenegrian standing out well. From that moment there was almost silence on the balcony; as the Emperor disappeared again all crossed themselves, and everyone waited for the welcome sound from the Kremlin.

After a long interval, always troops passing, came the Empress. She was with her daughter, the little Grand Duchess Xenia, both in Russian dress. The carriage was shut, a coupé, but half glass, so we saw them perfectly, and the high head-dress (Kakoshnik) and white veil, spangled with silver was very becoming. The car-

riage was very handsome, all gold and paintings; six white horses led, and running footmen. The Empress and her daughter were seated side by side, and on a curious sort of *outside* seat, on one side of the coupé, was a page, dressed in red and yellow, a sort of cloth of gold, with high feathers in his cap. The Empress looked grave and very pale, but she smiled and bowed all the time. It must have been an awful day for her, for she was so far behind the Emperor, and such masses of troops in between, that he might have been assassinated easily, she knowing nothing of it.

There was again a great sound of bells and music when the Empress passed, all the people crossing themselves, but the great interest of course was far ahead with the Emperor. A great procession of Court carriages followed with all the Princesses, Grandes-Maîtresses, etc., and endless troops still, but no one paid much attention; every ear was strained to hear the first sound from the Kremlin. When the cannon boomed out the effect was indescribable. All the Russians embraced each other, some with tears running down their cheeks, everybody shook hands with everybody, and for a moment the emotion was contagious—I felt rather a choke in my throat. The extraordinary reaction showed what the tension had been.

After rather a whirl of felicitations we went into the drawing-room for a few minutes, had tea (of course), and I talked to some of the people whom I had not seen before. Montpensier came up, and was very civil and nice. He is here as a Spanish Prince. He told me he had been frightfully nervous for the Emperor. They all knew that so many Nihilists were about—he added, "Il était superbe, leur Empereur, si crâne!"

We had to wait a few moments for the carriage and

got home about 5, having been standing a long time. We were almost as long getting back to the Embassy as we were coming. There was a dense crowd everywhere, and the same little detachments of Cossacks galloping hard into the midst of the people, and apparently doing no harm to anyone.

I will finish now before going to bed—happily all our dissipations finish early. We dined quietly with only our own Embassy and Benckendorff, and then drove about for an hour or so looking at the illuminations, which were not very wonderful. We met all our colleagues doing the same thing. W. has just had his report from the detective. He said all the Nihilists were scattered along the route to-day, but evidently had no intention of doing anything. It seems curious they should be allowed to remain, as of course the Russian police know them quite as well as our man does.

I have just had a notice that the Empress will receive me to-morrow. I will try and write a few lines always late before going to bed, and while the whole thing is still fresh in my memory. If this letter is slightly incoherent it is because I have had so many interruptions. The maids can hardly undress me, they are so anxious to tell me all they have seen. It certainly was a magnificent sight to-day, and the fears for the Emperor gave such a dramatic note to the whole thing. My eyes are rather tired, looking so hard, I suppose.

Wednesday, May 23d.

Well, Dear, I have had my audience. It was most interesting. I started at 11 o'clock in the gala carriage, Hubert driving me, as he wanted to go once to the Kremlin with the carriage before the day of the Coronation. It seems there is a slight rise in the road just as

one gets to the gate, which is also narrow. I wore the blue brocade with bunches of cherries, the front of moussé velvet, and a light blue crêpe bonnet, neither gloves nor veil. Benckendorff and Richard, as "officer de service," went ahead in a small carriage. Benckendorff said I must have one of my own Embassy, and Richard thought it would amuse him to come. W. rather demurred—was afraid we wouldn't be serious enough, but we promised him to be absolutely dignes. Do you remember at the first official reception at the Instruction Publique he never would let you and Pauline stand behind me—he was afraid we would make unseemly jokes, or laugh at some of the dresses.

Our progress to the Kremlin was slow. The carriage is heavy, goes always at a foot's pace, and has a swinging motion which is very disagreeable. I felt rather shy, sitting up there alone, as of course there is a great deal of glass, so that I was much "en évidence." Everybody looked, and the people in the street crowded close up to the carriage. We found grand preparations when we got to the Palace—the great staircase covered with a red cloth, and every variety of chamberlain, page, usher, and officer on the stairs and at the door. Benckendorff and Richard helped me out of my carriage, and Richard's impulse was to give me his arm to go upstairs, but he was waved back imperatively, and a magnificent gentleman in a velvet coat, all lace and embroidery, advanced, and conducted me up the grand staircase, always a little behind me. I passed through a hedge of uniforms and costumes. When we came to the landing where there was a piquet of soldiers my attendant said—"La France," and they presented arms.

At the top of the staircase, at the door of the first of

a long enfilade of salons, I was handed over, with a very low bow, from my first gentleman to another of the same description, equally all gold lace, and embroidery; and so I passed through all the rooms, always meeting a new chamberlain in each one. The rooms are large and high, with vaulted roofs like a cathedral, little or no furniture (I believe the Russian Court never sits down except at meals). We made a halt in one of the salons, where we found several maids of honour of the Empress, who were presented to me. They were all dressed much alike in long, light dresses, and wore their badge—the Empress's chiffre in diamonds on a blue ribbon. While I was talking to them a procession of diplomats and special envoys passed through the room. They had just been received by the Empress.

Presently appeared Prince Galitzin—Grand Maître des Cérémonies, attired in red velvet and lace, and embroidery, who said, "Sa Majesté sera bientôt prête." I continued my progress with the same ceremonial, passed through the salle du trône, which is handsome, white and gold; and came to a standstill in the next salon, evidently the ante-chamber of the room where I was to be received, as the two colossal negroes who always accompany the Emperor and Empress were standing at the door. They were dressed in a sort of Asiatic costume, cashmeres, turbans, scimitars, etc. I was received by the Princess Kotchoubey and Count Pahlen, Arch Grand Maître des Cérémonies. The Princess K. is the mother of Princess Lise Troubetzkoi (whom you will remember in Paris as having a salon the first days of the Republic where political men of all opinions assembled—Thiers was her great friend). She was a little old lady, dressed entirely in white, with a jewel low on her forehead. Count Pahlen was dressed in blue velvet and embroidery,

and carried his staff of office, white, with a large sapphire on the top.

We talked a few minutes, when apparently there came a signal from the Empress. The doors flew open, and the Princess advanced to the threshold, making a beautiful curtsey (I am sure mine was not half so good), she seemed to go straight down to the ground, said—"J'ai l'honneur d'annoncer l'Ambassadrice de France." She then withdrew to one side—I made a curtsey at the door, which was instantly shut, another, a little farther on (the regulation is 3), but hadn't time for my third, as the Empress, who was standing in the middle of the room, advanced a few steps, shook hands and begged me to sit down. I hadn't seen her for some years, since she came to Paris with her husband, then Grand Duke Héritier (his father was still alive), and I didn't find her changed. She recalls the Princess of Wales, but is not so tall; has beautiful dark eyes, and a very gracious manner. She was dressed almost as I was, but in a different color, yellow brocade with bunches of plums, splendid lace in front, and a beautiful pearl necklace, three rows of large stones (my one row of fairly large ones was nowhere). I think I stayed about 20 minutes.

We talked easily enough. She said the long day yesterday had been very fatiguing, the going at a foot's pace all that long distance with the peculiar swinging motion of the heavy gala carriage had tired her very much; also the constant bowing right and left, and the quantities of flags and draperies waving under her eyes. She didn't say anything about being nervous, so of course I didn't. She gave me the impression of having extraordinary self-control. I asked her what the little Grand Duchess thought of it all. She said that she

really didn't know—that she didn't speak, but looked at everything and bowed to all the people exactly as she did.

She said the day of the sacre would be very long and tiring, particularly beginning so early in the morning; that she was very matinale, quite accustomed to getting up early—was I? "Fairly—but I hadn't often been up and dressed in full dress and diamonds at seven in the morning." "You would prefer a ceremony by candlelight." "I think we should all look better at 9 o'clock in the evening." She laughed, and then we talked a little; Paris, chiffons, etc. She said some of her dresses had come from Philippe. We talked a little about Moscow and the Kremlin. She asked me what I had seen. When I spoke of the church and the tribunes for the Corps Diplomatique with *no* seats, and a very long ceremony, she was quite indifferent; evidently didn't think it was of the slightest consequence whether we were tired or not; and I don't suppose it is.

When she congédied me the door flew open (she evidently had a bell under her chair which she touched with her feet); she shook hands, and walked immediately to a door at the other end of the room; so I didn't have to back out all the way. Princess Kotchoubey and Count Pahlen were waiting for me. The Princess said, "Sa Majesté vous a gardé bien longtemps, Madame l'Ambassadrice. J'espère que vous avez été contente." Pahlen also made me a polite phrase. They both accompanied me across the room, and then the door opened, and another chamberlain took possession of me. Just as we got to the door the Princess was saying something about her daughter "devenue absolument une Parisienne," when it opened; she stopped short in the middle of her phrase, and made me a little curtsey—her func-

tion was over once I passed into the other room. It was too funny.

I was conducted through all the rooms and down the great staircase with the same ceremony. I found Richard waiting in one of the big rooms, with the "Dames du portrait," but this time he didn't venture to offer his arm to the Ambassadress, and followed with Benckendorff at a respectful distance.

I found my carriage surrounded by an admiring crowd. The horses are handsome and enormous, particularly here where the race is small, also the French gala liveries are unlike anything else. Hubert, my own coachman, sits up so straight and pompous on his box, and looks so correct I hardly know him. The movement of the gala carriage is something awful, makes me really ill.

May 23d, 10 o'clock.

We have had a quiet evening—some of the gentlemen have gone off to hear the famous Bohémiennes in one of the public gardens. They have been leaving cards all day on the special envoys, Princes, etc. W. and Pontécoulant are having a conference, and I have got into my tea-gown, and am reading a little, writing a little, and being generally lazy. W. and I also did a round of visits this afternoon.

As naturally none of our servants know either a word of Russian, or the streets of Moscow, we took with us the little polygot youth from the Consulate, who knows equally well French, Russian, and German. We gave him our list, and he went ahead in a drosky.

We found no one but the Princess Obolenski, who spoke at once about the Emperor's entrée; said no one could imagine the relief it was to all of them to know that he was actually safe in the Kremlin. They had evi-

dently all dreaded that day, and of course notwithstanding all the precautions a bomb *could* have been thrown. The thrower, par exemple, would have been torn to pieces by the crowd; but what makes the strength of the Nihilists is that they all count their lives as nothing in what they consider the great cause.

How hideous the life of the Emperor and the Empress must be. They say they find letters on their tables, in their carriages, coming from no one knows where, telling them of all the horrors in store for them and their children.

To H. L. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE, À MOSCOU,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Thursday, 24 Mai, 1883.

I am having a quiet morning. We have no particular function to-day. Madame Jaurès is coming to get me after breakfast, and we are going to do a little sight-seeing. The first thing I hear in the morning always is Pontécoulant's voice in the court talking to Leroy and Hubert, and examining the horses. The pair we had in the gala carriage yesterday went beautifully. Hubert was rather nervous, as there is a steep little bit just as one passes through the gates of the Kremlin—it is also narrow, and those big, unwieldy carriages are not easily handled. The pavement is so rough that I was actually a little sick yesterday after I came in.

I was called off by a visit from Prince Orloff (Russian Ambassador in France). He comes almost every day, and is much interested in all our doings—said the carriage and general style of everything was much admired yesterday. About two Madame Jaurès came, and we

started off sight-seeing. The admiral, Jaurès, and one or two of the young men met us at the Kremlin, and we went over the two palaces—new and old. The old one is most curious; small, dark, low rooms, vaulted ceilings, all most elaborately ornamented in Byzantine style; a small steep, twisting staircase; large porcelain stoves, and absolutely uncomfortable. We saw the dining-room where the Emperor and Empress will dine in state the day of the Coronation. The new palace is quite different—high, light, large rooms, white, which must look beautiful at night lighted by thousands of wax candles. In the great ballroom the two Throne chairs are on a gold dais with great curtains of purple velvet and ermine—very royal looking.

(I wonder if the sight of all this splendour will destroy my mental equilibrium—I assure you I felt rather like a queen myself yesterday, seated up alone in the great gala carriage, with everybody bowing and gaping.) There is a splendid view over the Kremlin, the river and the town from all the palace windows. We went again to the church of the Assomption, where we found Count Pahlen superintending. He showed us some of the famous paintings—among others a Madonna with a *black* face, a splendid diamond necklace, and large sapphires and emeralds disposed about her person. There are jewels about everywhere; on pictures, brackets, etc. Pahlen told me, when I was noticing them, that the Russian Court was famous for coloured stones, particularly emeralds and sapphires—told me to notice the Grand Duchess Constantine's emeralds, and the Empress's sapphires. I will, if ever I get time to go into details, but everything is on such an enormous scale here.

He also asked me if I was accustomed to *standing* three or four hours, and if not he would suggest a *pliant*

"dissimulé sous les plis de la traine," and showed me with pride the rails, covered with red velvet, in our tribune, which he had had put there so we should be comfortable! It will really be an awful day, particularly as we have to begin it so early, but I suppose we shan't die of it.

I came back about 4, changed my dress for something more élégant (the blue silk with long blue redingote and white lace), and started off again in the d'Orsay for some visits (the little boy in the drosky going in front). I found the Princess Radziwill in two small rooms (she received me in her bedroom), all she could find for herself and her husband in Moscow—and that at an awful price (and she is Russian born). I also found Countess Pahlen, wife of the Grand Master, who was very smiling, and suggested that we should have an evening reception, which would be much appreciated. Of course we shall be delighted, and had even thought of a ball, but all those things had been settled in Russia before we left Paris. The Russian Court wished to have *one* ball only, as the Coronation functions were numerous and fatiguing, and that is to be at General Schweinitz's (Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique).

After leaving Countess Pahlen I went again to the Kremlin, the d'Orsay always exciting much attention. I had the greatest difficulty in finding out the Duchesse d'Edimbourg, for whom I had to write myself down, and could find no servant who spoke either German, French, or English. The crowd and confusion was something awful; apparently the whole of Moscow was going wherever I was—Ambassadors, Generals, Chamberlains, maids-of-honour, servants with tea, crowding in all the corridors. You never saw such a sight, and just as many more in the court-yards—carriages, soldiers, work-

people, carpenters, bales of stuffs, and planks for stands, and all in that beautiful cadre—the old gray walls looked so soft, and the marvellous effects of colour everywhere. I was well shaken up, such a pavement. I met the Duc de Montpensier at every turn, sight-seeing too. We had a quiet dinner, the personnel only with Benckendorff. The gentlemen had been going all around too all the afternoon leaving cards. They all say the pavement is most trying.

W. and Pontécoulant have come in late as usual for a last little talk. I told them what Countess Pahlen had said about an evening reception. W. had had the same idea. I think the house is large enough—the ballroom ought to light well, all white with yellow satin furniture. We must have a talk with Lhermite about flowers; he says there are none here, his come from Paris.

Friday, 25th.

The men of the Embassy went off early, as they had no end of audiences with all the Grand Dukes; uncles and brothers of the Emperor. I walked about a little with Adelaïde, but I didn't find that very pleasant. It is curious I never see a lady of any kind walking, and we always attract attention. It is very warm, the sun really powerful. I breakfasted alone in the big dining-room, an elaborate meal, one maître d'hôtel and two tall footmen waiting upon me—I was rather sorry I hadn't asked for tea and cold chicken in my dressing-room.

At 3.30 the gentlemen all reappeared, put on their Austrian decorations, and we started for the reception of the Arch Duke and Arch Duchess Albert of Austria. We found quantities of people, as all the Corps Diplomatique had been convoked. W. and I went as

usual in the d'Orsay. I wore my crème voile with lace and embroidery, straw bonnet with crème feathers, lined with dark blue velvet. We waited some little time in a large hall or anteroom where was Count Wolkenstein, Austrian Ambassador, who presented all the suite of the Arch Duke. Then appeared the Arch Duke alone—said his wife was coming in a few moments. We had known him in Paris—he had dined with us at the Quai d'Orsay when W. was Foreign Minister, our Exhibition year. He is a tall, distinguished looking man. It was when he was dining at the Elysée one night with Maréchal MacMahon that such a funny contre-temps occurred. Their dinners were always very good and soignés, but evidently they had not thought about the names of the dishes, and when we were well on with the dinner we suddenly realized that something was wrong. My neighbour said to me "Look at your menu," and what did I see—"Glace à la Magenta"—"Gâteau Solférino," and I forget the third thing—all battles where the Austrians had been beaten. I spoke to one of the household about it afterwards who said "J'ai froid dans le dos en pensant à ce que le Maréchal me dira." It seems that when he was angry the Maréchal didn't mince matters, and used most *emphatic* expressions. You can imagine how carefully we studied the menu of our dinner which came two days after—"Glace à la Régence," "Gâteau Moka," etc., nothing compromising.

While the Arch Duke was talking there was suddenly a move, and he went to meet the Arch Duchess who came in, crossed the room quickly, and asked us to follow. We did, into a smaller room, W. and I alone. She is very handsome, younger than he is, tall and slight, dressed in a black dress with a great deal of lace, a very long train, a handsome pearl necklace, and a high comb

of diamonds. She said she would like to make a stay in Paris. After they had congédied us W. asked if he might present the rest of the Mission, so I returned to the large salon and saw various people to talk to, including Count Apponyi, whom I had known in Paris, where his father was Ambassador for years.

We dined at home and went in the evening to a reception at M. de Giers'—Foreign Minister. The rooms were not large, and there were a great many people, I should think more foreigners and diplomatists than Russians. Princess Kotchoubey and Countess Pahlen did the honours. Quantities of people were presented to me—I shall never remember their names or their faces. I wore fraise-écrasé velvet, the front covered with white "point à l'aiguille." General Wolseley, who is here with the Duke of Edinburgh, was presented. He is not at all the real British type, small and dark, but very bright eyes. I also had quite a talk with my Dutch friend Schimmelpenninck, who assured me my toilettes were très réussies, particularly the white one, this afternoon. I had quite a talk too with the Hunts, who are very nice. Both are tall and fine-looking, she always very well dressed. The U. S. Mission is very distinguished—they have Mr. and Mrs. Mackay with them, both very natural and quiet; she of course has splendid jewels (they tell me her sapphires are beautiful), but she wears them quite simply, without any ostentation. There is also Admiral Baldwin, who has his ship at Cronstadt, and two charming young aides-de-camp, Rogers and Paul.

To H. L. K.

Saturday, May 26, 1883.

Well, Dear, I am just alive, but nothing more, having performed 5 Grand Duchesses. The gentlemen all went off in full uniform at 11 to begin their audiences. I followed later alone (they always go en bande) with Richard going in the small carriage in front as officier de service (which amuses us both perfectly). I wore the white soft silk with Valenciennes that you liked, and the flower hat. Benckendorff complimented me on my toilette. It was a long affair getting to our different Princesses. They are all lodged in the Kremlin, and the various palaces connect with all sorts of passages and staircases, but the corridors are narrow and the block something awful. My first audience was with the Grand Duchess Michel. Her husband is an uncle of the Emperor, and was for a long time Governor of the Caucasus. When we finally got to the door of the apartments I was received by 2 Chamberlains (all gold and embroidery), who never left me until they deposited me in the carriage at 5 o'clock—I had started at 1.30. The ceremonial was always exactly the same, one or two ladies-in-waiting were in the room communicating with the one in which the Grand Duchess was waiting. They announced "L'Ambassadrice de France," I got through as many of my three regulation curtseys as I could—I never really had time to make the third, as they all advanced a few steps and shook hands. The Grand Duchess Michel is a Baden Princess, tall, slight, very intelligent, simply dressed in black velvet, and of course a pearl necklace. She spoke to me in English, French, and German, but the conversation was mostly in French. She seemed well up in

French literature, and asked me what I thought of Zola's "L'Assommoir," was really surprised when I said I hadn't read it, nor in fact scarcely anything he wrote. She considered it a marvel, and couldn't understand any French woman not reading every word that came from "un des plus puissants cerveaux du siècle." She knew too all the pièces de théâtre, and when I expressed surprise that she had had time to read so much, said her life in the Caucasus was so lonely—no society of any kind, and no resources outside of her own palace. I should think she was a maîtresse femme.

After leaving her I was taken in hand again by my two chamberlains, and walked some distance across one or two courts, always meeting more chamberlains escorting colleagues, principally men, all in uniform and orders, doing the same thing, and trying to get on as fast as they could. My next visit was to the Grand Duchess Constantine. When we got to the anteroom and small salon we found them full of gentlemen, who proved to be our Mission, who had arrived a few minutes before. That made a slight change of programme, as the Grand Duke decided to receive W. and me together with the Duchess—accordingly we were received first, alone, in a small room. The Grand Duke was standing close to the door; the Grand Duchess in the centre of the room. He is a sailor, looks very intelligent. She has been very handsome, carries herself beautifully, and has a splendid figure. He was in uniform—she in red velvet (she *didn't* have on her emeralds—I suppose we shall see them all to-morrow). They both talked very easily about all sorts of things; Greece of course and the Schuylers, of whom she spoke very warmly. Her daughter is the Queen of Greece—I hope we shall see her, as I have heard Gert talk so much about her. The Grand Duch-

ess said she was tired already, and the Ceremonies haven't begun yet. She had received yesterday 100 ladies of Moscow. They came in groups of 10, and she had to find something to say to each one.

As soon as the audience was over W. asked permission, as usual, to present the rest of the Mission. I remained in the outer salon talking to the ladies-in-waiting. The apartment is high, with a splendid view over Moscow. They pointed me out several churches and curious roofs —were much interested in all my visits and my clothes, supposed I had quantities of trunks.

After that I departed again alone, and saw the Grand Duchess Catherine, who was very amiable, but kept me a few minutes only, as she had so many people to receive. Then I took another long walk, and up several flights of narrow, turning stairs (the chamberlains in front and Richard behind) to the Duchesse d'Oldenburg. The Belgian Mission was being received, so I waited in the outer salon, and again W. and the gentlemen arrived, and he and I were received together. Evidently they like it better when we can go together, as it saves time for them—and if we are tired, think what they must be. I went off again alone, and was received by the Grand Duchess Wladimir, who is charming—a German Princess. She is young, a pretty figure, very well dressed in white. She looked rather delicate, having just got over a rather bad attack of measles. She dreads the fatigue very much to-morrow, and had asked the Empress if she might have a folding-chair, a pliant of some kind, but her "demande n'a pas été accueillie favorablement. L'Imperatrice elle-même sera debout tout le temps. Il faudrait absolument que nous fassions comme elle." I didn't mention my pliant, as I am quite sure no one will notice to-morrow anything *I* do.

That finished my audience, and I had been standing or walking since I left the Embassy, so I was glad to find the carriage, which was by no means easy. There were quantities at the Kremlin, and as we never by any chance came out at the same door by which we went in, and the coachman was told to follow, he naturally had some difficulty in getting it. Also it is raining hard, which complicates matters. There are carpets down to the doors, but so many people have passed over them that they are just as wet and muddy as the streets. We met all the rest of the Mission at the Embassy door, and then there was a general détente, the men all calling for their servants to get them out of their uniforms, and to bring beer and cigars.

W. came in to tea. He looked really done up—he had been at it steadily since 12. There are so many Princes and Grand Dukes without any wives. I am writing in bits, but will finish as usual the last thing. We have had a small dinner—the other French Embassy (permanent), Lagrené, Consul, and Orloff. Benckendorff of course. They all went away early, as our day to-morrow is an awful one.

It is pouring still, and we are rather melancholy at the thought of our gala carriages, and blue and silver liveries in a heavy rain. Just before dinner I had a visit from Philippe, and he made various essais with my diadem and feathers. He is to be here at six to-morrow morning to coiffer me. He also requested that he might see my dress so as to make his coiffure "harmoniser avec l'ensemble." I wanted to see it too, so as to be sure that everything was right, and the flowers well sewn on. It is now reposing on one of the big arm-chairs in the dressing-room, covered up with a sheet.

My eyes are shutting of themselves, so I will stop.

Please send all my letters on to America, as I never can write *two* accounts of our life here.

To H. L. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À MOSCOU,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Dimanche, 27 Mai, 1883.

I am perfectly exhausted, Dear, after the most beautiful, bewildering, exhausting day I have ever gone through. We got home at 4.30. I rested a little, had tea as usual in my boudoir with W. and Richard, and will write as much as I can while I am still under the impression of all I have seen.

I was up at 5.30, as we had to leave here at 7. Philippe was very punctual—put on diadem and feathers very well. Happily it was all blue, rather dark (as my dress too was blue), and he remarked pleasantly, to put me at my ease I think, and make me feel as comfortable as I could at that hour of the morning, "Le bleu c'est le fard de Madame." He couldn't understand that I wouldn't let him maquiller my face—said all the Princesses were painted—but I really couldn't go that.

When I appeared in the drawing-room, the men of the Embassy were very complimentary about my dress. We went in our three carriages (I had the white moiré cloak, trimmed with dark feathers over me), W. and I and Pontécoulant in the first gala carriage driven by Leroy (I wish you could have seen him, as much taken up with *his dress* as I was with mine). He stood giving directions to a quantity of understrappers, but never touching harness, nor even whip, until we appeared, then got on his box as we got into the carriage, settled himself in a fine pose, and we started.

The second gala carriage driven by Hubert (who looked very well) came next, and then the d'Orsay. It really was a very pretty cortége, and we were much looked at and admired, as we drove very slowly, and jolting very much, to the German Embassy. All our colleagues came up about the same time. Some of the gala carriages were good, the Austrian, but ours out and out the best. No one else had three.

We assembled in one of the large rooms of the palace, and then walked through numerous rooms, galleries, and finally through an open court, entirely covered with a red carpet, and lined with soldiers and officers—every description of uniform. The Chevalier-Gardes, magnificent in their white tunics, silver cuirasses and helmets. Happily it was fine—I don't know what we should have done in the rain, and also so early in the morning the sun was not gênant (as it was later in the day). The long procession, the men in uniform and decorations; the women in full dress, feathers and diadems, was most effective.

I left my cloak in the carriage, and didn't feel chilly, but some of the women were uncomfortable, and had little lace and fur tippets. We filed into the church (which is small), and into the Diplomatic Tribune, and settled ourselves quite easily—there was plenty of room. The effect inside was dazzling: tapers, flowers, pictures, jewels, quantities of women already seated, all in the Kakoshnik, and a general impression of red and gold in their costumes. All the Empress's ladies wear red velvet trains, embroidered in gold. People seemed to be coming in all the time. Deputations from the provinces, officials of Moscow, officers, chamberlains, a moving mass of colour. The costume of the Popes was gorgeous—cloth of gold with very high jewelled mitres.

We waited some time before the ceremony began, but there was so much to see that we didn't mind, and from time to time one of the officials came and stood with us a little, explaining who all the people were. The whole church was hung with red, and red carpets everywhere. Just in the middle there was a high estrade, covered with red velvet, and a great gold baldaquin with Imperial eagles embroidered on it. It was all surrounded by a gold balustrade, and on it were the two thrones. A little lower on the same estrade were the places of the Princes of the family, and the Foreign Princes.

A little before 9 the Imperial family began to arrive. Almost all the Grand Duchesses in trains of drap d'argent, bordered with sable, and magnificent jewels. Then there was a great sound of trumpets, and cheering outside (those curious, suppressed Russian cheers), and they told us the Emperor and Empress were coming. They were preceded by an officer of the Chevalier-Gardes, with sabre-à-nu. The Emperor was in full uniform, with the blue ribbon of St. André. The Empress quite simple in white and silver, the Imperial eagles embroidered on the front of her dress; no diadem, no veil, nor jewels; her train carried by 4 pages, her hair quite simply done—she looked so young, quite like a school-girl. Then followed a glittering suite of Princes, officers, etc.

The service was very long, the chanting quite fine; the men have beautiful, deep voices—I cared less for the intoning, they all end on such a peculiar high note. I didn't like the looks of the Popes either—the long beards worried me. Of course the real interest was when the Emperor took the crown from the hands of the Pope (kneeling before him) and put it on his own head. He looked a magnificent figure, towering over everybody,

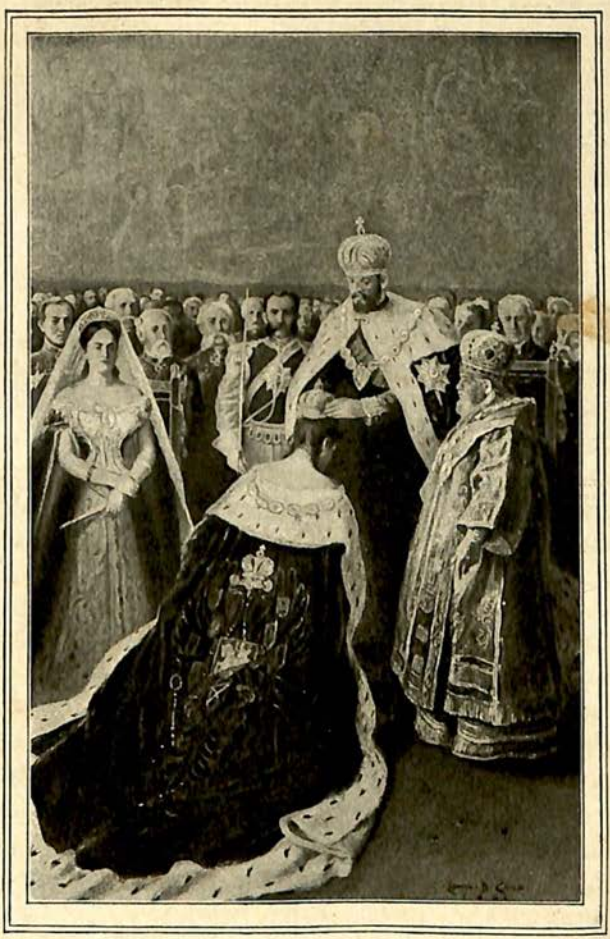
as he stood there in his Imperial robes, cloth of gold lined with ermine, and a splendid jewelled collar. The crown looked high and heavy—made entirely of jewels.

His two brothers, Grand Dukes Wladimir and Alexis, put on his robes. The Grand Duke Wladimir always stands close behind his brother. He has a stern, keen face. He would be the Regent if anything should happen to the Emperor, and I think his would be an iron rule.

As soon as the Emperor was crowned the Empress left her seat, came to the middle of the platform, made a deep curtsey to the Emperor, and knelt. Her court ladies then gathered around her, and put on the Imperial mantle, also in cloth of gold lined with ermine, and the same jewelled collar like the Emperor's. When she was dressed, the Emperor, stooping low over her, put on her crown, a small one made entirely in diamonds, raised her and kissed her. As she stood a moment she almost staggered back under the weight of the mantle—the 4 pages could hardly hold it.

Then the long procession of Princes and Princesses left their seats on the estrade, and passed before the Sovereigns. First came his two brothers, Wladimir and Alexis. They kissed the Emperor, then bent low before the Empress, kissing her hand. She kissed them each on the forehead. Next came the two young Princes, in uniform like their father, wearing also the blue ribbon of St. André, and the little Grand Duchess (aged 10) in a short white dress, but the Kakoshnik.

It was a pretty sight to see the children bowing and curtseying low to their parents. Some of the ladies' curtseys were wonderful—the Arch Duchess Charles Louis extraordinarily graceful (I wonder how I ever shall get through mine—I am certainly much less souple than



The Emperor Crowning the Empress. Church de l'Assomption.

these ladies). When they had all passed the Emperor went alone into the chapel to communier, and receive the sacred oil—the Empress remained kneeling outside.

We had various incidents in our tribune—one or two ladies fainted, but couldn't get out, they had to be propped up against the rail, and brought round with fans, salts, etc. We stood for three hours and a half.

The Emperor and Empress left the church with the same ceremony (we all following), and then there was a curious function. Under a dais, still in their court robes, their trains carried by six or eight officers, they walked around the enceinte, going into three or four churches to make their devotions, all of us and all the other Princes following, all their suites, and an accompaniment of bells, cannon, music, and cheers. (I forgot to say that when the Emperor put his crown on his head in the church, the cannon announced to his people that their sovereign was crowned.)

We had a few drops of rain, then the sun came out strong, and I was rather wretched—however Général Pittié came to my rescue, and shaded me with his hat (all the men were bareheaded). There were tribunes all along the route for the people who hadn't been able to get into the church; in one of them all the younger members of the Embassies, as of course *all* couldn't be got inside. These two were all gold and red, filled with women, mostly in white, and men in uniform. You can't imagine what a gorgeous sight it was, and the crowd below packed tight, all gaping at the spectacle.

We didn't dirty our dresses (the trains of course we carried in our arms), I don't know why, as the red carpet was decidedly damp and muddyish in places. We finally arrived at the Vieux Palais, where we were to breakfast, and the Emperor and Empress were also to

have a little respite before dining in state with their people.

We had a handsome breakfast, quantities of gold and silver plate, and many Russian dishes. I didn't much like the looks of the soup, which was clear, but had various things floating about on it—uncooked fish, little black balls, which I thought might be caviar, which I don't ever like; and I was rather wondering what I should eat (I was very hungry), when my neighbor, Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, suggested I should share his meal. He didn't like Russian cookery either, so he had intrigued with a friendly official, who was going to bring him a cold chicken and a bottle of good red wine. I accepted joyfully, and we had a very good breakfast.

I think we were about three-quarters of an hour at table, and it was very pleasant to sit down after those hours of standing. When the breakfast was over, a little after two, we were conducted to the Imperial dining-room, a square, low room in the old Kremlin with a vaulted ceiling, and heavy Byzantine decorations; quantities of paintings on a gold ground, bright coloured frescoes, most elaborate. There were great buffets and tables covered with splendid gold and silver plates, flagons, vases, etc. At the end of the room was a square, raised platform covered with red, and a splendid dais, all purple velvet, ermine, and gold embroidery where the Imperial couple were to dine with their faithful subjects.

We strangers were merely admitted for a few minutes to see the beginning of the meal, and then we retired, and the Emperor remained alone with his people. Of course officers and officials of all descriptions were standing close round the platform. There was a large table to the left as we came in, where almost all the Russians were already assembled—all the women in the national dress,

Empress Marie in her Coronation Robes.

high Kakoshnik, long white lace spangled veil, and a sort of loose hanging sleeve which was very effective. The ensemble was striking.

Presently we heard a sound of music and trumpets, which told us the Royalties were approaching, and as they came near we heard the familiar strains of the Polonaise from Glinka's opera "La Vie pour le Czar," which is always played when the Emperor and Empress appear. They came with the usual escort of officers and chamberlains, smiling and bowing graciously to all of us. They seated themselves (always in their cloth of gold mantles, and crowns on their heads) on the two throne chairs; a small table was placed in front of them, and then the dinner began.

The soupière was preceded by a chamberlain in gold lace; held by a Master of Ceremonies, and flanked on each side by a gigantic Chevalier-garde, sabre-à-nu. There was always a collection of officials, chamberlains, pages, etc., bringing up the rear of the cortége, so that at each entrée a little procession appeared. We saw three dishes brought in with the same ceremony—the fish was so large on a large silver dish that *two* Masters of Ceremonies held that.

It was really a wonderful sight, like a picture in some old history of the Moyen Age. As soon the the Sovereigns had taken their places on the thrones all the Russians at their table sat down too. We couldn't, because we had nothing to sit upon, so we remained standing at the end of the room, facing the estrade. They told us that when the Emperor raised his glass and asked for wine that was the signal for us to retire; and that it would be after the roast. (All our instructions were most carefully given to us by Benckendorff, who felt his responsibility.) Think what his position would have

been if any member of *his* Embassy had made a "gaffe." Accordingly as soon as the roast made its appearance all our eyes were riveted upon the Emperor. He raised his glass slowly (very high) to give us time. General Schweinitz, as Doyen, stepped well forward, and made a very low bow. We all bowed and curtseyed low (my knees are becoming more supple) and got ourselves out backwards. It wasn't very difficult, as we had our trains over our arms.

I don't think we shall see anything more curious than that state banquet. I certainly shall never see again a soup tureen guarded by soldiers with drawn swords.

10 o'clock.

We dined quietly, everyone giving his experiences—of course the younger members of the Embassy, who had no places in the church, had a better impression of the ensemble than we had. They said the excitement and emotion of the crowd in the square before the church was extraordinary. All crossed themselves, and many cried, when the cannon told them that the Emperor was crowned. They seem to be an emotional, superstitious race. They also said the procession around the courts, when the Emperor and Empress were going to the various churches, was wonderful—a moving mass of feathers, jewels, banners, bright helmets, and cuirasses, all glittering in the sun.

After dinner we drove about a little, seeing the illuminations, but the crowd was so dense we could hardly move, though the soldiers did all they could, and battered the people about. Then it began to rain a little, so I begged to come home. It is raining quite hard now—I hear it on the marquise. Heavens how tired I am.

Of course I can't write half of what I have seen, but

the papers will keep you quite au courant. Some of the newspaper correspondents were in the church, and of course plenty in the tribunes outside. Our carriages certainly made a great effect, and we were cheered various times on our way home.

Madame Hubert talks so much she can hardly get me my things. She is as much pleased with her husband's appearance as I am with mine. What an experience for them, when you think that she had never been out of Villers-Cotterets and Bourneville when she came to us, and Paris seemed a Paradise.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À MOSCOU,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Monday, May 28th, 1883.

We were all again in Court dress at 11 this morning to go to the Palace and present our felicitations to the Imperial couple. I wore the same blue dress, as my pink one goes on to-night for the "courtag" at the Palace. It seems there was some misunderstanding about our being received this morning, so some of our colleagues had come, and gone, rather put out at the vagueness of the instructions. We decided to remain, as we had arrived there in all our finery, particularly as one of the chamberlains told us it would be most interesting. Deputations from the provinces were to present addresses of felicitation and we would see all the national costumes.

As we had some time to wait, the Greek chamberlain suggested that we should take advantage of that opportunity to be presented to the Queen of Greece. He thought he could arrange it, so he went off to her rooms, and presently reappeared with the maid of honour, Mlle. Colocotroni (a friend of Gertrude's), and we were taken at once to the Queen, who was standing in

a small salon overlooking the river. She is young and handsome, fair, stoutish, but tall enough to carry it off well, and was chatty and sympathetic—said she supposed I was quite tired after yesterday, that it was certainly very trying; that the person who was the least tired was the Empress. She had met her in one of the corridors in the interval between the ceremony at the church, or rather the churches (as she went to three after leaving the Assomption). She had taken off her Imperial mantle and crown, and was going to see one of her numerous relations before beginning again.

As soon as our audience was over we returned to the large audience hall, where we found Benckendorff tearing his hair, in a wild state, because we were late—all our colleagues had taken their places. However we were in time, and ranged ourselves, the ladies all together on the right, the men opposite. I was the Doyenne, and stood at the head of the column (as neither Lady Thornton nor Mdme. Schweinitz was there). All about the room were groups of people from the provinces waiting their turn, but there was such a crowd of uniforms and costumes that one could hardly distinguish anything.

Presently the Court appeared—the Emperor always in uniform, the Empress in a very handsome train, blue velvet, embroidered in gold, and a splendid tiara, necklace and front of sapphires. They had the usual train of Princes, chamberlains, aides-de-camp, etc. As soon as they had taken their places on the platform all the Missions (men) advanced according to their rank. The Ambassador made a few steps forward, said a few words of felicitation to the Emperor (the Mission remaining at a respectful distance behind), then made a low bow, and all retired à reculons.

The Austrian Embassy looked very well—the Hun-

garian uniforms are so handsome. The Americans also very well, though they have no uniform, wear ordinary black evening clothes. The Admiral and his two aides-de-camp of course wore theirs, but it is so quiet, dark blue with little lace, and no orders, that one would hardly have remarked it except for the epaulettes and aiguillettes.

As soon as all the men of the Corps Diplomatique had passed the Empress left her place and came to us. Her train was carried by 4 pages, a high official, red velvet and gold lace, carrying the extreme end. She passed down the line of ladies, saying something to each one. I heard her speak three languages—English, French, and German—quite easily.

We waited until the Court retired, and then there was the usual stampede for the carriages. I have not been out again this afternoon. We start for our Court ball at 8.45, and of course dine early. I was interrupted by Philippe, who came to coiffer me, having as usual stopped in the lingerie to inspect my dress, the pink one this time. He tells me he began to dress some of the heads for to-night at 12 this morning.

To H. L. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À MOSCOU,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Mardi, 29 Mai, 1883.

I will begin my letter while I am waiting to go with some of the gentlemen and Benckendorff to see the preparations for the great people's fête. I couldn't write last night, I was so tired out. Two court dresses and functions, and hours of standing is a good deal for one day. We started early, at a quarter to 9. We as-

sembled in the same room in the old Kremlin where the Imperial couple had dined this afternoon. Almost all our colleagues and some of the swell Russians were already there, and everyone moved about, talking and looking until the welcome strains of the march told us the Emperor and Empress were coming.

One of the chamberlains showed me some of the most curious old bowls and flagons. The work is rather rough, and the stones enormous—not well cut—but the effect is good, half barbaric. The Court appeared always with the same brilliant suite—the Empress looked charming in a pink velvet train, embroidered in silver. All the Grand Duchesses in drap d'argent, bordered with beautiful black sable.

As soon as the Court arrived the polonaise began; the Emperor making the first with Queen of Greece, the Empress with Schweinitz. It was a charming sight. All the trains were étalées their full length. The gentleman takes his partner's hand, holding it very high, and they make a stately progress through the rooms. I didn't dance the first one. We had a very good view of the whole thing. It was a beautiful sight—the men all in uniform, with orders, and broad ribbons; and the women with their trains down the full length. The Russian trains, of white and silver bordered with fur, made a great effect.

The Emperor danced (which is a façon de parler only, as one walked through the rooms) with the Queen of Greece, Arch Duchess Charles Louis, and the Ambassadrices Lady Thornton, Mdme. Juarès, Countess Dudzeele, and me—the Empress with the 6 Ambassadors. I danced the second polonaise with the Grand Duke Wladimir, who is handsome and spirited looking. He told me who many of the people were. In one of the

rooms were all the Russian women, not in costume, but in ordinary ball dress, all, however, wearing the Kakoshnik studded with jewels, and most becoming it was.

I was much interested (before my turn came) to see how the ladies got back to their places after having been deposited by the Emperor in the middle of the room. He doesn't conduct his partner back as all the others do. He goes back to his own place, the lady makes a curtsey, and gets back to hers across the room backwards as well as she can. They seemed to get through all right. I rather enjoyed my polonaise with the Emperor. He showed me quantities of people—a splendid man from some part of Asia dressed in white, with jewels, coloured stones mostly, all down the front of his coat, and pistols in his belt with jewelled hilts. Also the Khan of Khiva, with all the front of his high fur cap covered with jewels, also his belt, which seemed made entirely of diamonds and rubies.

The music was always the march from Glinka's opera; each band in turn taking it up as the cortége passed through the rooms. The last Polonaise finished about 11.30, and the Court immediately retired. We had no refreshments of any kind, and made the same rush for the carriages.

Our rentrée to the Embassy is most amusing—the whole Mission precedes us, and when we arrive we find them ranged in a semicircle at the foot of the staircase, waiting to receive us. Richard says he never understood the gulf that separates an Ambassador Extraordinary from ordinary mortals until he accompanied his brother to Moscow.

5 o'clock.

We had rather an interesting afternoon. We met one of the committee at the place, sort of great plain, or meadow, where the Fête Populaire is to be, near the Petrofski Palace, where the Emperor stayed before he made his public entrée into Moscow, who showed us everything. There are quantities of little sheds or baraques, where everybody (and there will be thousands, he tells us) will receive a basket with a meat pâté, a pâté of confitures, a cake, and a package of bonbons. There are also great barrels of beer, where everyone can go with a mug and drink as much as he can hold.

We asked M. (I forget his name) how it was possible to take precautions with such a crowd of people, but he said they anticipated no danger, it was the "people's day," which sounded to us rather optimistic. It was rather nice driving about.

Now I have just been, at the request of Lhermite, to look at his table, as we have our first big dinner to-night (all Russians); all the flowers, "Roses de France," have just arrived from Paris—three nights on the road; they look quite fresh and beautiful,—were packed alone in large hampers. I shall wear my blue tulle ball-dress to-night, as we go to the ball at the Governor's Palace after dinner.

Wednesday, 30th.

Our dinner was pleasant last night. As it was entirely Russian we had the curious meal they all take just before dinner. A table was spread in the small salon opening into the dining-room, with smoked and salted fish, caviare, cucumbers, anchovies, etc. They all partook, and then we passed into the dining-room, where the real business began. I sat between M. de Giers, Foreign

Minister, and Count Worontzoff, Ministre de la Cour. They were very pleasant, and rather amusing over the exigencies of the suites of the foreign Princes; the smaller the Power the more important the chamberlains, equerries, etc.—rather like our own experience the year of the Exhibition in Paris, where a Baden equerry, I think, was forgotten (which of course was most improper at the Quai d'Orsay), and most delicate negotiations were necessary. Both gentlemen were very complimentary over the dinner and the flowers—asked where in Moscow we had been able to find them, and could hardly believe they had arrived this morning, three nights and three days on the road. They were beautiful, those lovely pink "Roses de France," which looked quite charming with the dark blue Sèvres china.

The guests went off about 10; and we half an hour later to the great ball. I wore my light blue tulle with silver braid; and I will add that I left the greater part of the tulle at the Palace. Happily the silk underskirt was strong, or else I should have stood in my petticoats. The crowd and heat was something awful—the staircase was a regular bousculade, and I was thankful those big Russian spurs merely tore my flounces, and didn't penetrate any further. We finally arrived, struggling and already exhausted, in the ballroom, where we found all the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses already assembled to receive the Emperor.

We had some little time to wait, so they all came over and talked to us. The Queen of Greece is most attractive—so simple. She noticed that my dress was torn and flowers crushed, but said, what was quite true, that no one would remark it in the crowd. We soon heard the sound of the March, and then there was such a rush towards the door by which the Emperor and Empress

were to enter that we quickly withdrew into the embrasure of the window, and let the torrent pass. They tried to make a circle, but it was impossible. The crowd was dense. W. and I made our way quickly to the head of the stairs and waited there, as they had told us the Emperor would not stay long—merely make a tour through the rooms.

They appeared very soon, shook hands with us both, and seemed very glad to get away. The Empress was in light blue, with a beautiful diamond tiara. It is rather pretty to see the Grand Duke Wladimir *always* close to his brother, to shield him from any danger. We were all rather cross when we got home.

This morning I have been shopping with W., Richard, and Pontécoulant. It is rather an unsatisfactory performance, as we can't either speak or understand Russian. In the bazaars and real Moscow shops they know nothing but Russian. We take the little polygot boy with us (always ahead in his little droshky) but as he invariably announces "la grande Ambassade" we *see* the prices go up. Some of the enamel and gold and silver work is beautiful. Richard was quite fascinated with the Madonnas, with their black faces and wands, set in a handsome frame of gold, with light blue enamel. He bought two, one for Louise and one for me, which I am delighted to have. We bought various little boxes, some of lacquer, others in silver, rather prettily worked, and a variety of fancy spoons, buckles, etc.

I must stop now and dress. We dine at 6, so as to be at the Opéra at 9. We shall go "en gala," our three carriages, as it is a fine warm night. The detective is a little anxious for to-night (it would be such a good opportunity to get rid of all the Russian Princes, to say nothing of the foreigners). He and Pontécoulant sug-

gested to W. that I should be left at home, but I protested vigorously. If they all go, I am going too. I don't feel very nervous, I wonder why; for it really is a little uncomfortable—unusual to hesitate about going to the Opéra because one might be blown up.

To H. L. K.

Jeudi, May 31st, 1883.

I was too tired to write last night, though the opera was over fairly early. It was a beautiful sight, the house brilliantly lighted and crowded, nothing but uniforms, orders, and jewels. There was one dark box, which of course attracted much attention; the Americans—all the men in black, except the three naval officers—(we were acclamés all along the route, and I must say Leroy and Hubert looked very well in their tricornes and powdered wigs). I wore the crème embroidered velvet with blue satin front, tiara, and blue feathers in my hair. I fancy Philippe had made a sort of tower on the top of my head, but he again assured me I must have a "coiffure de circonstance."

The square before the Opéra was brilliantly lighted (they certainly light most beautifully in Russia—thousands of candles everywhere), a red carpet down, and quantities of palms and flowers—always also quantities of gilded gentlemen. We didn't wait very long for the Court to appear—about a quarter of an hour—and were much taken up looking at everything, and everybody, and trying to recognize our friends. A large box at one end of the house, opposite the stage, was reserved for the Royalties, all draped of course in red and gold.

Everyone rose when the Emperor and Empress arrived, always with their brilliant cortége of Princes. One

of the most striking uniforms was the Prince of Montenegro's, but they all made a fine show, and a most effective background for the women—the orchestra playing the Russian Hymn, the chorus singing it, all the house applauding, and all eyes fixed on the Royal box.

It was really magnificent, and the Emperor looked pleased. They gave the first act of Glinka's opera "La Vie pour le Czar." When the curtain fell the whole house rose again; when the Emperor and Empress left their box there was a general movement among the people, and some of our colleagues had come to pay us a visit when Count Worontzoff (Ministre de la Cour) appeared and said, "Sa Majesté" hoped we would come and have tea with her, and he would have the honour of showing us the way; so he gave me his arm and took me to the foyer, which was very well arranged with flowers, plants, and red carpets.

There were several round tables. He took me to the Empress' table, where were the Queen of Greece, Grand Duchesses Constantine and Wladimir, Lady Thornton, and Madame Jaurès; also Nigra, Schweinitz, and a brother of the Shah de Perse. The Empress looked so young, in white, with a broad red ribbon, and splendid diamonds. The Queen of Greece was charming, asked me if I ever found time to write to Francis. The Emperor didn't sit down—he walked about between the tables, and talked to everybody.

We stayed, I should think, about half an hour at the tea-table, and then went back to the theatre. The ballet was long, but interesting, all the mazurkas of the Empire were danced in costume. We got our carriages easily enough, and the arrangements were good. The younger members of the Mission who didn't go for tea with the Empress found the entr'acte long.

Saturday, June 2d.

I couldn't write yesterday, Dear, for I was in bed until dinner-time, thoroughly tired out. Neither W. nor I went to the ball on Thursday night given by the "Noblesse de Moscou." I hoped to be able to go to the ball of the German Embassy last night, but I couldn't do that either. I felt rather better about 6 o'clock, and sent for my dress, as W. particularly wanted me to go, but the minute I stood up and tried to dress I was half fainting, so there was no use persisting.

The fatigue has been something awful, and the hours of standing have made it impossible to put on my Paris shoes, and I have been obliged to buy white satin *boats* at one of the Moscow shoemakers. The bootmakers will make his fortune, as it seems everybody is in the same state. The Empress even can't wear her usual shoes, and all the women have left off coquettish little shoes that match their dresses, and taken to these rather primitive chaussures.

W. and all the gentlemen went to the ball, and said it was very handsome—everything, silver, supper, servants, etc., had been sent from Berlin. Madame Schweinitz, who has a young baby, arrived from Petersburg the morning of the ball. Count Eulenbourg—one of the German Emperor's Maîtres des Cérémonies—had also arrived to decide about the questions of precedence, place, etc. The Court remained to supper, so of course the Ambassadors were obliged to stay. W. got home at 2 o'clock, very late for this country, where everything begins early.

Richard and Pontécoulant are getting great friends. Pontécoulant blagues* him all the time—says he is getting a perfect courtier, and that his electors in the Seine

* Teases.

Inférieure would be scandalized if they could see him. I must dress now for the "Fête Populaire," and will write more when I get back.

9 o'clock.

I have retired to my own quarters. W. dines with Nigra, so I have remained in my dressing-room, as I have still a "fond de fatigue." The Fête Populaire was interesting. The day has been beautiful, and there was not a hitch of any kind. The drive out was interesting, on account of the people, a steady stream of peasants of all ages going the same way. We went at once to the Loge Impériale, a large pavilion erected at the entrance facing the great plain. The space was so enormous that one hardly distinguished anything. The booths and towers looked like little spots, and they were very far off. The Emperor and Empress never left the Loge. He certainly didn't go down and walk about among the people, as some enthusiastic gentlemen had told us he would. Of course all the same people were assembled in the Loge—Diplomatists, Court officials, officers, etc. There was a cold lunch always going on.

There were many white dresses—all Russian women wear white a great deal at any age. The Princess Kotchoubey—78 years old—who put the Imperial mantle on the Empress the day of the sacre, and who had done the same thing for the late Empress, was dressed entirely in white, bonnet, mantle, everything.

The Court remained about an hour, and we left as soon as they did. There was some little delay getting our carriages, but on the whole the thing was well managed. Already some people were coming away looking very smiling, and carrying their baskets most carefully. I will bring you one of the mugs they gave me with the chiffre of the Emperor and Empress, and the date.

Sunday, June 3d.

I stayed at home all the morning, quite pleased to have nothing to do. This afternoon W., Pontécoulant, and I went for a little turn. We got out of the carriage at the Kremlin, and walked about, having a quiet look at everything. The view from the terrace was enchanting, the afternoon sun lighting up all the curious old buildings, and bringing out the colours of everything.

This evening we have had a diplomatic dinner. I was between Schweinitz and Sir Edward Thornton. Both of them talked a great deal. After dinner I talked some time to Hunt, whom I like very much. He says many people, Russians particularly, couldn't understand why he didn't wear his uniform—"ce n'est pas très poli pour nous." They can't conceive that the representative of a great Power shouldn't be attired in velvet and gold like all the rest of the Embassies.

The table was again covered with pink roses. They just last through the dinner, and fall to pieces as soon as they are taken out of the vases. Some of them looked so fresh, not even in full bloom, that I thought I could send some French roses to Countess Pahlen, and the moment we left the dining-room Lhermite took them off the table, but they fell to pieces in his hands, covering the floor with their petals.

Monday, June 4th.

This morning we have been photographed in the court-yard—the whole establishment, gala carriages, servants, horses, moujiks, maids, cooks, etc. First there was the "classic" group of the Mission, W. and I seated in front, with all the gentlemen standing around us. It was very long getting the poses all right so as to show everybody in an advantageous light; and as it is (judging

from the cliché) François de Corcelle looks as if he was throttling me. Then came the group of the whole party, and it was amusing to see how eager the Russian maids and the stable-men were to be well placed. They stood as still as rocks. We waited a little to see the gala carriages and horses taken, but that was too long. The horses were nervous, and never were quiet an instant. Now someone has gone to get a drum—they think the sudden noise may make them all look in the same direction for a moment.

W. and I have been out for a turn—to the Kremlin of course, which is really the most interesting part of Moscow. There is always the same crowd hurrying and jostling each other. We went all over St. Basile. The inside is curious, with a succession of rooms and dark recesses, but the outside is unique; such an agglomeration of domes, steeples, bell-towers; all absolutely different in shape and colour—perfectly barbarous, but very striking.

W. enjoys our quiet afternoon drives, the perpetual representation, seeing always the same people, and saying and hearing the same things, is beginning to tire him. It is a curious life. We see nothing but the Court and the people—no haute bourgeoisie nor intermediate class, and yet they exist, people in finance and commercial affairs. They certainly have had no part in the show—I should think there must be great discontent. The young generation certainly will never be satisfied to be kept entirely out of everything. Some of them have travelled, been educated in England, have handsome houses, English horses, etc., but apparently they don't exist—at least we have never seen any.

I must stop, as we dress and dine early for the Palace Ball. My Dear, my dress is frightfully green (Delan-

noy's green velvet coat over pink tulle). Of course we chose it by candle-light, when it looked charming; but as we dress and start by daylight I am rather anxious. I consulted Pontécoulant, who came in just as the maids were bringing it in. He said, "C'est bien vert, Madame." Let us hope that the light of thousands of wax candles may have a subduing effect.

To G. K. S.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE, MOSCOW,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
June 5, 1883.

The Palace ball was quite beautiful last night. I had some misgivings as to my dress until we got to the Palace, as the gentlemen of the Embassy had evidently found me *very green* when we assembled in the great hall before starting; however as soon as we arrived in the big room of the Palace where we were all marshalled, Countess Linden (an American born) said to me at once "Oh, Mdme. Waddington, how lovely your pink roses look on the *dark blue* velvet," so I knew it was all right. I wore that dress of Delannoy's which she was sure would be most effective—pink tulle skirts—with a green velvet habit (chosen of course by candle-light) so that it did look very green by daylight, and a wreath of pink roses round the décolleté. I remember both Henrietta and Pauline were a little doubtful—but it certainly made more effect than any dress I wore except the blue manteau de cour. I will tell Delannoy. We always go in by a special side entrance to these Palace functions, which is a pity, as we miss the grand staircase, which they told us was splendid with red carpets, soldiers, and gold-laced gentlemen to-night. We waited some time, an hour certainly, before the Court came, but as all the

Corps Diplomatique were assembled there it was pleasant enough, and we all compared our experiences and our fatigue, for everybody was dead tired—the men more than the women.

The rooms are magnificent—very high, and entirely lighted by wax candles—thousands; one of the chamberlains told me how many, but I would scarcely dare to say. The Court arrived with the usual ceremony and always the same brilliant suite of officers and foreign Princes. The Emperor and Empress looked very smiling, and not at all tired. She was in white, with splendid diamonds and the broad blue ribbon of St. André. He always in uniform. As soon as they appeared the polonaises began, this time three only, which the Emperor danced with the ladies of the family. I danced the first with the Grand Duke Wladimir. He is charming and amiable, but has a stern face when he isn't smiling. I think if the Russians ever feel his hand it will be a heavy one. I danced the second with the Grand Duke Alexis, and looked on at the third. It was not nearly so fine a sight as the Court ball at the old palace. *There* the mixture of modern life and dress and half barbaric costumes and ornamentations was so striking; also the trains made such an effect, being all étaléd one was obliged to keep a certain distance, and that gave a stately air to the whole thing which was wanting last night when all the women were in ordinary ball dress, not particularly long, so that the cortége was rather crowded and one saw merely a mass of jewelled heads (the dress was lost). Also they merely walked around the ballroom, not going through all the rooms as we did at the old palace.

When the polonaises were over there were one or two waltzes. The Empress made several turns, but with the Princes only, and we stood and looked on.

While we were waiting there until someone should come and get us for some new function I heard a sort of scuffle behind me and a woman's impatient voice saying in English "I can't bear it another moment," and a sound of something falling or rolling across the floor. I turned round and saw Mdme. A—— (a secretary's wife, also an American) apparently struggling with something, and very flushed and excited. I said, "What is the matter?" "I am kicking off my shoes." "But you can never put them on again." "I don't care if I never see them again —I can't stand them another minute." "But you have to walk in a cortége to supper with the Imperial party." "I don't care at all, I shall walk in my stockings," then came another little kick, and the slipper disappeared, rolling underneath a heavy damask curtain. I quite sympathized with her, as my beautiful white slippers (Moscow manufacture) were not altogether comfortable, but I think I should not have had the strength of mind to discard them entirely. When I was dressing, Adelaïde tried to persuade me that I had better put on the pink satin slippers that matched my dress; but my experience of the hours of standing at all Russian Court functions had at least taught me not to start with anything that was at all tight.

While we were looking at the dancing the Grand Duke Michel came over and asked me if I wouldn't come and stand a little with the Grand Duchesses. He took me to a little group where were the Grand Duchesses Michel and Constantine and the Queen of Greece (she is always so gay and natural). They at once asked me who had made my dress, and what color it was. They had been talking about it, and couldn't agree. The Grand Duchess Constantine had on her emeralds, and beautiful they were—blocks of stone, rather difficult to wear. She must have

been very handsome, has still a beautiful figure, and holds herself splendidly.

We talked music a little—she said I ought to hear some of the people's songs. I should like to very much, but there doesn't seem any place where one can hear the national songs. The men of the Embassy went one night to the "Hermitage," where there was a little of everything, and did hear some of the peasants singing their national airs, but they didn't seem to think I could go. While we were still talking there was a move, and they said the Empress (who had been dancing all the time in a small circle made for her at her end of the ballroom and very strictly kept) was going to have tea. All the Court and suite followed, and I was rather wondering how to get back to my place and my colleagues when a tall aide-de-camp came up and said he would have the honour of conducting me to Her Majesty's tea—so we started off across several rooms and corridors, which were crowded, and arrived at a door where the two gigantic negroes were standing. He said something—the doors flew open—he made me a low bow and retired (as he couldn't come any farther), and I found myself standing alone in a large room with four or five tables—everyone seated. For a moment I didn't know quite what to do, and felt rather shy, but the Princess Kotchoubey, Grande Maîtresse, who was standing in the middle of the room, came forward at once and took me to the Duchesse d'Edimbourg's table, where there were also the Arch-Duchess Charles Louis, the Duchess of Oldenburg, a young Hessian Prince, and my two colleagues, Lady Thornton and Madame Jaurès.

We had tea and ices—didn't talk much, except the Duchess of Edinburgh, who seems clever and ready to talk—but I wasn't near her. I didn't see all the Ambas-

sadors, mine certainly wasn't there, and of course very few comparatively of our colleagues, as only Ambassadors and their wives were invited to Her Majesty's tea (no small fry, like Ministers).

I had the explanation of W.'s absence later. When the Court moved off to tea General Wolseley suggested that W. should come and smoke a cigar in his room. He was lodged at the Kremlin with his Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh. He, like a true Briton, had enough of bowing and standing. W. was naturally quite of the same opinion, so they picked up Admiral Seymour (also with the Duke of Edinburgh) and had a very pleasant hour smoking and talking until they were summoned for supper. *That* they couldn't get out of, as we made a fine procession directly behind the Court through all the rooms to St. George's Hall—a great white high room magnificently lighted, with tablets all around the walls with the names of the Knights of the Order of St. George who had died in battle, and a souper assis for 800 people. Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador, took me. As we were parading through the rooms between two hedges of gaping people looking at the cortége, dresses, diamonds, etc., I thought of Mdme. A—— and her stockings, and wondered how she was getting on. I daresay quite well; as she had a yellow satin dress and yellow silk stockings perhaps no one noticed anything, and as long as she didn't step on a needle or anything sharp she was all right. Someone will find a nice little pair of yellow satin shoes under the window-curtains in the ball-room when the cleaning up is done after the fêtes.

The hall was a blaze of light and jewels—a long table across the end for the Imperial party, and all of us at two long tables running the whole length of the room. The gold and silver plate was very handsome, particularly the

massive flambeaux and high ornaments for the middle of the table. The supper was good, hot, and quickly served. There was music all the time—singers, men and women, in a gallery singing all sorts of Russian airs which nobody listened to. The Emperor did not sit down to supper. He remained standing in the middle of the room talking to his gentlemen, and a few words to the diplomatists when supper was over and one loitered a little before going back to the ballroom. He certainly doesn't care to talk to strangers—seeks them out very little, and when he does talk it is absolutely banal. Is it "paresse d'esprit" or great reserve?—one hardly knows. I should think all this parade and function bored him extremely. They say he is very domestic in his tastes, and what he likes best is the country with his wife and children.

After supper we went back to the ballroom for about half an hour. Then the Court retired and we followed them at once. We got our carriages fairly quickly. There are always crowds in the streets waiting to see the grand-monde pass. The Kremlin looks fairy-like as we drive through—lights everywhere, some high, high up in a queer little octagon green tower—then a great doorway and staircase all lighted, with quantities of servants and soldiers standing about; then a bit of rough pavement in a half dark court and under a little low dark gate with a shrine and Madonna at one end—all so perfectly unmodern, and unlike anything else.

I began my letter this morning before breakfast, but didn't finish, as I was called off by some visits, and now I will try and send this off by to-night's courier. We have had a nice afternoon looking at the Trésor. Of course it was very hurried—it would take weeks to see everything.

The collection of state carriages and sleighs is interesting. Almost all the carriages are French—either given to the various Russian Sovereigns by French Kings, or ordered in France by the Sovereigns themselves. The great sledge in which Catharine II. made all her long voyages is comfortable enough, and not unlike the "wagons impériaux" in which we travelled from Varsovie to Moscow.

Then we saw all the Coronation robes, crowns, sapphires, swords, jewelled belts and collars, furs, etc., of all the old Emperors from Ivan the Terrible down to the late Emperor. Some of the crowns of the first Ivans and Peters are extraordinary—a sort of high fur cap covered with jewels, but heavy and roughly made—the jewels always beautiful, such large stones, particularly sapphires and rubies. There were vitrines full of splendid gold and silver cups and dishes, presents to the Emperor from all the different provinces.

They tell us the present Emperor has had magnificent things given to him, but we have not seen them yet. We met various people also going through the Museum, and I had quite a talk with Radziwill (you know which one I mean, who married Countess Malatesta's daughter). It seemed funny to go back to the old Roman days, and the evenings (prima-sera) in the Malatesta Palace. He says everybody is worn out with the ceremonies and the standing—however, to-night is the end, with our dinner at the Palace.

I have again been interrupted—this time by a visit from the Duc d'Aoste, whom I always find charming. He is not at all expansive and very shy, but when one breaks the ice he is interesting. He doesn't look like anybody else, nor as if he belonged to this century. It is quite the face one would see in any old Spanish picture

—a soldier-monk of Velasquez. He talked about the Exhibition of '78, when W. was at the Foreign Office, and I was almost tempted to tell him how embarrassed we all were on the opening day when there were so many Ex-Spanish Sovereigns—King François d'Assises, Queen Isabella, and King Amédée. There was a big reception in the evening at the Elysée, and the Maréchal* was rather bothered with all his Spanish Royalties. However, Queen Isabella and the Duc d'Aoste were evidently on the best of terms. I saw them talking together, and I believe all the Spaniards liked d'Aoste, though naturally they wanted a King of their own race.

Here is Monsieur Philippe for his last coiffure, as he says somewhat sadly. To-night's dinner is our last function. We have then the revue, by daylight, of course, and leave on Sunday for Petersburg.

Wednesday, June 6th.

The gala dinner was handsome and *short* last night. W. and I went off alone (none but chefs de mission were invited) in the coupé d'Orsay, always with Benckendorff in his carriage in front—W. in uniform, I in my white and silver brocade, white feathers and diamonds in my hair, no colour anywhere, not even on my cheeks, which reduces Philippe to a state of prostrate stupefaction—"Madame qui pourrait être si bien."

We were received at the foot of the staircase and at the doors by all the Chamberlains as usual and taken at once to the same Salle St. George where we were to dine—all at the Imperial table this time—about 500 couverts. We were shown at once our seats—all the places were marked, and we stood waiting behind our chairs (like the footmen) for the Court to appear. I found my-

* MacMahon, President at that time of the French Republic.

self seated between the Duc d'Aoste and the young Crown Prince of Sweden, so I was quite satisfied. One of my colleagues was very anxious I should change the papers—give her my Duke and take her's, who was never civil to her, but would be perhaps to me, but I demurred, as I knew mine would be nice, and I didn't know her's at all. I don't think he was very nice to her, certainly didn't talk much, but perhaps he never does.

We didn't wait very long. The Court was fairly punctual—the Empress looked very nice, all in white with diamonds. She had on her right the Duc d'Edimbourg (who always had the place of honour), and on her left the Prince Waldemar de Danemark, her brother. The Emperor had the Queen of Greece on his right, the Arch Duchess Charles Louis on his left. The dinner wasn't bad, and was quickly served. The fish were enormous, served on large silver dishes as big as boats. There was always that curious Russian soup with all sorts of nondescript things floating about on the surface. The Duc d'Aoste was as nice as possible—said the Court officials would be enchanted when everything was over, and all the foreign Princes safely back in their own countries, that the question of etiquette was something awful. As soon as the Russian Court decided anything all the others immediately protested—used all sorts of precedents, and complicated matters in every way. I suggested that he himself was difficult to place on account of the Duc de Montpensier, who was here as a Spanish Prince, husband of the Infanta. He replied "Absolument pas—je suis ici comme prince italien, frère du roi," declining any sort of Spanish souvenir.

When dinner was over we passed into the salle St. André for coffee, and that was funny too. As soon as the Emperor and Empress made the move all our Dukes and

Princes got up at once, and joined the Imperial procession, and we followed all in a heap. There we had a pleasant half hour, the Empress and the Grand Duchesses came over and talked to us, hoped we were not tired, that we had been interested, etc. I said to the Grand Duchess Constantine that they must be enchanted to be at the end of their functions, and to get rid of us all—but she said not at all. She herself was much less tired than when she began. She asked me what I had found the most striking in all the ceremonies. I said certainly the Coronation—first the moment when the Emperor crowned himself—the only figure standing on the dais, and afterwards when he crowned the Empress, she kneeling before him.

The Empress asked me if I was going straight back to France, but she didn't say, as so many of the others did, "Ce n'est pas adieu pour vous, Mdme. Waddington, mais au revoir, car vous reviendrez certainement." Admiral Jaurès having already resigned many people think W. will be the next Ambassador, but he certainly won't come.

About 9 the Court retired. We had dined at 7, so the whole thing took about two hours. It was quite light when we came out of the Palace, and when we got back to the Maison Klein we found the Embassy just finishing dinner, still in the dining-room. We sat a few minutes with them telling our experiences. W. had been next to the Grand Duchess Michel, who was very animated and intelligent, and extremely well posted in all literary and political matters, and fairly just for a Princess speaking about a Republic.

Poor Pontécoulant has had a telegram telling him of his brother's death. He is very much upset, and goes off to-night. W. will miss him extremely—he was his

right-hand man. I have been out this morning shopping with François de Courcelle. It isn't easy, as our Russian is not fluent, but still we managed to find a few things.

This afternoon I have been with Lagrené (Consul), Sesmaisons, Corcelle, and Calmon to the great institution of the "Enfants Trouvés" fondée par l'Impératrice Cathérine II. There we found Admiral Jaurès and all his staff, and a director who showed us all over the establishment—of course everything was in perfect order, and perfectly clean (and I believe it always is), but I should have preferred not having our visit announced, so as to see the every-day working of the thing. We went through quantities of rooms. In all, the Russian nurses with their high head-dress (kakoshnik), the colour of the room, were standing, and showed us most smilingly their babies. The rooms are all known by their colours and the nurses dressed to correspond. All pink kakoshniks, for instance, in the pink room, blue in the blue room, etc. It was rather effective when all the women were standing in groups. The nurses were decidedly young, some rather pretty faces, almost all fair. The surveillante is a nice, kindly looking woman. We saw the whole ceremony. In one of the rooms of the rez-de-chaussée we saw several women waiting to take the children. The operation is always the same—one writes down at once the name and age of the child (which is generally written on a piece of paper pinned on to the clothes), they are always very young, 5 or 6 days old. Then they are undressed, weighed, and carried off by one of the nurses, wrapped up in a blanket, to a bath. After the bath they are dressed in quite clean, nice garments, and the nurse gives them the breast at once. All the rooms, dortoirs, salles-de-

bain, laundries, kitchens, are as clean as possible, plenty of light and air, and no smells. We met Countess Pahlen going out as we came in, also the Arch Duke Charles Louis.

As we still had time before dinner we went to see the new church of St. Sauveur, where there is to be a great ceremony of consecration to-morrow; but as it is principally to celebrate the retreat of the French Army from Moscow the two French Embassies abstain from that function. We met there Prince Dolgourouky, Governor of Moscow, who did the honours, and showed us the marbles, which are very varied and handsome, all from the provinces of the Empire. The place was full of workmen putting up tribunes, red and gold draperies, etc., but the Prince, with much tact, made no allusion to to-morrow's function—so we apparently didn't notice anything unusual in the church, and concentrated our attention on the beautiful Russian marble.

11 o'clock.

I will finish to-night. We have had our second diplomatic dinner, and I found it pleasant, I hope the guests did. I had Mgr.* Vannutelli, the Nonce, next to me. He is charming—such an easy talker. He arrived after the sacre, as of course he could take no part in the ceremony. He told me the dream of his life was to come to Paris, and I think he would have a great success. He and Prince Orloff talked very easily together, and Orloff told him he ought to come to Paris. Orloff also says that W. ought to come back here as Ambassador, that he would be decidedly a "persona grata," but that isn't W.'s impression. He has talked to a good many men who are about the Court and the Emperor, and he thinks a soldier, not a political man, would be a much better

* Now cardinal.

appointment. We shall miss Pontécoulant awfully. He is so easy-going and looks after everything, always smoothing things over—very necessary in a temporary Embassy like this where all pull apart a little, and there is a sort of dull friction and rivalry between the soldiers and the diplomatists. It is funny to live entirely with a quantity of men, but they are all charming to me.

To H. L. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE, MOSCOW,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Thursday, June 7th, 1883.

W. and I have had such a quiet conjugal day that we can hardly believe we are still "Ambassadeur Extraordinaire." We breakfasted tête-à-tête, as all the gentlemen have gone off to the Convent of St. Serge, which is one of the things to see here. They have a very fine trésor. The Emperor and Empress made retraite there before the sacre. After breakfast W. looked over his despatches, and I played a little some Russian music which Benckendorff had given me.

About three we started off for "les Moineaux," a hill near Moscow from which Napoleon had his first view of the city. There was no sun, which was a pity, as all the colour of Moscow makes it so original and different from everything else—however the city looked mysterious and poetical in a sort of pink brume. We met various colleagues going the same way—Nigra always in his "Troika" (Russian attelage) and the Hunts. Nigra came and joined us on the terrace, and we had tea together. They offered us a great many things, but we declined experiments, and kept on saying "Tchai" (which means tea), until they brought it. Nigra told W. he should

taste the peculiar brandy of the country which all drink—prince and peasant—but I think W. did not like it much. Nigra was most agreeable. He is Italian Ambassador to Petersburg, and knows everybody. He says Russian Society is rather fermée, unless you take their ways and hours. All the ladies receive late, after the theatres, every evening. It is quite informal—a cup of tea, very often music, and really interesting talk. He says the women are remarkably intelligent and cultivated—en masse cleverer than the men. I wonder if he would go as far about them as Lord Lyons did about American women. When he came back from America he said he had *never* met a stupid American woman. We had a pleasant hour on the terrace, and then started home again.

We crossed the Empress driving with her brother, Prince Waldemar, in an ordinary open carriage (harnessed Russian fashion—the three horses) and with no escort nor *apparent* policemen of any kind. She looked very well and smiling, and so young. There was not much movement on the road—a few carriages and peasant's carts. As soon as we got into Moscow we fell at once into the same staring, quiet crowd; but I fancy many people have already gone. The streets were not nearly so full.

I had just time to dress, and dined alone with the gentlemen. W. and Général Pittié dined with the Nonce, Mgr. Vannutelli, and were to go to Countess Pahlen's reception afterwards. The expedition to the Convent seems to have been very successful, but long. They gave them breakfast in the refectory—a very frugal meal—and showed them all their treasures. I stayed a little while in the serre while they were smoking. Now they have all gone out and I am not sorry to finish my even-

ing quietly in my little boudoir. I am getting quite accustomed to my little room, with its ugly green and gold silk furniture (quite hideous, such a bright, hard green). The chairs and sofa are so heavy it takes two of us to move them. There are quantities of tables and candles (40 or 50 at least, no lamps of any description), in branches, double candlesticks, etc. I have great difficulty in persuading the little Russian maid not to light them all, all the time; and when I have about 12 to dress by she evidently considers me in the dark absolutely. I *think* I have dressed sometimes with two, quite contented, in the old days.

Friday, June 8th.

I walked about a little with Corcelle this morning. We went into one fur shop where we found a woman who spoke French, but there was nothing very tempting. They all advise us to wait for our furs at Petersburg, all the best furs are sent there—however we bought a very good fur lining for a driving coat (each of us) and I a fur couverture—principally I think because the woman was nice, and it was a pleasure to talk ourselves and not through the little boy of the Consulate, of whom I am by no means sure.

At 10 o'clock W. had his farewell audience with the Emperor, but it wasn't particularly interesting—an insignificant conversation—might have been any emperor, or any ambassador, of any country.

After breakfast we went out again "en bande" with a *new* polyglot youth this time—a young Frenchman whom Lhermite had discovered. He took us to all sorts of places, small shops and bazaars, where we had never been. We bought a good many things, Circassian belts and buckles of wrought silver, some studded with turquoises, some enamelled—pretty work—Russian chains

and crosses, small Madonnas in curious brass frames —always the black face on a gold ground, and several of those beautiful, light Orenburg shawls, so fine that they pass through a ring (we all tried) and yet fairly large and warm when one shakes them out to the full size. It was rather amusing going in and out of all the funny little shops. We left the carriage in one of the big streets and walked about.

Now we have come home. I have had my tea alone to-day. I must dress, as we dine early, 7 o'clock, on account of our reception afterwards. I went with Lhermite to see the flowers, fruit, bonbons, petits fours, etc., which arrived this morning from Paris. It is extraordinary how fresh they all look. There are dozens of boxes in the dining-room and office, and the men are putting the flowers all about the rooms, Lhermite superintending the whole thing. He is an enormous help—I don't know what we should have done without him.

I am going to wear my white and silver brocade to-night, the one I wore at the Palace gala dinner—my last *full dress* in Moscow. I am rather shaken by my outing this afternoon—the going in some of those crooked little old streets was something awful. The holes in the so-called pavement were appalling, and the paving-stones tapered off generally to a sharp point. I think nothing but a Russian carriage, driven by a Russian coachman could have got along. I must say it is a straggling, queer-looking town once you get out of the Kremlin and the main streets. The houses are very far apart, generally white and low, with large gardens, like a big overgrown village.

Well, Dear, our reception is over. It is ended early, as everything does here—and as I am wide awake I will

write at once. People began to come about 9.30, and at 11.30 everyone had gone. The rooms looked well, quantities of lights and flowers, everyone noticed the flowers (there are so few here), which were heaped up everywhere on consoles, mantelpieces, wherever one could put them. We had a great many people—all our colleagues in full force, but not so many Russians as we expected. A good many were de service at the Palace, where there was a function of some kind for Russians only (the provinces), and I am sure many never received their invitations, as it is impossible to find out where anyone lives. I had a talk with General Richter and one or two others, and then some of the younger members of the party suggested dancing—of course we had no music, as dancing had not been contemplated, but various amateurs offered their services, and they had about half an hour of waltzes. At the end they danced a little the Russian mazurka, which I was very curious to see. It is quite different from our cotillon or the Sir Roger de Coverley. There are all sorts of steps and figures. The gentleman takes his partner by the hand, holding it rather high (as in the polonaise). They hold themselves very straight, heads well back, as in a minuet, and do various figures. The women have a quick, sliding step when they change partners, which is very effective. I should think none but Russians would dance it well—one must be born to it.

Prince Orloff stayed on a little after everyone had gone, and we talked over all the fêtes, and principally our own performances. He says he has heard plenty of talk and criticisms of everything, and is much pleased with the success of our Mission. I hope the people at home will be satisfied.

We had a dinner for all the French newspaper corre-

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spondents the other day—and they expressed themselves as quite gratified. They told us that one of the correspondents (I forget which paper) had accepted W.'s invitation, but the very day of the dinner there had been such a violent attack on W. in his paper that he didn't like to come, and sent an excuse. They say the Times' account is the best—the Figaro also very good (Wolff).

Saturday, June 9, 1883.

The court is most amusing this morning—all the gentlemen are trying their horses, superintending the saddling, etc., as most of them follow the Emperor to-day at the revue. The little Russian horses look very lively and never stand still an instant. W. and I go together in the d'Orsay, Corcelle preceding us in another carriage. Benckendorff rides with all the others. Général Pittié is rather bored, he hates riding, particularly on a horse he doesn't know, so he and Fayet will only mount at the Champ de Mars. They say the Emperor's suite will be enormous—over 100. I wore my écru batiste with the heavy white embroidery and the écru bonnet with the wreath of pink and red roses. It is almost white. (I wonder how I shall ever wear out all these garments.)

The day is beautiful. We started about 10, as we were invited for 11 to the Tribune Impériale. The road out was a sight—the middle alley had been kept for the swells and Court, and there were quantities of Imperial and Ambassadors' carriages, aides-de-camp, etc., dashing about. I didn't see any handsome *private* equipages. They told me the reason was that the swells were attached to the Court and went about always in Court carriages. Our gentlemen passed us riding—they had

rendezvous in the court-yard of the Palace Petrofski, where the Emperor mounted. We went on to the Tribune. The cortége started fairly punctually. First came the Empress in a victoria with four white horses. The Arch Duchess Charles Louis was seated next to her, and on the box the Duchesse d'Edimbourg and the Grand Duchess Wladimir, I think—at any rate another Princess. There were 2 postilions, 2 mounted grooms, and a piqueur. Then came the Emperor riding on the right of the Empress's carriage, always on his little grey Cossack horse, the Grand Duke Héritier and the Duke of Edinburgh directly behind him, and then a long, glittering suite of foreign Princes and officers. The Grand Duke Wladimir commands the Gardes, and was on the field to receive his brother. It is the first time I have seen the Emperor without the Grand Duke Wladimir close behind him. It was striking to see the stern, watchful face always there. The Empress drove up and down the lines, the Emperor riding alongside. It was difficult to distinguish any uniforms, as they were rather far off, and there were clouds of dust. As soon as the Empress had passed her revue she came up to the Tribune and took up her position directly in front, *standing* almost all the time. The Emperor and his staff remained directly under the Tribune to see the défilé. That of course was long—but we had breakfast, also a sort of goûter always going on, and servants appearing at intervals carrying trays with tea, chocolate, orangeade, etc. All the Grand Duchesses (not the Empress) moved about and talked to us. The Duchesse d'Oldenburg sat down next me for some time and told me about some of the regiments (Crimean fame), named some of the generals, etc.

I had tea with the Duchess of Edinburgh. She is easy, clever, and was much interested in all that was going on,

told me I must come to the front for the cavalry and Cossack charge, and that it would be soon. I followed her when she made the move—the infantry were just finishing—and in the distance one saw a movement and a flash of lances in the sun, which showed that the Cossacks were getting ready. They passed like a whirlwind—so fast, and in such clouds of dust that one saw nothing but the glint of the lances, neither colour of uniforms, horses, flags. All the troops, infantry as well as cavalry, saluted the Emperor as they passed—a sort of dull sound, more like a groan than a cheer—nothing like a ringing English hurrah.

That was the end, so I went to the Princess Kotchoubey, Grande Maîtresse, to ask her if I should go and take leave of the Empress, as she and the Emperor leave Moscow to-morrow. She said the Empress wished us all, Ambassadrices and femmes de chefs-de-Mission, to stand near the door, and she would say good-bye to us on her way out, so we moved down, and after waiting a little she came. She made her circle very prettily, shook hands with all, and talked a little, but she was evidently tired and anxious to get away. She was dressed in a curious dress, a sort of yellow cloth of gold, and gold bonnet with red flowers—always her splendid pearl necklace.

We had to wait some little time before our carriages could get up, so I went back to the front of the Tribune to see the troops disperse. It was a pretty sight as they all filed off in long columns, music playing and flags flying, and always little groups of Cossacks tearing all over the place. I had another cup of tea with a very good little cake while I was waiting. Lady Thornton was tired and wanted one, so we sat there quite quietly and had our tea. It was a lovely, bright, warm day, and

Grand Duc Wladimir.
From a photograph by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

we liked that better than waiting at the door in the crowd until our carriages came.

We got back to the Embassy for breakfast, but were not very hungry. We breakfasted alone with Corcelle, as the other gentlemen breakfasted with all the Emperor's suite at the Petrofski Palace. I am writing this by fits and starts, as you will perceive: I began at 9 this morning, and am finishing now at 10.30, after a pleasant dinner at the Jaurès—merely our two Embassies, everyone telling his experiences, amusing enough. The Jaurès are quite ready to go. He wants to go to sea again, and will command the Mediterranean Squadron, and she is tired of Russia. I have no idea who will succeed them, but as long as it isn't W. I don't much care.

Well, our fêtes are over. We shall have two days to see Moscow quietly, and then break up. It has certainly been most interesting, and now that it is over, and we all have still our heads on our shoulders, I am very glad we came, for I shall never see such a sight again.

Sunday, June 10th.

Richard and I made an ineffectual attempt to go to the English church this morning, but after driving half over Moscow and going to various wrong addresses, which had been given to us, we gave it up, and came home rather mortified and well jibed at by the whole Embassy. Just as we were going to breakfast Prince Ourousoff, one of the Chamberlains, appeared to say that two special trains would start for Petersburg on Monday and Wednesday to take back the Corps Diplomatique, and asked us which day would suit us best. W. preferred Wednesday. W. must have a day or two to send off horses, carriages, huissiers, cooks, etc., and also to see a little of

Moscow, for he has scarcely seen anything. All his days were so taken up with the visits—those he made and those he received—and his despatches, that he did little but his morning ride on his funny little bay horse (which he liked very much and which carried him well).

This afternoon we have been sight-seeing with Benckendorff, first to the Kremlin to see the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress. The Court, with all the foreign Princes and their suites, left last night after the revue, and already one sees the difference in the streets. The crowd of peasants has disappeared, there are fewer carriages, flags and draperies are being removed from all the buildings, and the circulation is so easy that one can scarcely realize that only yesterday that brilliant throng was making its way with difficulty through the long, straight allée to the Champ de Mars. It is very warm, the sun blazing, and the white dust very trying; however we went about a good deal. We saw the Romanoff house, an ordinary boyar house, with low, dark rooms and a funny little winding staircase, but it had evidently been quite done up (in the style of the epoch of course), and I didn't find it very interesting.

We went into numerous churches and towers, and wound up with a visit to the Monastère Siminoff, from where there is a splendid view over the city. We saw the Director, who came out and showed us everything. We dined quietly at home with the Embassy only. After dinner, when smoking in the serre, the soldiers began talking, fighting their battles over again—all that horrible time between the Commune and Versailles, where one of our Embassy, Fayet, was wounded. It is always interesting when they talk seriously like that, but, Heavens, how they shot people at the end, it makes one shiver.

To-morrow will be a busy day, as all the packing must

be done. One of the French couturières here will send a packer, and will come herself to help the maids. Lhermite, with his cooks, footmen, etc., start Wednesday morning early. They must cook us our last dinner Tuesday night. Hubert, too, with carriages, horses, etc.

To H. L. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À MOSCOW,
MAISON KLEIN, MALAIA DIMITROFSKA,
Monday, June 11th, 1883.

Well, Dear, this is my last letter from Moscow—you will certainly never again have any letter from Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska, and I suppose I shall never see Moscow again. The court is again most lively (it is certainly an unfailing interest to me, and I am always looking out of the window). Someone has come from one of the Grand Dukes, Michel, I think, to see the big horses. Hawes was very anxious we should sell them in Russia, if we could get a fair price. They have always excited much attention and admiration, but they are very big, and here the Russians are accustomed to a much smaller race, prefer three small ones to one larger pair. I don't know either if they could stand the climate. There seems to be a perfect army of helpers packing carriages, saddles, harness, and all the stable equipment. Mdme. Gille (my couturière) has arrived. She has made me a very nice little blue foulard shirt, I couldn't stand my cloth body these hot days, and yet must travel in that dress, as I have no other. When I think of the furs that have always remained at the bottom of one of the trunks—so many people told me that it would be impossible to be in Russia in May and June without furs. It is fair to say that Mdme. Jaurès told me it was

freezing still the morning they left Petersburg—which seems incredible now. I send back all my big trunks and swell garments with the Huberts. I shall keep out only one or two dinner dresses for Petersburg. Poor Mdme. Hubert is rather sad at leaving me, and going back to France without having seen Petersburg, but of course I don't want two maids any longer.

This afternoon I went out with Richard for some last shopping. The city is completely changéd—not a creature nor a carriage, nor servants in livery, nothing but a deserted city. We met the Austrian Ambassador walking about in a blue flannel vest and a pot hat. The courts of the Kremlin were méconnaissables, not a soul, hardly a soldier—one or two small detachments of Cossacks at the gates. It is an extraordinary change in such a short time. It has become a sleepy little provincial town.

We had two or three gentlemen to dinner, M. d'Orval, ancien officier de Chasseurs, just back from a tour in the Caucasus with the Duc de Chartres, and à Russian merchant for whom Richard had letters—the first person I have seen in Russia who was neither noble nor peasant. Both men were interesting enough. The Russian talked prudently, but fairly openly—said there must be a great change—things couldn't go on as they did now, there was a young generation to be reckoned with, active, educated, intelligent, and they must have their say—that when the uprising came there would be a Revolution such as Europe had never seen. I wonder.

After dinner we went to the Hermitage, the great public gardens. They are pretty enough, large, with trees and bosquets, and every variety of amusement—theatres, concerts, dancing, and even conjurors. Some shepherds from the Wladimir Government with long yellow

cloaks and high hats were playing a sort of reed pipe, curious enough. At last I heard some of the Russian national songs—a quartette was singing them in one of the theatres. They are very pretty, monotonous, with an undercurrent of sadness. They sang very true, and the voices are rich, not at all the thin, high northern voice that one expected to hear. We stayed there so long, looking at the various things, that we didn't get home until 12.30—much the latest entertainment I have been to in Moscow, except the Palace ball, where the suppper of course prolonged the festivities.

Monday, June 11th.

It was so warm to-day and I had so much to do with the trunks—separating the things—that I only went out after tea, and of course did a little more shopping. I wanted some photographs and also some music—however Benckendorff said he would see about that for me. We dined quite alone with the Embassy—a good dinner perfectly served, tho' Lhermite leaves to-morrow. He came up to get his last instructions from W. while we were having tea. His experiences are most amusing—he says he has learnt a great deal of the language and the Russian ways of doing business, and if ever he comes back he will know how to take care of himself. He became quite excited at remembering various occasions when he had been "roulé."

After dinner W. and I went for a last drive, to look at the Kremlin by moonlight—and beautiful it was—the sky was so blue one could almost see it like the Italian summer sky, and all the great white buildings and towers stood out gloriously. The great church of St. Basile was extraordinary. The colours, pink, green, red, yellow, all so vivid that even at night one quite made them out.

It is a mass of towers, domes, and cupolas, every one different in shape, work, and colour. It was planned and executed by an Italian architect, and the story is that the Czar (of the epoch) was so pleased, and at the same time so afraid he might make another like it, that he had his eyes put out. It was curiously dark and quiet inside—scarcely any light; here and there a glimmer high up in one of the Palace rooms. We met two or three carriages with colleagues driving about in the moonlight like ourselves. The river, too, looked beautiful from the terrace—a broad silver band with moonlight full upon it. I took a last look at the black Madonnna in the gateway, and the little guard of Cossacks. I shall often think of that last night in the Kremlin when I have returned to civilization and modern life.

I will send this off by to-morrow's courier. My next letter will be from Petersburg. My little boudoir still looks very nice. The little Russian maid is rather sad, and has been in and out 20 times, lighting candles, opening and shutting doors and windows, and keeping up a stream of conversation which I can't possibly understand, though the maids say they do. W. is deep in last despatches, and has departed to his own quarters. I haven't learnt any Russian, which I think is rather weak on my part. I thought I would have some lessons at first, but I don't think I could have learnt much in two weeks. Lagrené was discouraging—says he knows very little, and his mother is a Russian.

To H. L. K.

HOTEL DEMOUTH, PETERSBURG,
Jeudi, 14 Juin, 1883.

We arrived here last night at 12.30. The journey was comfortable enough, but long—the Russian trains do not go a terrifying pace. We left Moscow at 9.30, and the Maison Klein a little before 9. The départ was quite imposing—all the personnel drawn up at the foot of the stairs, Lhermite and the three coachmen outside at the door, and a regiment of understrappers of all kinds. The little Russian maid was weeping and kissing my skirts. The faithful Benckendorff accompanied us to the station and saw us safely deposited in our wagon-salon—each Ambassador had one and a smaller one for the suite. Two Chamberlains, not attired in velvet and gold lace this time,—I felt rather aggrieved at having ordinary mortals in plain clothes to look after us—were waiting at the station to see that everything was well done, and they went with us to Petersburg. There was a Mongole at the door of our wagon who appeared at intervals with tea, oranges, and much information of all kinds (in Russian). We had all our meals en route —breakfast at 11, dinner at 4.30, a nondescript sort of meal, half goûter, half supper, with cold fish, fowl, mayonnaise, etc., at 8—and a very pretty little tea at 10.30. We all partook of every meal—how we managed to eat chicken and mayonnaaise at 8, having dined at 4.30, seems a mystery, but we did.

It was very hot at starting—the sun pouring down on the plains that are around Moscow—not an atom of shade, but there was a sharp shower about 2 which cooled the air. They tell us Petersburg too is very hot. The

day passed quickly enough. Many of our colleagues came and paid us visits. The Nuncio sat a long time. He is most interesting, with that delightful, simple, easy Italian manner. He asked us a great deal about the religious ceremony the day of the Coronation. He had only arrived after that. He is very clever and sympathetic, ready to talk about anything, and so moderate in his views. I think he would have a great success in Paris, where people love to discuss and analyze everything.

Our Spanish colleague also came and sat with us. It seems he wanted W. to come to his carriage and drink champagne and play cards (very high play too), but it was conveyed to him that these were not exactly M. Waddington's tastes. Rumour says he was naively surprised, and said, "Comment, il ne joue pas!—le pauvre homme!" They were certainly a very merry party—we heard roars of laughter every time the train stopped. If anyone was losing heavily he took it most cheerfully.

Our last little tea at 10.30 was really very pretty—several round tables very well arranged with flowers, tea, orangeade, and other drinks—cakes, petits fours, etc. (but no more solid food). W. struck and wouldn't get out, but Richard and I and the rest of the men were quite ready to see what was going on. Do you remember how I always loved getting out at all the buffets at no matter what time of night, when we used to go down to Italy every year? I think the buffet at Bologna with its "fricandeau de veau" is one of my most interesting souvenirs of travel (not from an artistic point of view).

The arrival at Petersburg was curious. It was quite light, and there were as many people at the station and in the streets as if it were 12 o'clock in the day. We read distinctly the names and numbers of the streets and the

signs of the shops, and yet it wasn't altogether daylight—more like a late summer afternoon. We found very comfortable rooms here—a large salon with large bedrooms on either side, and a room next to me for Adelaïde. I was quite ready to go to bed—the heat and dust were trying, and yet it seemed funny to go to bed by daylight. They brought tea of course, but we really couldn't do any more, so I departed to my own room. There I quite lost the impression of daylight, as there were double, even triple curtains to all the windows.

This morning we slept late and breakfasted at 12.30, then W., Richard, and I went off in a carriage to the Hermitage (the great Museum). W. sent in his card to the Director of the Museum and also to the head of the Cabinet des Médailles, as he wants a week's work at the medals. It seems there is a splendid collection here. The gentlemen were very civil, and we made rendezvous for to-morrow, W. for the medals and Richard and I for the pictures. The Hermitage is an immense museum. We shall only be able to have an idea of what is in it. We walked through some of the rooms—Peter the Great's gallery, which is full of course of souvenirs—his clothes, arms, tools, furniture, horse stuffed, etc., and in another there were quantities of bibelots of all kinds, and presents given to Peter and Catherine II—a collection of snuff boxes, crystal flagons, and goblets (some with precious stones encrusted in the glass), jewelled belts and caps—most interesting.

We had our first view of the Neva from the windows of one of the rooms. It rushes past like the sea, so broad and strong, with very fair waves, a splendid river. We stayed about an hour lounging through the rooms, and then went on for a general view of the city. It is very handsome, but has no particular cachet (except the

Neva) at this season of the year—one ought to see it in winter when the river is frozen and the real winter life begins. It looks so modern after Moscow. We went to the great cathedral of St. Isaac. It is very big and imposing as a mass, but the architecture not very striking —afterwards to the fortress and church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where all the Emperors are buried—to Peter the Great's house (a most ordinary little wooden building), drove a little along the quais, where the lovely fresh breeze from the river was most welcome and invigorating after the heat and dust of Moscow.

There was a good deal of life on the river, boats of all kinds. We think of going by steamer to Stockholm, all along the coast of Finland. They tell us it is a beautiful journey, particularly at this time of year, with the long, clear evenings. I want to see the boat before we decide, as I have an idea that it wouldn't be very clean (they say the boats on the rivers Volga, etc., are something terrible). We wound up in the Perspective Nevsky—the great shopping street, but didn't get out of the carriage, merely drove through. The shops look handsome and the vitrines well arranged, just like Paris. There was very little animation in the streets and very few carriages. They tell us many people have already gone away for the summer.

We dined quietly at the hotel, and just as we were finishing Admiral Jaurès came in to suggest that we should dine at Peterhof to-morrow afternoon. He says it is a very nice excursion—a short hour on the boat, and we can get a fair dinner there. About 9.30 we started again in the carriage to drive to the Islands or "La Pointe"—the great rendezvous in summer of all Petersburg. It is a long hour's drive, crossing quantities of small islands all connected by bridges, and one finally

arrives at the "Pointe," end of the drive, and entrance of the Gulf of Finland. There all the carriages draw up, the people get down and walk about, or sit on the benches at the water's edge—a regular salon—in summer one sees all the people who are still "en ville" there. The place in itself is not at all pretty. The water of the Gulf is grey, the banks low, no trees—but the air was delicious.

We met almost all our Moscow colleagues—also Princess Lise Troubetzkoi, who was delighted to see W. and plunge into Paris politics. She wanted us to go back and have tea with her, but it was 11 o'clock and I was tired, having been going all day—evidently that is what people do, as several of our colleagues too asked us, and expressed great surprise at our wanting to go home so early.

We didn't get back to the hotel until 12, and then loitered a little in the salon, as the windows were open, people walking and driving about the streets, and nothing to make us think it was midnight, or at least the midnight we are accustomed to. They brought us some tea, and a little before one, making many excuses, I retired, rather feeling as if I were going to bed with the chickens.

Friday, June 15th.

We have been all the morning at the Hermitage, and I will write a little now after breakfast, before we start for Peterhof. We took ourselves off early in a droshky (Russian fiacre), the porter telling the coachman where to drive to; and telling us how much to give him. It was a lovely morning, not too warm, and we enjoyed our drive. W. was shown at once to the Cabinet des Médailles, where the Conservateur was waiting for him,

and Richard and I were taken in hand by a young man attached to the Museum who knew his work well, and was remarkably intelligent, speaking French quite well. The pictures are beautiful—there are quantities of every possible school. The finest we thought the Van Dycks and the Rembrandts, though some of the Italian Madonnas were lovely too. I like the Italian Madonna face so much—it is so pure and young and passionless. Our guide was very talkative, and very anxious to know what we thought of the Moscow ceremonies. We stayed about two hours, seeing all sorts of things "en passant" besides the pictures. The whole Museum is crowded—I don't think they could get much more in.

Saturday, June 16th.

Our excursion to Peterhof was delightful yesterday afternoon. We took the four o'clock boat, and had a nice sail down of an hour and a quarter. The Jaurès came with us, also Pittié, Fayet, and Calmon. Corcelle went back to Paris from Moscow—also Sesmaisons, so our Mission is decidedly diminished. We met several of our Moscow friends on the boat—General Richter, Comte Worontzoff, and some others. The Court is at Peterhof and they are all established there. They told us the Emperor and Empress were not very tired after the excitement and emotions of the Coronation—very happy that all had gone so smoothly, and now quite pleased to be quietly at Peterhof with their children.

The Russians are very proud of Peterhof, call it a "petit Versailles," and "petit" it certainly is in comparison; but the park is pretty, well laid out, with terraces and gardens, and the water-works really very good indeed. A very good Circassian band was playing, and a good many people walking about. What was lovely

and quite unlike Versailles were the glimpses of the sea one had on all sides. We got carriages and drove all about. We went into the big Palace, where the present Emperor never lives. He prefers a small place, half farm, half cottage, close to the sea, and lives there quite contentedly and quietly like an ordinary country gentleman. However we couldn't get anywhere near that villa—the gates and alleys were closed, and guards and soldiers everywhere.

We dined very badly at a restaurant we had been told of on the sea, and took the 10 o'clock boat home. The return was enchanting—a beautiful starlight night, and fresh, soft breeze. I had a nice talk with Mdme. Jaurès, who told me a good deal of Russian ways and life. I think she is glad to go back to France, and "au fond" there are very few French women who care to *live* abroad altogether. After three or four years they get homesick for their own country. She asked me if I was never homesick for America—but I told her I had been so long away, and my life had been such a full one that I sometimes asked myself was I the same little girl that used to run wild in the country at home with a donkey cart and a big Newfoundland dog. Those years seem so long ago the memory is getting duller. Sometimes I shut my eyes and see quite well the big white house with the piazzas, and the climbing roses, the cherry trees, and the white gate with the sharp turn, and the ditch where we upset so often in the sleighs—all the children tumbling out into the snow drift, and nobody minding.

We got home at 11.30 and found letters, which we read quite easily at the window. It is a wonderful light —no one ever seems to think of going to bed.

This morning we have been again at the Hermitage to finish the pictures. Decidedly the Rembrandts are the

gems of the collection. There was one old man in a sort of fur robe and cap, with a wrinkled yellow face, whose eyes seemed quite alive, and followed us all round the room. We left W. with his medals and a sort of clerk attached to the Cabinet des Médailles. It seems they never leave anybody alone in the room with the medals. W. is delighted, he has found some rare coins he had never seen, and he means to have a good day's work, will not come back to breakfast with us.

Our young man, Baron Leeven, is always with us, and meets us at the Winter Palace this afternoon to show us the rooms. Our Mission is dwindling; Fayet went off this morning, Pittié and Calmon go Monday. Richard remains to make the journey with us to Stockholm by sea. We have just come in from a pleasant dinner at the Juarès'. The Embassy is small, but very well arranged, and we had a very good, handsome dinner. All the personnel of the Embassy, Vannutelli and his two auditeurs, and the French Consul and his wife. Admiral Juarès was very hospitable and en train—all sailors are, I wonder why? The officers of high rank must have so many lonely hours, and are such swells on their ships, where no one can associate much with them, that one would think it would make them rather silent and reserved from long habit—but it is quite the contrary. In all nations sailors are generally cultivated, and good talkers.

We shall become quite intimate with Vannutelli. We met him at the Winter Palace this afternoon, and went all about together. I can't say I found it very interesting. The rooms are handsome—high, generally white, with quantities of pictures—the portraits, some very old ones, interesting—the large modern pictures of battles by sea and land less so. I like very much the pictures of

Peter the Great. He has a keen, striking face, must have had splendid eyes, very intelligent, in some of the portraits almost inspired, *hard*, not cruel. They were very anxious to show us the rooms where the late Emperor died, but there had been some mistake, and the man who has charge of the room could not be found, nor the key either. I was very glad (not that I should have gone in), for they said it was a horrid sight—the camp-bed and even his clothes left as they were, thick with blood, He was carried there directly after the attentat, and died on the little camp-bed. What I liked best was the splendid view again of the Neva from the windows of the ball-room. It looked a beautiful blue sea, the waves dancing in the afternoon light, and all the white sails standing out well in the sun. The two young men who were with us were most amusing. They showed us all the pictures in detail *except* those concerning the Grande Armée and the disastrous retreat. We were hurried past them, "rien de très intéressant, Madame—pas la peine de s'arrêter——."

Sunday, June 17th.

This morning we went to the French Protestant Church—a large room with white walls, and benches. There were very few people, but they tell us it is fairly full in winter. There is a large French colony—shopkeepers, theatre people, etc., and a great many Protestants. The Pasteur preached a very fair, sensible sermon.

After breakfast we had some visitors—Sir Edward Thornton, who wants us to dine one night; and a nice man, a Russian (whose name I never knew), but who told us to come to this hotel in which he is interested, and who has offered to go shopping with us one day, and show us the best fur-shops. We went for a drive

in the afternoon to the Park Catherine, where a sort of fête populaire was going on. There were a great many people, and a great many policemen (as there always are here), one would think they lived in perpetual fear of an émeute, and yet the people all looked so subdued and repressed—I haven't seen one fierce face. The quantity of moujiks in their red shirts made a good effect of colour, but the women are not attractive, nor pretty. All are wrapped up in shawls, with a handkerchief over their heads.

We had a pleasant dinner at the Hunts' (United States Legation), all their people, including of course George Wurts, whom I was very pleased to see again—Admiral Baldwin and his two Aides-de-camp Rogers and Paul, and M. et Mdme. de Struve. They are just going to America—he is named Minister there. They have been in Japan, and didn't seem very keen about America. I should think they would like it better than Japan, but I believe he hoped for some post in Europe. She was very amusing, and from her account life in Japan must still be very primitive.

We came away early—about 10.30—and have been poring over guide-books ever since, making out our journey, always at the window (11 o'clock at night, and with no lamps).

Tuesday, June 19th.

We had a charming afternoon yesterday at Cronstadt on the Lancaster, Admiral Baldwin's flag-ship. He had invited all the Corps Diplomatique, and the few Russians who are still in Petersburg, Jomini, Struve, Benckendorff, etc. We started about 3.30 in the regular Russian steamer, and once under way the breeze was delicious. I wore my white batiste with Valenciennes, and

a big black hat (which wasn't very practical on the steamer, as the wind blew the feathers about considerably, but I thought it looked so nice with the white dress). The American ship looked beautiful as we drew near—an old-fashioned frigate, all dressed with flags. The getting on board was not very easy, as she lay far out, and we had to get into small boats from our steamer and go out to her. It didn't look very pleasant when they put the steps down and told us to jump. There were fair waves, and when they told us to jump the boat was apparently nowhere near, but of course swung under the steps on the top of the wave at the right moment. Lady Thornton got down all right, so did I; but one of our colleagues had a most trying time. She was stout and nervous, looked wretched when she was standing on the steps between two strong sailors who told her to jump. She did her best, poor thing, and several times we in the boat below saw a stout white leg suddenly descend, but it was immediately drawn back, and she never let go of her sailors. Her husband, manlike, was furious, which of course made her much more nervous; however, after several attempts she gave it up, and they lowered her in an arm-chair, which didn't look quite comfortable either when it was suspended in the air waiting for the boat to arrive.

We danced about well in the little boat, for every time it came up, and she didn't come down, we had to go back and repeat the performance. The American Legation got off first and were received by a salute of 15 guns, and then we followed. The Admiral with all his officers received us at the top of the ladder, and the band played our national airs, and they gave the Ambassador's salute, 17 guns, and a great noise it made just over our heads as we were mounting the ladder. Lady Thornton and

her husband were in front of me, and I heard the "God Save The Queen"—then came the "Marseillaise," and for a moment I forgot I was a Frenchwoman and looked to see whom the "Marseillaise" was for (W. hadn't come in the boat with me, waited for the second one), but I recovered myself in time to bow and smile my thanks.

I was delighted to find myself on an American ship, I so rarely see American officers of any kind. The ship was in splendid condition, so beautifully clean. We had a very handsome dinner in the Admiral's cabin. He took me down to see the table before all the guests came, and very pretty it looked, quantities of flowers and some handsome silver. No one enjoyed the day more than Mgr. Vannutelli. He had a little doubt about coming, as he heard there was to be dancing, and consulted us about it. We told him the dancing would be mild, and he might never have a chance to see a big American ship again, and strongly advised him to come.

While Lady Thornton and I were sitting together one of the young officers came up to her (she knew several of them, as they were some years in Washington) saying he heard one of the Ambassadresses was an American, did she know which one, and could she introduce him. "Certainly," she said, "it is Madame Waddington, wife of the French Ambassador, who is sitting next to me now," and immediately presented the young man, who said he had been looking at all the ladies to see which was the American, but hadn't placed me, he supposed because he heard me speaking French. We became great friends, and he took me all over the ship. We danced a little on deck—a quadrille d'honneur—I with my friend Schimmelpenninck, Lady Thornton with Jaurès, Madame Jaurès with Admiral Baldwin. Then we left the dancing to the young ones and sat quietly on

deck till it was time to go. Just as we were starting the Admiral asked me if I would say a few words to the band —they were almost all Italians. I went over at once and talked to them, so did the Nuncio, which of course delighted them.

We started back about 9 in a special Russian steamer. The sea was much calmer, and the getting off one boat and on another was not such a difficult operation even for poor Mdme. A——. The sail back was about two hours—quite enchanting in that beautiful northern twilight, and we were all sorry when it came to an end.

This morning it is very warm, and I am rather seedy, so I have stayed quietly at home. Richard and I breakfasted tête-à-tête, as W. was off at an early hour to his medals, and won't be back until dark. I wonder if the Russian officials will be as astonished at his capacity for a long spell of work as the Italians were. *They* struck after *two* days of such work, and then took it in turns. One day at Milan I went to get him at the end of the day, as we were going to drive somewhere in the country, so the Italian smiled all over, and almost winked, saying, "Ah, Madame est venue voir si Monsieur était vraiment aux Médailles toute la journée." I suppose he felt that he wouldn't have stayed working all those hours, and also quite understood that I suspected W. of doing something else.

We have had a nice visit from Benckendorff, who has told us all about the boat we want to take to go to Stockholm. He says they are Swedish boats, very clean, and very good food; also very few people at this time of the year.

Now I must dress and go with Richard to pay some visits. Calmon will go and see you and give you all our news. He won't tell you what I will, that he had a great

success in Moscow—his artillery uniform, the astrakhan tunique, was very becoming—all the ladies found him "très beau garçon." I must add too that Richard also had a great success—evidently artillery uniform is becoming. It was rather amusing to see the face of one of the young ladies when I made some reference to Madame Richard Waddington. "M. Waddington married—I never should have dreamed of it"—and after a moment, "What is his wife like?" doubtfully. "Is she pretty?" "Well, yes, she is very pretty." Richard won't tell you that either when he comes back, but I shall tell Louise.

How curious all the Moscow life will seem when I am settled again at Bourneville—walking in the park with the children, riding all over the country with W., and leading an absolutely quiet life. I hope I shall remember all I want to tell you.

To H. L. K.

HÔTEL DEMOULT, PETERSBURG,
Wednesday, June 20th, 1883.

Richard and I went visiting yesterday. We found the Thorntons, who gave us tea. Their Embassy is charming—a big house on the Quai Anglais. The drawing-rooms are large and high. All the windows look out on the Neva, and they say it is quite beautiful at night. Then we went back to the hotel, got W., who had had a fine morning with his medals—says the collection is magnificent, much larger than he had any idea of, and started off to the Quais to see our boat. We leave to-morrow evening between 6 and 7. It looked very nice and clean, and the Captain was quite overwhelmed with the distinguished passengers he was to have the honour of

transporting. We have an enormous cabin (two thrown into one) big enough for a family. I interviewed the stewardess, a nice fresh-looking Norwegian woman. Conversation was rather difficult, as I spoke German and she Norwegian, and neither of us understood the other, but I am sure we shall get on very well. They tell us the voyage is enchanting, all in and out of small fiords, islands, and narrow rivers. We stop five or six hours each day to see the country, and never have any sea until we cross to Stockholm, when it is generally rough.

We dined quietly at the hotel with Coutouly, our Consul, a very nice man, very intelligent. He too had interviewed the Captain, and told him to take every care of us. He says the trip is enchanting, and the two Finnish towns, Helsingfors and Abo, very well worth seeing. About 10 o'clock we drove off to the "Pointe" and had a pleasant hour with some of the colleagues. It is always cool there, and the drive out is interesting, so unlike anything else.

Richard went off early this morning with Sermet and Moulin of the French Embassy to see the Falls of Smatra, which are said to be very fine. We pick him up at Helsingfors.

I walked about a little with Adelaïde—I never see anything the least like a femme du monde in the streets. I suppose the "société" are away for the summer, and the streets look rather as September streets do in Paris.

W. and I dined at the Thorntons'—handsome and pleasant. Jaurès was there, not his wife, she has already started for Paris, and the Ternaux Compans, a nice young ménage (just married) attached to the Embassy. She was very well dressed, in white. There was also the Danish Minister (I forget his name). He is a friend of

the Empress and très bien vu à la cour. After dinner someone played on the piano, and he and Mary Thornton danced a little, showing us some of the figures of the mazurka. Lady Thornton says, like everyone else, that the society of Petersburg is very fermé. They know everybody, but I fancy very few of the diplomatists make real friends with anyone. I was rather surprised, as the Russians one meets abroad are generally very easy and sociable. She also finds the climate very trying. She showed me all the rooms, which are charming. In all the bedrooms very thick curtains, as the light is most trying, and of course people who live there must have regular hours for sleep—for us birds of passage it is of no consequence, and going to bed seems the last thing one would think of doing in Petersburg.

We came home about 11, and now W. is busy over his Paris letters, also putting his notes in order, as he has finished with the medals. He has had three or four days of real hard work, but says it rested him after all the Court festivities.

Jeudi, 21 Juin.

We have been shopping all the morning,—W. and I and M. Lomatch (I have found his name). We bought, among other things, a sled for Francis—I haven't seen one since I left America—and a good deal of Russian lace, which they say is very solid, and embroidery. We came back to a late breakfast, and I am writing now at the last moment while they are carrying down the trunks. We are going at 4 to the steamer to leave our boxes and Adelaïde, and install ourselves, and then go for tea to Coutouly, who has an apartment on the Quai, just opposite the wharf where the steamer starts from. I am quite sorry to go. We are very comfortable here, and

the streets are so amusing. I should like once to hear a little laughing and singing, as the various groups of work-people, soldiers, and peasants pass—but they are a curiously sad, subdued race.

Friday, June 22d. "En mer."

We are just approaching Helsingfors (twelve o'clock), where we go on shore for some hours, and I will write a little. I have a nice straw arm-chair on deck (the sail shades me), a table with books, papers, etc. We embarked at 6.30 yesterday. We went on the boat about 4—saw the Captain, a very nice man, a Finn, who speaks English quite well, and who is much pleased to have us on his boat. He went down to the cabin with us, which is really a large, airy room, with two very fair beds, and a sort of recess which makes a dressing-room. It opens into the ladies' cabin, where he had also arranged the end near our cabin for us—two arm-chairs, a table, etc. Adelaïde has a nice state-room just opposite—also Richard. There were not many people on board—and he said he hadn't many passengers, chiefly men.

We left cloaks, books, etc., and walked across to the Coutoulys', who have a nice apartment directly on the river. It is so broad and swift one feels almost as if one was on the sea-shore. There is much passing all the time, and a good many little posts, as at Venice, where the boats are tied. They gave us tea, and about 6 we went back to the boat.

Jaurès was there with some of his young men, and Benckendorff, who came to say a last good-bye this time. We gave him rendezvous in Paris, as we should like very much to do something for him. He was untiring and devoted to us all the time we were at Moscow—never tired, always taking a great deal of trouble to see that

we were well taken care of, and helping us in every way. I found three or four handsome bouquets in the cabin—one from him, and one from M. Lomatch, the proprietor of our hotel. He has written to the hotel at Stockholm for rooms for us. We arrive Sunday morning—have three nights at sea. Adelaïde is quite excited at the prospect of a real voyage "en mer."

We had a very good supper about 8.30, just as we were passing Cronstadt. We have made a very nice arrangement for our meals. The idea of a table-d'hôte with all the people who are on board (many more than I thought) was appalling, so we are to have all our meals half an hour before the others at a small table in the dining-room. It is a most satisfactory arrangement, and we had a nice quiet hour on deck while the other passengers were supping. It was a lovely evening—the sea absolutely calm, and so warm I hardly needed my cloak. We sat late on deck. They brought us a table with tea and Swedish punch, which seems to be the favourite drink here.

The passengers all came up after their supper. They were quiet enough—all had tea, punch, and cigars, and a great many played cards. The men look like commis-voyageurs, or small shopkeepers—almost all, I should think, Swedes or Norwegians. There are three or four English women and girls, governesses, the Captain tells me, going to Stockholm and Christiania.

We went down to our cabin about 12—always the same curious grey light. I slept perfectly well. It seemed to me there was a little roulis about 3 o'clock (I heard a clock strike somewhere), but it was only pleasant. I was up at 8 and had my tea and toast in the ladies' cabin close to a port-hole, and was rather sorry I hadn't had it on deck. I went up as soon as I had

finished. We were passing through a series of little bays, all dotted over with islands, some fairly large, some merely a granite rock with a pine tree on it.

Saturday, June 23d. "En mer."

I was interrupted yesterday by the Captain, who came to get us to stand on the passerelle with him and see the approach to Helsingfors. The bay has widened out into a sea, and the harbour seems important. There are lots of ships and steamers—also small boats going backwards and forwards between them and the quais. The men in the boats wear a red cap, something like the Neapolitan fishermen. The town stands out well—there are high cliffs rising straight out of the sea, and a great many steeples (not the green and pink cupolas of Moscow).

We found Richard and our Consul waiting for us on the Quai, and we drove at once to the hotel, and breakfasted. The steamer remains until 12 o'clock to-night, so we have ample time to see the town. Just as we were finishing breakfast a gentleman appeared, a director of something (Postes et Télégraphes, I think) who came to do the honours in the absence of the Governor. He had an open carriage with a pair of nice little Russian horses, and drove us all over the town. Helsingfors is the capital of Finland, and I believe flourishing enough. The town is small and rambling—entirely surrounded by water, and quantities of little islands connected by bridges. I think we must have crossed about 20. Some of the villas are large with nice gardens. The Director showed us his, which looked pretty and comfortable. The streets are narrow—not much movement. The names of the streets are written in three languages—Russian, Swedish, Finnish. All the functionaries are Russian, the small merchants and shopkeepers Swedish,

and the peasants and sailors Finns. They (Finns) have a very marked type of their own, not particularly Russian, nothing of the Tartar, only very Northern.

We dined at the famous Café du Parc. W. invited the Director and the Consul to dine with us, and we had a pleasant little dinner, fairly good. There was a good orchestra, who had evidently been told who we were, for as soon as we arrived they played the "Marseillaise" very well. It caused quite a sensation among the people who were dining, as they evidently hadn't noticed particularly the quiet party which came in—all of us of course in travelling dresses. The chef d'orchestre asked our Director if we would like to hear some national airs—which they played very well, and then I asked for the Polonaise from Glinka's "La Vie pour le Czar," which they always played in Moscow whenever the Imperial cortége arrived.

At 11 o'clock the Consul's steam launch came (the café is on the water), and he took us all about the inner harbour, most curious and interesting, and then outside. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we went sometimes so close up to one of the islands that we could have spoken to anyone on the shore if there had been anybody to speak to—sometimes we were in what seemed a great lake, with no perceptible outlet. We cruised about until midnight, then went back to the hotel, and walked down to the steamer. The light had changed—was rather like dawn, but perfectly light. There were people and carriages, children, badauds, loitering about the wharf. They told us a steamer had started two or three hours earlier with tourists on board to see the midnight sun.

We stayed on deck about half an hour to see the départ. The light was getting much stronger—Richard

read a letter quite easily, and at 1 o'clock, when I went down to the cabin, the sun was shining bright. I am writing now on deck after breakfast. Young Moltke, a Dane, came on board last night, and asked if he might have his meals with us. He too had been at the Coronation, and found the standing all those hours very tiring. The day is beautiful—the sea perfectly calm, and the long, lazy hours on deck most resting.

This morning I was interviewed by two English girls —both young and rather pretty, the fair English type. One was a governess going back to her place, somewhere near Stockholm, in the country; the other was just going out on a venture, had no engagement, knew no language but her own, and had merely made the acquaintance of the other girl on the boat. I suggested it was rather a risk coming so far without anything definite; but she said she was sure she would find something, and she had a little money. I asked her how old she was—17. "How could your parents let you start off like that?" "Oh, there are so many of us, and I am strong." They then asked me if I would tell them something about the Coronation—so I talked to them a few minutes. They asked me if I saw many Nihilists—as if they were a marked class—and did the Empress look nervous.

I have also managed to talk a little to the stewardess, or rather to understand her—as I have made out that she is married, and has young children, and no one apparently to leave them with while she is cruising about.

I wish I could sketch, there are so many charming little bits of scenery that I would like to bring home with me. We are getting near Abo, and I must stop. To-night is to be our rough night in the Baltic. At the present moment the sea is like glass, but the Captain says there is always movement crossing over to Stockholm.

I should like to go on forever in the boat. The long, long hours on the deck with this soft grey sea and sky, with nobody to talk to, and no dressing of any kind are enchanting. I have got a book, Tolstoy's "Guerre et Paix," but I don't seem to get on much—I am always looking at something.

8 o'clock.

We have just got back after a lovely afternoon at Abo (the old capital of Finland). The approach was very picturesque as we went some distance up a narrow river to the town, which is not directly on the sea. Our Vice-Consul was waiting on the quai with a carriage, and we drove all over the place. It is now a dead city—all the life and interest of Finland is absorbed by Helsingfors, but it is interesting. We saw the Cathedral, the public gardens, and then drove some distance into the country to see the oldest church in Finland—a little old, grey building that looks any age. The country is very pretty, always charming views of the sea, and a few villas dotted about, but nothing like as many as at Helsingfors. It seems people come sometimes in summer for sea air, bathing, and fishing, and occasionally English yachts stop a day or two.

We got back about eight, and I am writing now before supper. We found the boat all dressed with greens, as it is the St. Jean, and they tell us we shall see lights, bonfires, and torches on all the little islands, as they always celebrate the St. Jean here with greens and lights. My next letter will be from Stockholm.

To H. L. K.

STOCKHOLM,
Sunday, June 24th, 1883.

Well, Dear, we arrived at 12 o'clock this morning, and I was quite sorry to leave the boat and my nice big cabin, and the good-natured stewardess. Last night was enchanting. We sat on deck until 12.30. W. treated us all to Swedish punch and cakes. It was decidedly cooler—for the first time I had on the warm, long, blue cloth coat I started in from Paris, and there was rather more motion. How it would amuse you—I wish you were here. The deck looks quite picturesque—lots of little round tables with groups of three or four people, all drinking something, and most of them playing cards. Between 11 and 12 there is a sort of night, or darkness, so they brought up some lamps, which looked weird, and gave a faint, flickering light. We run sometimes so close to the islands, between several, in a narrow channel, that one would think it was impossible to pass, but evidently it is deep sea everywhere, and we go steadily on without slackening. I am delighted we decided to come by sea. It is again a most novel experience, and such a contrast to our Moscow stay—all gold and glitter, and colour and courtiers.

We were just getting out of the little channels and islands and making for the open sea when I went downstairs. The captain came and sat with us a little while, and told us where we were. Some of the lights on the small islands looked as if they were rising straight out of the sea. The water was grey, and the rock grey—one only saw the light.

We didn't meet many ships—a few sailing boats as we

left Abo—but no steamers or big ships. We were up fairly early, as they told us the entrance to Stockholm was so beautiful. Coming by water it rises straight out of the sea like Venice. There were quantities of islands, but much greener than those of the Finnish coast, and the cliffs higher. Villas everywhere, close down to the water's edge, and running up the hills. Little pleasure boats and yachts skimming all over the harbour. As it was fête St. Jean all the peasants and country people were out in flat-bottomed boats, crowded with women and children down to the water's edge—the boats quite covered with green boughs and leaves, the women in costume—a white skirt, coloured bodice embroidered in gold or silver—silver charms and big pins in their hair. It really was fairy-like for quite two hours before we arrived.

We got in at twelve exactly, and breakfasted on board. The river is so deep that big ships run straight up into the town. The American frigate, Lancaster, which arrived last night, is anchored directly in front of the hotel, under our windows.

We took a most cordial leave of our Captain, who expressed great gratification at having had us on board —hoped we were satisfied and would recommend his boat to any of our friends who wanted to make the same trip. W. and Richard were astounded at the cheapness of the journey. I think they made out it was about 50 francs apiece—tout compris. We were three nights on board, and had all our meals except the day at Helsingfors.

We found various people waiting for us at the quai —one of the secretaries of our Legation—the gérant of the Hôtel de l'Europe—one or two members of the French colony here, and M. Mathias, a French engineer

who lives here. We went across to the hotel in a ferry-boat and found charming rooms, with windows and balconies on the river. The proprietor informed us with much pride that the last distinguished foreigner that had occupied the apartment was Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt.

We found quantities of letters, unpacked a little—I wasn't sorry to get out of my blue cloth into something lighter, as it is warm. They say it is going to rain, and it has been dull and grey all the morning. M. Patenôtre, French Minister, has sent word that he will come and see us about 2.30. The King is here, and will receive W. The Queen and Princesses are away, so I have nothing to do. The Royal Palace is opposite—a big square building.

7 o'clock.

Patenôtre and all his Legation appeared. They brought us some picture papers with the Coronation, proclamation (the Heralds dressed in cloth of gold, and preceded by trumpeters) and ball. They say the Graphic is the best, but they hadn't it, you might perhaps, June 10th. We went for a drive with M. Mathias, who will be our cicerone here, as he knows Stockholm well. We went to the Royal Park, which is handsome—fine old trees and allées, and to the Observatory, from which generally there is a beautiful view of Stockholm and its surroundings—but it was grey and misty, raining even a little, so we didn't see much.

We are to dine quietly here and go after dinner to a camp where soldiers and peasants play games and dance and sing, in honour of St. Jean.

The river is still covered with little green boats darting about in every direction.

To H. L. K.

HÔTEL D'EUROPE, STOCKHOLM,
Monday, June 25th, 1883.

My Dear, this is the most enchanting place. The sun is out this morning, and the river and green hills too lovely. The river is most animated, quantities of sail boats and ordinary little rowing boats flying about in all directions, and plenty of life on the quais. Our expedition last night was not very successful. M. Mathias came to dinner early, at 7 (almost everyone dines at 6), and we went off to the camp. It was a pretty drive all along the river, and would have been nice if it had been clear, but it was a cold, grey evening, and began to rain a little before we got home. We found plenty of people looking on—various carriages drawn up, and it is evidently a thing to do—on a fine night people get out and walk about in the crowd, but as it was misting a little and decidedly muddy, we merely looked on from the carriage. One of the military bands played very well, a sort of quickstep, and the people danced with a certain entrain, but there were no particular steps, nor national dances, nothing very different from what one would see in a French assemblée when the people dance on the pelouse before the Mairie. When they were all dancing round a may-pole dressed with greens, it was pretty, with soldiers and the Dalecarlian women—there were policemen, but not many, and the people looked quite peaceable and happy, evidently enjoying themselves immensely. There were quite a number of children—little tots that looked as if they could just walk, joining in the ring. Some of the costumes were pretty.

The Dalecarlian women looked well—they wear a high black cap which is very effective on their fair hair, which is plaited in heavy braids, and goes around the head like a turban; a white bodice, bright coloured apron, and gold or silver charms and hair-pins. The language sounded hard—no more the soft Russian tongue—and, alas! I am afraid no more the long, beautiful Russian twilight. The sky is grey and the clouds low. They say we are going to have a spell of rain.

Mathias says the language is not at all difficult to learn, and it is absolutely necessary to know it, particularly for anyone who is here in any sort of business capacity.

We got home about 10 and went in to pay a visit to the Baldwins, who have the rooms next to us. They had intended going too to the camp, but the rain frightened them off. We told them they hadn't missed much. The Admiral is charming—has been everywhere, seen everything, and takes such a practical American view of everything. He was not at all impressed with all the magnificence of Moscow—"All show (not much of a one) and hollow. What is there underneath?" However, I said I thought the show was pretty good as far as it went, and certainly no other country in the world could offer such a sight; to which he replied, smilingly, that I had been so long away from America that I had forgotten what it was like. I stuck to my guns, and said that certainly not all the intelligence, energy, education, and money of America could produce such a pageant. What was so wonderful was the contrast. All the modern life and luxury grafted upon that old half-Eastern, half-barbaric world. I think I shall never again see anything like the dinner of the Emperor and Empress

the day of the Coronation. It looked exactly like some old mediæval picture as they sat there in their robes and crowns in that old dark-vaulted room of the old palace. We had quite an animated discussion. I fancy he always takes the opposite side on principle.

This morning we have been very energetic. Mathias came at 10 o'clock, and we started off sight-seeing. We walked across to the Palace, which is directly opposite, and were there about an hour. There is not much to see, the rooms are large and high, all very simply furnished. Those that give on the river are very gay with all the water life of the city passing under the windows. There is one large gallery "des glaces" rather like the famous one at Versailles, which they told us was beautiful when it was lighted. There are quantities of portraits everywhere, and these, of course, are interesting; also some fine china, large vases. We saw, of course, Bernadotte's room, left exactly as it was when he died there. It was a curious mixture of French and Swedish, several French papers and brochures lying about on the tables just as he had left them, quite yellow with age and the print fading, also note-books and "projets de loi" annotés in his handwriting. They say he never knew a word of Swedish and yet was so popular. There was a fine portrait of him over the fireplace, a handsome man, with fine soldierly bearing.

We found a nice open carriage waiting for us at the door of the Palace and drove off to Drottningholm, one of the Royal residences on Lake Malar. The drive was charming, through pretty green country, and as soon as we came near the Lake, villas (generally white) in every direction. We crossed various little arms of the lake before we arrived at the Château. It is an enor-

mous pile, and stands very well in a large park. The Governor, a fine old soldier (who rather reminded me of Marshal MacMahon), was waiting for us with his son, and showed us everything. The rooms are large and bright and exceedingly simple. It seems the Royal Family are very fond of the place. There is so much room that they can have as many people staying as they like, and they all live on the water. We drove through the park, and saw the Governor's villa, not far from the Palace. As we had been going since 10 o'clock the idea of tea was not disagreeable, so we consulted our coachman (at least Mathias did, as we couldn't talk), and he told us there was a good little café in the park, at one end, far from the Château, where the public were allowed, so we stopped there and had a very good cup of tea. It was cool and green, and we rather liked sitting there with the lake before us in the drowsy quiet of a summer afternoon. However we had to get back to Stockholm, as W. had to make a visit to the Ministre des Affaires Étrangères. He sent him word just as we were starting that the King would receive him to-morrow at one o'clock. He must also see if he can borrow anywhere a Swedish grand cordon. He sent all his decorations back to Paris with his uniform, quite forgetting that he might want some on his way home, and they tell him he must have his, that the King is very particular about such matters, and wouldn't be at all pleased if he presented himself without his order. Patenôtre's is no good, as it isn't the same order.

We left W. the carriage and walked home, stopping and looking at all the shop windows. I don't know that there is much to buy, but we are going on a real shopping expedition to-morrow morning. Mathias showed

us some queer old streets and houses and a famous shop where there were all sorts of fishing outfits. He is very anxious that we should go on to Norway, see Christiania and some of the famous fiords. He says the country is much finer than any part of Sweden, and there is much more "couleur locale." It is just the season for it. I should like it extremely, but I am afraid W. won't. He wants to get home, and must stay three or four days at Copenhagen, where there is a fine collection of medals.

Now I am sitting writing at the window, waiting until it is time to dress for dinner at the Legation. The river is a perpetual enjoyment, always something going on. A big boat has just put off from the American man-of-war. The men look a fine sturdy lot, and come up in great style with a good, long stroke. They attract much attention, for as soon as the boat left the ship a little crowd gathered and watched their progress.

Here is W., who enjoyed his visit to the minister very much—found him easy and intelligent, and much interested in the Coronation. They will send him a plaque and a ribbon from the jewellers, so he will be quite correct to-morrow. Adelaïde is much disturbed because I have neither fine dress nor jewels for the dinner to-night. It really is not of the slightest consequence, as I am the only lady (Patenôtre is a bachelor), and we are going to the gardens afterwards. I shall wear Delannoy's blue and white striped silk, half long, and take my hat in my hand, as it must go on for our outing.

12 o'clock.

We have just come in from our dinner, which was pleasant and very good, merely the three, Mathias, Patenôtre, and one of his secretaries, M. de Bondy. The house is large, nice, and looks very pretty, as the Minister

has been both in China and Persia and has brought back some beautiful things, carpets, tentures, and curios of all kinds. He evidently didn't find Pekin a very pleasant or healthy residence, says the cold is something awful. He likes Stockholm, says the Swedes are pleasant, kindly people, lead simple lives, and do all they can to make it pleasant for the Corps Diplomatique. There are few large fortunes—very little life, and little private entertaining. The Court gives several balls and dinners every year.

About 8.30 we went off to the gardens and restaurant Haselbach, where all the beau monde of Stockholm assembles in summer, but the season is over and there were not many people there—of *Society; people* there were, plenty. The gardens are large, well lighted, a very good band was playing, and everyone walking up and down the broad allées, or seated at little tables with tea and punch. We sat there about an hour. Patenôtre pointed out various notabilities to us, but said he didn't know many people.

Now we are discussing routes with maps and books. We shall start for Copenhagen to-morrow night viâ Malmo, and must send in the morning to engage our sleepings. It is a long journey. We leave here at 8.30, and don't get to Copenhagen until 4.30 the next day.

Tuesday, June 26th.

It is lovely again this morning. Richard and I and Mathias have been wandering about the streets shopping. There isn't much to buy—Norwegian knives with carved wooden handles in a leather case, Scandinavian charms, buckles, and brooches roughly worked, but rather pretty and curious shapes—furs, too, of course, but we didn't want any more. I was rather tempted by a

large white stuffed bear. I thought it would look so well in the hall in the country; but of course the only reason to have a bear in the house is when you shot it yourself, and that was not possible in the streets of Stockholm in the month of June. The day is divine—sky blue and water dancing. The whole aspect of the place is much gayer than anything we saw in Russia. People don't look sad or preoccupied; there are always babauds hanging over the bridges and exchanging jokes or remarks with the watermen.

Richard and I breakfasted tête-à-tête, as W. had gone off for his Royal audience. His plaque and grand cordon came in time from the jeweller, so he was quite proper. I shall go and see about the trunks, and as soon as W. comes back we shall start again for some last sight-seeing, the Museum, churches, etc. We dine at 6 and start at 8 from the hotel. Richard has decided to wait a day longer and go and see the Falls of Upsala, which are quite worth seeing. Mathias will go with him, and he will join us at Copenhagen Thursday. The Baldwins have just come in to say good-bye. They, too, are leaving to-morrow.

I will finish, as I have a quiet hour before dinner. I left the gentlemen at the Museum, as I was not very well, and thought better to rest a little before starting this evening. W. came in a little after two, having enjoyed the hour with the King very much. He says he is a tall, handsome man, very intelligent, and well up in everything. He received him quite informally in his cabinet de travail, which he said had also been Bernadotte's. There was a good picture of him on the walls. He was much interested in the Coronation, though he had heard all about it already from his son, but he was anxious to have W.'s impressions. He said *he* personally

M. William Waddington.
From a copyright photograph by Russell & Son.

had never been very anxious about a Nihilist plot at that time. He didn't think they would choose that opportunity. He was much interested in everything French, literature, politics, theatres, and asked W. if he was going back to Petersburg as Ambassador. He also asked him if he had ever been in America, as he believed he had married an American, and was much surprised to hear he had never crossed the big pond. He told him too just what some of the Swedish diplomats told me, that all his best young men went to America. They got such high wages, and got on so well, that they were all leaving Sweden. I remember Sandford telling us years ago in Paris, that all the workmen on his orange plantations in Florida were Swedes.

W. had just time to get out of his dress clothes, and send back his order when Mathias appeared, and we went for a last tournée. First to the Church des Chevaliers, where all the Swedish Kings are buried, up and down some old streets where there are curious old houses, and wound up at the Museum. I only stayed there half an hour, saw some of the pictures and souvenirs of Charles IX, and then came home, leaving the others.

Now we have finished packing, I have on my travelling dress, and am seated quietly at the window with my book, Tolstoy's "La Guerre et la Paix," but I don't make much progress—I am always looking out. A big steam yacht has just come in—ran straight up the river alongside of the "Lancaster." About twenty little boats have immediately started out, going close up to the yacht, and they have sent off a steam launch, which has come up to the wharf in about five minutes.

Patenôtre and his secretary have come to say goodbye, and to say that all the orders are given for this evening, and we shall have our sleepings. I wonder

if you have seen Pontécoulant. He said he would go at once to find you. He has been saving up all he heard about the Americans and their frock coats and grey trousers (when everyone else was covered with gold embroidery and orders) for you, and hopes to get a good rise out of you.

My next letter will be from Copenhagen—then Hamburg and home. The gentlemen have come in—found the Museum very interesting, and we shall dine in a few minutes, so this must stop and will go off from here by the evening courier.

To H. L. K.

COPENHAGEN,
Wednesday, June 27th, 1883.

We arrived at one o'clock to-day, Dear, not tired at all, as our journey was easy. We had a capital waggon, a large sleeping carriage, a bed on each side, and a good toilette. We started punctually at 8.30, through fairly pretty country, nothing very picturesque, but a general impression of verdure. At 10.30 we stopped somewhere, had tea, and the man came and made the beds. I slept quite well. We took the steamer at Malmo, breakfasted on board, and enjoyed the crossing. The sea was beautiful and there were quantities of boats of all kinds. There was a thick fog for about half an hour, which was very uncomfortable, for we knew how many boats there were all around us, and as soon as our own whistle stopped, we heard many others unpleasantly near. However it lifted as we neared Copenhagen.

The approach is good, but not nearly so fine as Stockholm. There are no islands and the country all about is very flat. The quantity of boats of all kinds made it a

very pretty sight. We found M. de Kergorlay, Chargé d'Affaires, waiting for us on the quai with a carriage, and drove at once to the hotel. We wanted a little time to change, read our letters (we found a quantity, two from you), which you may imagine I was glad to have. I am so glad the boy has kept well—I am getting very homesick for him now that our faces are turned homewards. M. de Kergorlay said he would come back at 4 and take us a drive. W. too found various letters and papers. We started again at 4 and had a beautiful drive to the "Deer Park" for some distance along the sea, with quantities of villas, casinos, cafés with music all the way. There were some very pretty carriages, officers riding, and every description of pleasure boat, big and small, on the sea. Just as we were leaving the sea and turning into the forest we met a big break, with the Prince Royal driving himself and his family. The carriage was full of children. He recognized of course Kergorlay, then W. —however they are all in the country. We shall have no visits nor audiences of any kind. I am rather sorry not to see the Prince. He was in Paris and dined with us the Exhibition year, when W. was at the Quai d'Orsay, and I found him most sympathetic, and very good-looking.

It was so pretty driving through the deer park. We had tea in one of the casinos, standing high over the sea, with a splendid view. We dined quietly at the hotel at a small table in the dining-room. We saw there General Appert and his family dining. They had come to Copenhagen to see their son, who is military attaché here (Madame Appert is a Dane), also Harry Whitehouse, who said they were in the country, but not far, and would certainly come in and see us. I have written a few notes since dinner, and W. has also sent one to be given early

to-morrow morning to the Conservateur des Médailles at the Museum. The hotel is very comfortable, we have an enormous salon on the front, and good bedrooms. Adelaïde has fraternised with the Apperts' maid, and is delighted to have a compatriote to go about with. I was interrupted, as W. suggested we should go out and make a little turn in the streets while he smoked a cigar. The town is much less gay than Stockholm. All the houses are built of grey stone, and are high and narrow, rather like New York. There are a good many people in the streets and in the trams, of which there seem plenty.

Thursday, June 28th.

It is again a beautiful day, and at 10 o'clock W. and I started. I took Adelaïde, for I knew W. would be absorbed at once by the medals, and I didn't care to come home alone. We were received with much empressement by the Director. As I supposed, the Conservateur des Médailles carried off W. at once, and a sub. of some kind was deputed to show me the Historical Museum, which really is very interesting, costumes and interior groups of figures of the whole world. They say it is very exact, but what a work it must have been. We saw it very well and fairly quickly, as it wasn't a public day, and the young man only showed us what was worth seeing. We walked home. It wasn't far, and he explained the route to us. I really needed the exercise. The town is decidedly gloomy, even in the bright sunlight, and might be any Northern town anywhere.

I breakfasted alone at a small table in the dining-room, and had the big room almost to myself—two gentlemen were breakfasting at one end. Almost as soon as I got

upstairs I had some visits. First Richard appeared, very pleased with his excursion, said it would have been a pity not to see the Falls, being so near; then came Col. Wyckham Hoffman and Whitehouse. Hoffman was much interested in hearing about the Coronation, as he was five years secretary in Russia and knew all the people. He and Mrs. Hoffman are at Elsinore for the summer and want us very much to come down and dine and stay over night, but I am afraid we can't. W. wants all his time here for the coins, and it would take quite a day to really see the place. Kergorlay came with a carriage at three, and he and I and Richard started again for the same drive. It seems all Copenhagen does it every afternoon. The sea looked enchanting, and I think there were more boats than yesterday—several big steamers, English bound they tell us—and such quantities of pleasure boats. We drove rather further into the forest, as we had more time. It is really very lovely —had tea in another casino with the same view of the sea. We met various private carriages with good horses, a certain number were breaks full of nurses and children; and some rather smart-looking officers well mounted. We didn't meet the Royal break again. It seems they are all (a big family party) at one of their châteaux near Copenhagen, and come into town very often. Kergorlay seems to like Copenhagen—not the climate, he says it is cold and foggy, there are days when one never sees the sun. It makes rather a gloomy impression on me. If I lived here I too would want to come every day to the Deer Park, which wouldn't be convenient perhaps for domestic arrangements.

The streets are curiously banal—I wonder why? Of course one didn't expect to find the colour and half-Eastern look of Moscow, nor the gay half "bains-de-

mer" impression of Stockholm, but I am disappointed. One thinks of Danes as descendants of the Vikings, heroes, enormous men with long limbs and yellow hair. Do you remember the poem we were so mad about in the days of our youth, "Word was brought to the Danish King that the love of his heart lay dying"? I can see Mrs. Lawrence sitting at the table, and reading it in her full rich voice. I don't remember now who wrote it, but I am sure you will—and Copenhagen looks singularly unpoetical and modern. We found W. on the balcony when we got back, with his papers and his cigar, just tired enough after a long day's work in the Museum to appreciate a quiet hour. It has been warm all day, and is still. We felt the difference as soon as we turned into the streets, and we haven't the river under our windows as we had at Stockholm, and always a breeze.

4 o'clock.

Richard and I are just back from an expedition to Tivoli—the great garden here. We dined quietly at home, and I tried to persuade W. to come with us to the garden, but he declined absolutely, so we left him talking and smoking with General Appert, and we two started off in a fiacre. We were rather pleased with ourselves and the way we got along in a strange place and a strange tongue. We even made out strawberries and cream—"med" and something else I forget now. I don't know which was strawberries and which was cream, but we got them, and *med* was evidently one or the other. The garden is very pretty, very well arranged, with every variety of entertainment. We sat and listened to the band (a very good one, military) while we had *med* and ——, and then went into one or two of the small theatres and concert halls. All this too was modern,

might have been Paris or London. We saw one or two of our diplomatic friends disporting themselves at one of the theatres where there were "poses plastiques" very well done. I think they were "en garçon"—the pink flower hats they were alongside of didn't give me a family impression.

We rather enjoyed our evening lounging about. A fortune teller, a rather pretty girl, evidently wished to tell our fortunes, *that* we made out by signs and the cards she had spread out before her, but we didn't think our knowledge of the Danish tongue was sufficient to understand all she would tell us of a brilliant future. Richard is delightful to go about with. He likes to see everything and know about everything, and certainly succeeds in some curious way getting all the information he wants. W. was poring over his notes when we got back. We told him all our experiences, and then talked a little about our day to-morrow.

Friday, June 29th.

It has been frightfully hot all day. I stayed at home all the morning. W. and Richard went off early to the Museum. I had a visit from Kergorlay. He has an interesting face, is a widower, poor fellow, with four children, one boy of two and a half. They say he is so devoted to the children. I told him I should like to see them, and he will send them—at any rate we shall see them to-morrow night, as we dine at the Legation. Richard came back to breakfast. He said it was cool enough in the Museum, and we started off for the Thorwaldsen Gallery. Of course some of the statues and bas reliefs are very fine, but they are enormous, almost more than life size. We went on to the Frauen Kirche to see his statues of the 12 Apostles which are there. They were strangely

familiar. We must have seen them reproduced in plaster at home. Both St. Peter and St. John I knew quite well, and didn't like them much. While we were loitering about the church the suisse told us a wedding was just going to take place, it might perhaps amuse us to see it, so we stepped into one of the side aisles and saw the cortége. The bride was the regulation white-veiled figure, I think she had a *green* wreath (it may have been myrtle like the German brides), the man was in uniform. What was really interesting was the dress of the two pastors. They wore black coats with white ruffles, just as they did in Luther's time. That reconciled me a little to this very uninteresting town.

It was still very warm, but we did a little shopping, photographs and one or two trifles. Richard leaves to-night at 7.30, and we shall dine early with him. He is to stop a day or two with Mary at Meiningen, pick up his mother who is there, and bring her back to France. Mary wanted us to come, and I wish we could have managed it. It would have been nice to have been there all together, and they would have enjoyed hearing all our impressions while they were so absolutely fresh, particularly Charles, who leads a very quiet life now ever since his accident at the Quai d'Orsay. It is extraordinary how the last thing seen remains in one's memory. Already Moscow and that splendid pageant is fading a little, and I see Stockholm, and the green islands, and the dancing river.

Saturday, June 30th.

It is still frightfully hot—not a breath of air. I have made as much of a draught as I can by opening the door into the passage. It isn't very convenient, as we are just at the head of the big staircase, but I have put a high-

backed arm-chair between me and the passers by. It was really very warm until 11 o'clock last night. We dined downstairs with Richard, and were very sorry to see him go. Then we went to Mrs. Baldwin (the Admiral had gone off for two days) to ask her if she would drive with us. We made the usual turn, the only variety being our tea place—we take a new one every time. The gérant of the hotel explains to the coachman where to go, and he chooses very well. It was lovely driving, and so cool on the top of the cliff that we walked about a little after tea. There is always a long, clear evening, not like Russia, but still very pleasant and pretty, such a soft light over everything. The moment we turned away from the sea back into the town we felt the difference, but the long drive had cooled us. I have asked for my breakfast upstairs in the salon. I really can't dress and sit in that hot room in this weather. W. is at the Museum, but comes back at 4 with the Director, who is to show us some of the treasures of the town. I am getting on very well here with "La Guerre et la Paix," as I am not distracted all the time as I was at Stockholm. I think you would like it, the *Russian* side of Napoleon's great campaign is so interesting, also the pictures of the society of Moscow at that time, which they say is extremely well done.

W. came in about 4, not very warm, as he says the rooms of the Museum are cool, with such thick walls, and while we were waiting for Monsieur Warsoe, the Directeur, Mr. Vivian, English Minister, paid us a visit. He is very anxious we should come and see them at Elsinore, says it is most interesting (all memories of Hamlet). I should like it extremely, but W. thinks we must get home. I liked Vivian very much. He talked very easily about everything—he is going to dine with us at Ker-

gorlay's, says all the colleagues are most anxious to hear about the Coronation. M. Warsoe appeared about 4.30 and we drove at once to Rosenburg, an old château where there is a fine collection of all sorts of things. Some of the Danish porcelain was lovely, also some fine tapestries. They showed us with much pride their trésor, jewels, and gold and silver services, but really after Moscow and the quantities of gold, silver, enamel, crowns, and jewels of all sorts that one had seen the others made no effect, though of course there were some handsome stones, rubies. What I did like was the 4 lions (couchant) of massive silver, which are always put at each side of the throne whenever there is a great ceremony at Court. They must look splendid.

We went again to the Frauen Kirche, as W. had not seen it, and the second time I liked the Apostles better, a little better. I think it was too hot, and I was too tired when I was there before. We drove out to an old bridge, which was curious, and in some old street where I had never penetrated. The trams worry me, they are so frightfully civilized and up-to-date, however they were crowded, so evidently the Danes are not of my way of thinking.

Our dinner at Kergorlay's was very pleasant and handsome. Adelaïde was again frightfully put out at my garment, and she is right, it is really a street dress, and this time there are several women. I don't know why I didn't keep out *one* evening dress. It was rather stupid to send everything back. However, I made my excuses to the ladies, and said I was "en touriste." They were all very élégantes, though they were all already settled in the country, and went off about 10 o'clock by the last train. Kergorlay's children came in before dinner. The eldest girl is 10, and the baby two and a half.

It was so pathetic to see them in their white dresses and black sashes and to think whom the mourning was for. The dinner was very gay. We had Count and Countess Toll (he is Russian Minister here, and a brother of Countess Pahlen), Marochetti (Italian Minister) and his wife (a Frenchwoman, née Grandval), Vivian (she didn't come, was in the country and rather exhausted with the great heat), General and Madame Appert, and two secretaries. Count Toll was very keen to hear all about Moscow, and what we thought of the great show (he speaks English quite well). I told him we were enchanted, and that one of the great features was Comte Pahlen with his velvet coat and white staff of office with a big sapphire at the top. He certainly took no end of trouble, and looked his part very well. They all seem to like Copenhagen pretty well, except for the climate, which seems most trying. Countess Toll was in white with handsome pearls. I felt rather like a pensionnaire in my simple little dress —foolish, too; I ought to have known better.

We got home quite early, so I can still have a little Tolstoy before I go to bed. Adelaïde instantly inquired what the other ladies had on and was much put out. "C'était Madame l'Ambassadrice qui était le plus mal" —"oh! cela oui, et de beaucoup." I suppose it reflects upon the femme de chambre when the mistress is not up to the mark.

Sunday, July 1st.

It is still frightfully hot. I did not go out all morning, though they sent a notice of services at the English Church. We shall leave to-morrow night for Hamburg. W. says two days more of medals will give him all he wants. After breakfast I went to see Mrs. Baldwin, whom I found gasping, sitting with open doors and

windows; also Madame Appert, who looked quite cool and comfortable, as did her two daughters, pretty girls; however, they said they didn't feel cool. When I got back to our rooms I found several cards, and then Mrs. Hoffman appeared. She was very nice and friendly, sent all sorts of messages to you and Anne, and wished Anne would come and stay with her at Elsinore. She likes Copenhagen very much, says the people are friendly and hospitable and invite the diplomats; also that some of the country places are very fine, quite in the English style. She made a great appeal to me to come to Elsinore with her this afternoon, I could come back tomorrow in plenty of time for the night train, but I couldn't manage. W. was still at the Museum. and would have been in a great state of mind if he had come home and found not me but a note saying I had departed for Elsinore. While she was still here, young Moltke appeared, our compagnon de voyage from Helsingfors to Stockholm. He hopes to be sent to Paris or London. I told him if it was Paris he must look us up. He is a very nice young fellow, very good-looking, tall, and fair.

We have had our usual drive. We dined at 5 and started out rather earlier. If possible there were more people than we had ever seen before, as it was Sunday and fête. All Copenhagen, high and low, were on their way to the Deer Park. A stream of conveyances of all descriptions, some peasants' carts with straw at the bottom filled with women and children, everybody in a good humour. There were fewer officers riding, and fewer big boats on the sea, but endless little pleasure yachts. As we came back it was really a pretty sight, all the cafés, casinos, etc., brilliantly lighted, all the villas, too, and people sitting on the verandas, some playing cards, some at tea tables, some walking about in the gardens,

we could see the light dresses fluttering about in the shrubberies; animation, laughter, voices, music everywhere. We stopped as usual for tea at one of the high casinos—the sea blue and calm at our feet some distance down, and the whole summer out-door life of Copenhagen behind in the woods and hills. It was delicious driving back, and even the streets were pretty to-night, so many people, and the cool air such a relief after the terrible heat of the day. We have decided to start at 8.30 to-morrow evening.

I tried to glean some information from a Danish paper this afternoon. Col. Hoffman told me that if one knew English or German one could read Danish quite well, giving oneself a little trouble, but I can't say that was my experience. It might have been Hebrew for all I made out. I suppose I didn't keep at it long enough. It doesn't sound easy when one hears the language spoken all about one, rather harsh. I mastered a little Swedish (to understand it) much more easily.

To H. L. K.

COPENHAGEN,
Monday, July 2d, 1883.

The heat is something awful to-day,—I think the worst day we have had. I was up early, as the salon is cooler than the bedroom, more doors and windows. W. is off to his medals until 5, and we leave to-night for Hamburg. The trunks are made (almost for the last time), as we shall stay only one night in Hamburg, and arrive in Paris Thursday morning. I had a nice visit from Kergorlay. He can't come to the station to see us off, as he dines with the King in the country, but will send his chancelier to see about places, luggage, etc.

We talked a great deal about his children. He feels such a responsibility, and it is hard for a man to have such a young family to look after. He said their mother was so devoted to them—it seems hard she couldn't have been left to them a little longer.

I breakfasted downstairs, had a little talk with the Apperts, and then went to the reading-room for a little while to see if there was any news. The Comte de Chambord is very ill, dying they say. I wonder if his death will make any difference now—I suppose not. He has been only a memory practically all these years, as he never came to France, and only a few, a very few fidèles clung to him in his exile. I must say I rather admired him always. According to his lights (limited I grant), he was absolutely consistent.

I had another visit from Col. Hoffman, who came to see if we were really going to-night. We have a despatch from Richard saying that we will have much difficulty in getting into any hotel in Hamburg—the town is very full. There are races going on, also a scientific congress of some kind—however, the proprietor of this hotel says it is all right, they will keep us rooms. W. came in at 5, having been working steadily since 9.30 this morning. He took a cordial leave of the various Conservateurs and Directors, but thinks they were not sorry to see him go, and take up their quiet life, two or three hours a day in the cabinet instead of 6 or 7.

My next letter will be from Hamburg—and after that I will *tell* all I have seen and done, which will be much easier than writing.

RAILWAY STATION, KIEL, 7 A.M.,
Tuesday, July 3d.

We have two hours to wait here, so I will scribble a line to you, which will help to pass the time. We got off very early last night. Some of the young men from the Legation were waiting at the station with a servant to help us with our baggage. It really was not necessary, as we have only two trunks, and the porter of the hotel is most helpful and energetic. It was very warm even at that hour, and the compartment was stuffy, a good many passengers. We got to Korsoe about 11. The boat was directly opposite the station, and we went on board at once. There was some delay getting the baggage on board, so we sat quietly on deck and had our tea, and cooled off. The cabin felt so hot when I went down to leave my things that I couldn't make up my mind to install myself, particularly as the crossing (the Belt) was short, about 5 hours. The Captain said we should arrive between 4 and 5 at Kiel. We stayed on deck till nearly one o'clock. It was a lovely night, the sea quite calm, but a good breeze once outside, which freshened considerably as we drew away from the land.

I went down about one, but didn't get much sleep, and was quite ready to go up on deck when they called me at 4.30, and said we were approaching Kiel. Almost all the passengers were on deck. The approach is not particularly interesting. I heard two gentlemen discussing us in English. They had seen our trunks all labelled *Waddington, Couronnement,* had taken renseignements from the Captain, who assured them W. was the French Ambassador. They thought he must be mistaken. "That man is an Englishman—he is speaking English now to the lady—I have heard them talking always in English. They certainly are not French." They hovered

about us, and then looked rather bewildered, for Adelaïde came up to ask me something, and then W. and I finished our talk in French. We speak sometimes French, sometimes English, it depends upon our milieu.

The harbour is fine as one gets up to it. How hard for the Danes to give it up, and how they must hate the Germans. We got off about 5.30. The city was still wrapped in sleep. We walked about a little, and it was a curious sensation to walk about in apparently a dead town. We had some breakfast at the station, and have been out again. Then (7 o'clock) the town was quite lively, workmen moving about. We shall start in about a quarter of an hour, and have about two hours and a half to Hamburg. The long wait here has been tiresome, nearly three hours. The movement on the water and the quais was amusing, but really until after 7 not a soul was stirring, at least not in this quarter, and no trains coming or going.

To H. L. K.

HAMBURG,
Tuesday, July 3d, 1883.

No words can tell, Dear, how uncomfortable we are, hot and cross. We arrived at 11, after a very hot, dusty journey. The town is crammed, even at this hotel where they had kept rooms for us (and such nasty little rooms, a small salon, giving on the street it is true, so that we can see all that goes on, and two minute bedrooms on one side) we can't get our trunks, nor apparently our breakfast. The hotel people are quite affolés. There are races (with a German Prince of some kind either presiding or running horses, I can't make out which), a horticultural show, a cattle fair, and an anniversary of something).

We said we would take a carriage this afternoon and drive about the city, and we might just as well have asked for a balloon—nothing to be had before 7 o'clock. I should think every carriage in Hamburg was out—quantities of all kinds and large omnibuses are passing under the windows, filled with women in light dresses, and a generally festive appearance. They hope to give us one then.

We have had breakfast—the dining-room large, fairly cool, and empty (as it was late everyone had breakfasted and flown). They brought us the Figaro. The Comte de Chambord is dead, and the Comte de Paris starting for the funeral. Just as we had got upstairs again the man of the hotel came and asked if Madame l'Ambassadrice de France would receive Madame l'Ambassadrice de France. We were rather puzzled, but said of course we would receive anyone who came, and in walked M. et Mdme. de Courcel, and M. de Pina, our Consul here, M. de Sancy, the military attaché at Berlin. We were delighted to see them. The Courcels had been paying a visit to the Duke of Sagan in his splendid place, and, being not far from Hamburg, had come on to see the town. They were going to the races with M. de Pina, and wanted us to come, but we didn't care to (and indeed I don't know how we should have gone, as they had a small carriage which just held them, and we had none). M. de Pina asked us to dine with the Courcels at 8.30, and that we were very glad to do, as the prospect of a dinner in the big dining-room, with all the crowd of hungry people back from the various festivities, was not alluring. Pina told us as we couldn't get a carriage we had better take one of the small steamers that ply about in the inner harbour, and have an hour's sail. He was sure we would find it pretty and interesting. It

would certainly be cooler than sitting in that stuffy little salon.

There is nothing to see now in the streets, as the whole population is out of town, and the rumbling of carriages has ceased for the moment. W. is lying back in an armchair, with a cigar, in his shirt sleeves, groaning with the heat; and very hot it must be to reduce him to that state. I have a theory that no Waddington knows what heat means. No words can describe what I feel. Certainly fine feathers make fine birds, and I think no one would recognize the gold embroidered, bejewelled couple that went in the coupé d'Orsay to the gala dinner at the Palace.

11 o'clock.

We are just in from the Consul's dinner, and as it is cooler in the salon with the windows open than in my room, I will finish my letter to-night. We start to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock for Cologne and Paris. Now that we are getting so near I am very homesick for the boy, and for my own house. The constant moving about and living in hotels for the last fortnight has been tiring. I have got nothing left either to say to anybody —I have described the Coronation so many times that it is almost mechanical now—the words come by themselves—a steady stream, like the paper that rolls off the telegrams. I think I should never do for a *permanent* Ambassadress if six weeks of functions have exhausted me physically and mentally. As usual tho' last impressions are the strongest. I have already forgotten Moscow a little, and see the journey from Petersburg to Stockholm more clearly than anything else. I am sorry now that I didn't write a regular journal. Almost all the gentlemen did, and it would have been no trouble if I had

made up my mind to it, and written regularly, but unfortunately my writing-table at Maison Klein was on the court, and as soon as I established myself all sorts of interesting things immediately began to take place under the window, and the ink was bad and thick, and I got it all over my fingers, and even up in my hair—I hate so to write.

We sat all the afternoon indoors until 6 o'clock, when a little breeze sprang up, and we walked down a few steps only to the wharf from which the little steamers sail. It is about an hour, the tour round the lake, or inner harbour—quite charming—all the shores covered with pretty houses and villas, with lawns, and gardens full of flowers, sloping down to the water's edge. One would never have dreamed of finding anything so pretty and so *country* in this very business-like place. Many of the villas had nice little jetties and piers that ran out quite far into the water, and pretty boats and boat-houses. It seemed incredible to find all this so close to the hot, crowded hotel where we had been all day. The boat was quite full—principally business men going back to dine and sleep at their country houses—all Germans —we were certainly the only foreigners on the boat. It rather reminded me of Staten Island at home—the afternoon boat with all the business men on board, only one didn't have the broad expanse of the beautiful New York Bay, but a small land-locked lake.

The sail and breeze (such as it was) revived us, and we had time to dress comfortably for our dinner. We didn't see the great port—divined it only, with the forest of masts of all sizes.

Our dinner was very pretty and pleasant. Our host was some time in Holland, and has some lovely specimens of blue Delft, and some fine carved furniture. We had

only M. and Mdme. de Courcel (who arrived very late, having been caught in the file of carriages coming from the races), M. de Sancy, the first magistrate of the city, the Burgomaster, all in black, a plain tight coat, with a white fraise, very stiff and high around his neck, and a long gold chain. Also two of the principal merchants of Hamburg—the Courcels were staying with one of them, as they could get no rooms anywhere. The house was almost shut up—all the family out of town, and a femme de charge to look after them. They said the rooms were very comfortable, and they took their meals at a restaurant or with M. de Pina, who is certainly most hospitable.

W. was delighted to see Courcel and tell him all about the Coronation, and his impressions of all the people he had seen. The Burgomaster, too, was very keen to hear what we thought about everything. He is a clever old man, speaking French fairly well. They all evidently think there is much discontent in Russia, and some day there will be a great upheaving—de Sancy told me that Radziwill, Aide-de-Camp to the German Emperor, told him that our equipages, horses, etc., were so good. We thought so, but were not perhaps quite impartial. Richard says we all used to sit up talking after every ceremony, and say how well we did things.

After dinner M. de Pina showed us some of his curios, which are interesting and very well arranged. One of the two merchants, I quite forget the name, has a beautiful villa on the Elbe, some little distance from Hamburg, and wants us very much to come and make them a visit. I was much tempted—it would be amusing to see a bit of German business life, and I think W. would not have minded if the invitation could be accepted at once—but we would have to remain on here for two

days, as the gentleman is going somewhere else before he goes home, and really two days in these horrid little rooms would be impossible. M. de Pina told us the villas of some of these merchant princes are beautiful, with splendid gardens and all the luxe that money can give. He says they spend much more for their country houses than for their town establishments.

We broke up about 10, as everyone was tired. It was a beautiful moonlight night, so we told our coachman to take us round by the great port. It was most curious. The water was black except just where the streak of moonlight fell on it, and there were thousands of ships of all kinds from all quarters of the globe—smoke coming out of the chimneys of some of the big steamers, evidently preparing for an early start to-morrow morning, and *millions* of masts tapering up against the sky. Lights in every direction, some high, some low, and even at that hour of the night little boats flying about. One saw a dark object start off from the wharf—suddenly stand out well crossing the moonlight streak, and then disappear—there was a constant sound of oars and rowlocks, and long creaking noises like pulleys, and heavy things being hoisted on board a ship. They say the animation, and noise, and dust, and *smells* are extraordinary in the daytime—but at night-time all looked extremely picturesque.

Cologne Gare, 10 o'clock Mercredi soir,
4 Juillet.

We got off this morning at 9.30 from Hamburg, and had a long, hot, dusty journey—nothing very pretty to see. We arrived here about 6.30, found the Consul, Mr. Brandt, waiting at the station with a carriage. He proposed a drive—going first to the Cathedral, to see it by

daylight, and then to dine with him at the station, where there is a very good restaurant, so we sent all our small things over to the private room, and started off to the Cathedral. I was delighted to see it again after so many years. Do you remember it was the first European Cathedral we saw after Notre Dame, that first year when we came down the Rhine. How magnificent it is, outside and inside—the long, stately vaulted aisles, so high and so still. There was no one in the church at that hour, and we had a delightful half hour. We walked all around the outside, and then went back to the station to dine—and a very good dinner it was, in the same room where we breakfasted when we started for Russia, now nearly two months ago, when all seemed so vague, and rather a plunge into the unknown. We shall certainly have souvenirs for all our lives.

As we were finishing dinner the Chef de Gare came to say that a "lit-salon" was reserved for us, and he would have all the "kleines gepack" put into the compartment, and tell us at the last moment. The train starts at 10.30, and we get to Paris at 10 to-morrow morning, so we thought we would go out again and drive about a little, as we had so long to wait. We had a nice turn in the moonlight—the Cathedral looked beautiful, and we crossed the Rhine and drove some little distance on the other side of the river to have the view of the city. Now one or two Frenchmen who are here are talking to W. They have brought us tea, and I am scribbling this to you.

It is delightful, Dear, to think that to-morrow at breakfast I shall be telling you all this, and Baby sitting up in his high chair, looking at me hard out of his round, blue eyes. There is *one* good thing in getting home, I needn't write any more letters.

To G. K. S.

PARIS,
31 RUE DUMONT D'URVILLE,
July 5th, 1883.

We got back this morning at 10 o'clock. The journey was very comfortable—there is nothing like those French "lits-salons." Our departure from Cologne was rather amusing. The Chef de Gare summoned us at the last moment—all the passengers had taken their places, the doors were shut, officials careering up and down the platform, and *yet* the train didn't start. Various heads were put out of the windows, and one or two irate gentlemen inquired what they were waiting for, and why didn't we start. Then we appeared strolling leisurely down the platform, with a small suite of gentlemen, officers, etc. The adieux were again a little long, and really one man was bursting with rage, and not at all mollified when he heard it was an Ambassador returning to France after the Coronation; "he supposed Ambassadors could be as punctual as anybody else, and when an express started at 10.30, it was 10.30 for everybody."

We were very pleased to find Hubert and the coupé waiting for us at the Gare de l'Est, and Baby and Nounou in the street at the door of the porte cochère.

Well, the Moscow Coronation is over—I wonder what the next turn of the wheel will bring us.

PART II

TEN YEARS IN ENGLAND

To G. K. S.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,
August, 1883.

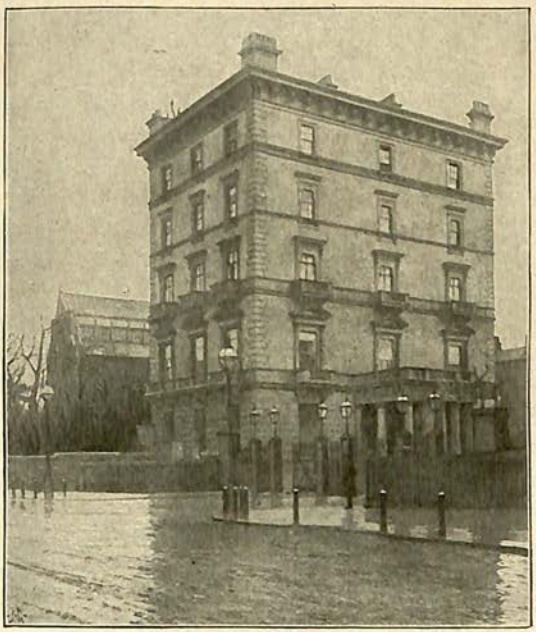
Here we are after all settled for a month at the sea. I really needed the change and the sea-air after the fatigues of Moscow, and I was glad to get out of my own house, which is still crowded with boxes and huge cases labelled *Waddington Couronnement*, which now will not be unpacked, but go direct to London, as all the Court dresses, gala liveries, harness, etc., will be needed there.

We decided just at the last moment to come here, and consequently couldn't get a house near the big hotels in the real "quartier des baigneurs," so we have taken one quite the other end of the town near all the fishing boats. They are a never-failing attraction. We love to see them go out, and, above all, come in, when all the women, bare-legged, and with flat baskets on their backs, go out to meet them and bring in the fish. W. wanted us to come here, as he was in London and thought he would often get over from Saturday to Monday.

I made my first visit to the Embassy on the 15th of August (Journée de l'Assomption). W. thought I had better come over and see the house before arriving in November to take possession. We started quite cheer-

fully. It was warm and bright with a good breeze—a few white-caps, but nothing out of the way. We saw the boats dance a little as they came in, but didn't realise what a gale was blowing until we got on board of ours. The wind was howling through the rigging, and the Captain told us he couldn't start, as the wind was blowing the water off the bar. It increased very much while we were waiting, and several passengers left the boat and stayed over in Boulogne until the next day. However we had promised to go; we are fairly good sailors, and W. had just two idle days he could give us in London—so we started. It was certainly the worst crossing I have ever made. The boat rolled and pitched terribly, we shipped heavy seas all the time, and arrived at Folkestone shivering and drenched. All the way to London we felt little streams of water running down our backs, and our hats were a curiosity—filled with water like a bowl. We emptied them on the quay, but the feathers, of course, were finished. We were met at Victoria by two swell young secretaries, in evening dress, with gardenias in their button-holes, who had come to meet their Ambassadress, and I have wondered since what impression they had of the limp, damp, exhausted female they extracted from the reserved saloon carriage. It was only a few minutes' drive to the Embassy at Albert Gate, where we were received by a stout porter and a most distinguished "groom of the chambers," dressed in black, with a silver chain around his neck. We dined alone in a fair-sized dining-room, with splendid Gobelin tapestries on the walls. W. came in about 11, having had a man's dinner with Gladstone.

The next day we went all over the house, which is neither handsome nor comfortable. It is high and narrow, like a cage, with no very large rooms, and a general



The French Embassy, Albert Gate, London.

appearance of dinginess and accumulated dust. However, the Minister has promised to paint and clean, and to do over the small drawing-room entirely, just as I like. Of course I shall have blue satin—you remember how I always like blue everywhere, on me and near me. The situation is delightful, on the Park—just at Albert Gate. The windows and balconies of the drawing-rooms give on the drive, and the "Row" is so near that I could easily recognise horses and riders. The season is practically over, but I have just seen a pretty group pass; a lady mounted on a fine chestnut and a child on each side of her on nice, small fat ponies; close to the little girl, about eight years old, with her fair hair streaming down her back from under a blue cap, rides an old groom, evidently much pleased with his little lady's performance, and watching her so carefully.

Our inspection of the house took us all the morning. The kitchen, offices, servants' hall and rooms are enormous, and in very bad order. I should think it would take weeks to get it clean and habitable, and need an army of servants to keep it so. I am thinking rather sadly of my little hotel in Paris, so clean and bright, with not a dark corner anywhere.

We went out driving in the afternoon, and I had my first experience as Ambassadress, as the coachman drove down Constitution Hill—a right of way reserved for Royalties and the Corps Diplomatique. We went straight to Mrs. Brown, the famous milliner, in Bond Street, to get ourselves new hats, as ours were quite impossible after our very lively passage, and the housemaid at Albert Gate had a handsome present of two hats with drooping feathers and a strong smell of sea and salt. London was of course empty, but a few carriages were in the park, and it amused us to drive about

and see all the shops, and the general look of the streets, so different from Paris.

We spent our evening quietly at home looking over our installation with W., horses, carriages, servants, and in fact the complete organisation of a big London house, which is so unlike a French one. I shall bring over all my French servants and add as many English as are necessary. I don't quite see Hubert, our French coachman, driving about the London streets, and keeping to the left. I should think we should have daily discussions with all the drivers in London; however, we must try. I wonder if I shall like being an Ambassadress, and I also wonder how long we shall stay here. My brother-in-law R. says perhaps two years.

We got back three days ago—started on a bright summer's day. The Ambassador and secretaries came down to the station to see us off, and W. promised to come over and spend Sunday. We had an ideal crossing—blue sky, bright sun, and few passengers, and, notwithstanding our hard experience in the first passage, we are glad to have been over and made acquaintance with the personnel of the Embassy, also to have seen the house and realized a little what I must bring over to give it a look of home.

This morning we have the news of the Comte de Chambord's death, and I am wondering if it will make any political complication. However, for years past he has only been a name—a most honourable one certainly—but one wants more than that to deal with the present state of France.

After all W. never came over. Although London was empty, he had always some business to attend to, and on Sunday usually went to see some friends in the country. Last Sunday he spent with Lord Granville at Walmer,

which he said was delightful. The castle so close to the sea that the big ships passed almost under the windows; Granville himself a charming host. He knows France and the French well, having been a great deal in Paris as a boy when his father was British Ambassador to Louis Philippe (1830-4); Lord Palmerston was then British Foreign Secretary.

We are very busy these days making our "pacquets," as we leave in three days. I am sorry to go, as I have so much enjoyed the quiet life with the sisters and the children. We have seen few people, as we are not in the fashionable quarter, but we have become most intimate with all the fishing population. The young women and girls jibe at us when we go shrimp fishing, on terms of perfect equality—there are no distinctions in the sea—because we have not the sleight of hand necessary to jerk the shining, slippery little fish into the basket from the net. Some local swell, the Mayor, I think, came to see me the other day, and was told I was on the beach, so he came down and was much astonished when they pointed out to him Madame l'Ambassadrice in a hat and feathers, diamond ear-rings, very short skirts, and neither shoes nor stockings, walking up to her knees in the water with a fishing-net in one hand and a basket in the other, and followed by her little son and niece similarly equipped, all quite happy and engrossed with their sport. We have one or two country visits to make, and then I must have some time in Paris to dismantle my house and make my preparations for London.

To J. K.

MERSHAM HATCH, ASHFORD, KENT,
Wednesday, November 28, 1883.

You will say I am taking up my old habits of writing to you always from the country, but you cannot imagine how busy I have been in London since I came over just 2 weeks ago to-day.

We came down here Monday afternoon to stay with W.'s old college friend and cousin, Charles Monk. The house and park are charming—quantities of large, comfortable rooms, and capital shooting. The gentlemen brought down a great many pheasants yesterday. The party in the house are Lord and Lady Abinger and Miss Scarlett, Sir George and Lady Chetwode, Mr. Leveson-Gower, a brother of Lord Granville, with a most polished courteous manner; a Mr. Price W. Powel, and a young Wm. Gladstone, nephew of the Premier. Monk has no wife, and three unmarried daughters; the eldest, Julia, does the honours very well and simply. I absolutely declined the 9.30 breakfast and asked to have my tea sent up to me.

Yesterday I came down about 12, took a little turn in the garden until one, and at 1.30 had luncheon. Then we went for a drive to Eastwood, the Duke of Edinburgh's place. The house is not so large as this, but the park is charming, with quantities of deer. We had tea when we came in—some of the gentlemen appeared and we dined at 8, all the ladies most gorgeous in satin, lace, and diamonds, the girls generally in white. After dinner we talked a little, then some of them played whist, and the young ladies sang. This morning the gentlemen have started again shooting, and I shall sit

The Dining-room of the French Embassy, London, Showing its Two Famous Gobelin Tapestries.

in my room quite quietly until 12, which gives me an hour and a half with the ladies before luncheon.

Thursday, 29th.

W. is off again "running for partridges," whatever that may mean, and at 3 we go back to London. He has a big dinner somewhere to-night. Yesterday two ladies came over to luncheon, and in the afternoon Julia Monk and I took a drive in the pony carriage to meet the sportsmen, who had a very busy day. In the evening we made a little music, Miss Scarlett played very well. I expect to be very busy all this next week in London. The workmen will be out of the drawing-rooms, and I shall get all kinds of little odd tables and chairs and unpack my own bibelots. The carriages arrive, too, and we must decide about horses. Two English giants are engaged as footmen, of equal height, to go on the gala carriage, and we have our own two Frenchmen, one of whom is very tall. He and Adelaïde came down here with us, and Adelaïde is much entertained at the respect with which she is treated. She looked quite a swell yesterday with her black silk dress, but she says the other maids are much more dressy, attired in black velvet and satin and open dresses. Soon there will be nothing left for the mistresses.

I will stop now, as I must be down a little earlier this morning. I hope you will soon be settled in Washington, and that the children will have no more scarlet fever or measles complications.

To H. L. K.

FRENCH EMBASSY, ALBERT GATE,
December 1, 1883.

I am gradually settling down, but everything, hours, service, habits, servants, is so different that I still feel rather strange. I quite sympathised with Francis, who was already unhappy at leaving Paris and his dear "Nounou," and very much put out with his new German governess who was deadly ill crossing. His woes culminated on arriving at Albert Gate, when he was solemnly conducted upstairs by a very tall footman to his room (a nice large nursery and bedroom giving on the Park), and he wept bitterly and refused to eat any dinner or to have his coat and hat taken off. A great many people have been to see us, and we shall have some quiet dinners—and a shooting party at Mr. Monk's one of these days.

The shooting party at Mr. Monk's was pleasant. He has a fine large house and capital shooting. The ladies walked about a little and followed some battues, and everyone assembled in the drawing-room for tea. All the women in full dress and diamonds for dinner.

Our Harcourt dinnner was pleasant. Sir William is charming—such an easy talker, with no pose of any kind. It is decided that Lady Harcourt presents me to the Queen. Lady Granville is away, and it falls upon her as wife of the Home Secretary. Sir William had been to Windsor, and had told the Queen of the curious coincidence—the French Ambassadress, an American, presented by the wife of the British Home Secretary, also an American,* and an amie d'enfance of Mrs. Waddington.

* Lady Harcourt is a daughter of the late John Lothrop Motley, the historian.

I had some little difficulty in finding out what I was to wear (as there is little etiquette at the English Court upon these occasions), but they finally told me ordinary visiting dress, so I shall wear my blue velvet. We go down to lunch and see the Queen afterward.

December 7, 1883.

I have had my audience to-day, and will write to you at once while I still remember it all. First I must tell you about Francis. He heard someone asking me the other day if I had been yet to see the Queen. I saw his face change a little, so when we were alone, he said, tremulously, "Tu vas voir la Reine?" "Oui, mon fils." "Est-elle toujours si méchante?" "Mais la Reine n'est pas méchante, mon enfant." "Elle ne vas pas te faire couper la tête?" Evidently his mind had been running on the Tower of London, where we went the other day, and where the block on which Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey had their heads cut off was of course shown. When he heard I was going to see the Queen, his heart failed him, and I had some difficulty in comforting him, and explaining that sovereigns in these days didn't have recourse to such extreme measures (at least in civilised countries. I suppose the Shah of Persia wouldn't hesitate to dispose of a head that was in his way).

Lady Harcourt and I started for Paddington at 1 o'clock, and got to Windsor a little before two. We found a landau with two servants in plain black liveries waiting for us, and we drove at once to the Castle. It was a beautiful bright day, but snow had fallen heavily in the country, so that the old gray walls and round towers stood out splendidly as we drove up. We drove through several courts and finally drew up at an entrance where there were five servants in the royal red liveries

with crape on their sleeves (all the Queen's household are always in mourning), a big Highlander in full dress, and a butler in black, who ushered us into a large drawing-room with an enormous bow-window looking on the Park. Instantly there appeared Lady Erroll, lady in waiting, and four maids of honour. Lady Erroll shook hands and introduced the maids of honour, who made us low curtseys. Then came Lord Methuen—Lord in waiting—and we went at once in to luncheon. Everything was served on silver plate; there were four footmen and a butler, but the repast was of the simplest description—an ordinary English luncheon—roast mutton, fowl, pudding, apple-tart, etc. After luncheon we talked a little, and then Sir Henry Ponsonby appeared to give Lady Harcourt her last instructions. It was the first time she had presented an Ambassadress in a private audience. Precisely at three a servant in black appeared and said, "Will you come to see the Queen?" Lady Harcourt, Ponsonby, and I proceeded down a handsome long corridor filled with pictures, vitrines, of china principally, and old furniture, to a room at one end where a footman was standing. Sir Henry opened the door, Lady Harcourt made a low curtsey at the threshold, saying, "I have the honour to present the French Ambassadress," and then immediately backed herself out, and I found myself in the room. I made a first low curtsey, but before I had time to make another the Queen, who was standing in the middle of the room with Princess Beatrice, advanced a step, shook hands, and said, with a very pretty smile and manner, "I am very glad to see you." She asked me to sit down, and talked a great deal, was most gracious, asked me if I was getting accustomed to the climate and the stairs, whether I had seen all my "colleagues," and how many

children I had. When I said one little boy whom I had left in London, she asked me what he was doing; I thought I would tell her about his fears for his mother's head, so I replied he was trembling at home until his mother should return. She looked a little surprised, but was really amused, and laughed when I told her his preoccupations; said, "Poor little boy, how glad he will be to see his mother back with her head on her shoulders."

Princess Beatrice took no part in the conversation. She looked smiling and very intelligent. The Queen was very simply dressed in black, with her white widow's cap and veil, no ornaments, but a gold chain and pearls around her neck, and a medallion with a portrait of a man in uniform, whom I supposed to be Prince Albert. I think the interview lasted about fifteen minutes. Then the Queen arose, shook hands, and said she hoped my husband and I would like the life in England. Princess Beatrice shook hands—I backed myself out, and it was over. I was very much impressed with the Queen's personality. She is short, stout, and her face rather red, but there is a great air of dignity and self-possession, and a beautiful smile which lights up her whole face.

I never could find out any minor details in dress, as to taking off veil, gloves, etc., but I did as I had done with other Royalties and took off veil and gloves, which I hope was right.

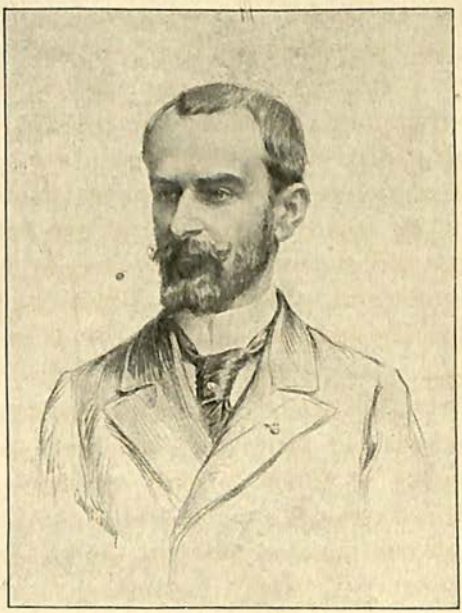
Lady Harcourt and Ponsonby were waiting for me in the corridor, and seemed to think my audience had been longer than usual—were also surprised that the Queen made me sit down. It seems she sometimes receives standing all the time, at a first formal presentation.

As we had some little time before starting for the station, Ponsonby showed us part of the Castle. The great halls, St. George's and Waterloo, are very fine, and it was

interesting to see the great pictures which one has always seen reproduced in engravings—the Queen's Marriage, Coronation, Reception of King Louis Philippe, Baptism of the Prince of Wales, etc. One room was beautiful, filled with Van Dycks. We went back to the station in the same carriage, and Lady Harcourt and I talked hard all the way home. It was certainly a very simple affair; as little etiquette as possible, but the Castle was fine. The old gray fortress and its towers and crenellated walls, the home of the sovereign who lives there with little pomp and few guards—guarded by her people, in the same Castle, and the same surroundings as when she began her long reign, a mere girl. When one thinks of all the changes she has seen in other countries—kingdoms and dynasties disappearing—one can realise what a long wise rule hers has been. It is such a contrast to my last Royal Audience at Moscow, which now seems a confused memory of Court officials, uniforms, gold-laced coats, jewelled canes (I can see one of the Chamberlains who had an enormous sapphire at the end of his staff), princes, peasants, Cossacks, costumes of every description, court carriages, Russian carriages, the famous attelage of three horses, every language under the sun, and all jostling and crowding each other in the courts of the Kremlin—with its wonderful churches and domes of every possible colour from pink to green—only soldiers, soldiers everywhere, and the people kept at a distance—very unlike what I have just seen here.

Sunday, December 16, 1883.

This afternoon we have had our audience of the Prince and Princess of Wales—W. and I together. We got to Marlborough House a little before 4, and were shown at once into a room on the ground floor, where we found



J. J. Jusserand, Counsellor of the French Embassy, 1883.
Recently appointed French Ambassador to the United States.
From a photograph by Walery, Paris.

Miss Knollys and a gentleman in waiting. In a few minutes Sir Dighton Probyn, comptroller of the household, appeared and took us upstairs to a large, handsome salon. He opened the door, and we found the Prince and Princess standing. The room was filled with pretty things. The Princess was dressed in blue velvet (I too —I daresay Fromont made both dresses), and looked charming, no older than when I had seen her in Paris three or four years ago, and with that same beautiful slight figure and gracious manner.

While the Prince and W. were talking she asked me a great deal about Moscow and the Coronation, and particularly if the Empress was well dressed always, as she had been rather bothered with the quantity of dresses, manteaux de cour, etc., that she was obliged to have. The Prince remembered that I was the granddaughter of Rufus King, who had been United States Minister to London under George III. He was very pleasant, with a charming, courteous manner. The Princess instantly referred to Francis and his fears for his mother's head, of which she said the Queen had told her.

Friday, 21st.

This afternoon we had tea with the Duke and Duchess of Albany. She is a German Princess, and was rather shy at first, but when the tea came it was easier. The Duke is very amiable, talks easily. He looks, and is, I believe, delicate. We have a few dinners before us, and I am gradually getting to know all my colleagues. Mohrenheim is Russian Ambassador; Münster German; and Nigra Italian. Münster is practically an Englishman. His second wife was Lady Harriet St. Clair, a sister of Lord Rosslyn. He is evidently English in his

tastes and habits, rides regularly in the Park, and drives a coach with four chestnuts that are known all over London. Mr. Lowell is United States Minister, and is much liked and appreciated in England. Mrs. Lowell is in bad health and goes out very little.

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE,
January 5, 1884.

This afternoon we had our audience from the old Duchess of Cambridge. We found her in handsome rooms in St. James's Palace, and one lady in waiting with her. She was lying on a sofa—she is very old, eighty-four—has seen and known everyone, and talks easily both French and English. It really seemed a page of history to listen to her. She asked us to come back, and Lady G. told us that when she felt well, visits were a great pleasure to her, and also that she was always glad to see any members of the French Embassy.

We got home to tea—and then I had various skirmishes with the servants. It really is difficult to make French and English servants work together. The butler is an Englishman, and directs all the men of the house. It is not easy to make the Frenchmen take their orders from him. They all want to be in direct communication with me. There are always two together in the hall—one Frenchman and one Englishman, and the result of that is that when anything goes wrong, and the bell is not answered, the Frenchman tells me he was not there, it was the Englishman's turn; and of course the Englishman the same—so now I have told Holmes (the butler) to make me out a regular paper every Monday with the men's names and their hours of service—Yves et George, 10–12; William and Charles, 12–2—I hope that will work.

The Duchess of Cambridge.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

As to Hubert he hasn't driven me yet. He goes about London all day in a brougham, with one of those non-descript English servants, half French, half English, that we got from the British Embassy in Paris. I find the domestic part of the Embassy rather a bore, but I suppose things will settle down. The housemaids are a delightful institution, though I was amazed upon inquiring one day from my own maid as to who was a young lady with a red velvet dress, and a large hat and feathers, I had met on the stairs, when she replied, "C'est Alice, Madame, la seconde fille de chambre." It seems that my maid remonstrated with her for spending her money on clothes, to which she replied that all housemaids in big houses dressed like that, and that she herself would be ashamed if she dressed as plainly as my maids. The two thrifty Frenchwomen were scandalised.

LONDON,
January 9, 1884.

I paid a visit to-day to the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. I found her at her tea-table in her drawing-room, with Mr. Gladstone having his cup of tea with her, and talking easily and cheerfully about all sorts of things (never a word of politics); no one would have imagined that he was to make a great speech that evening in the House. He really is an extraordinary, many-sided man. In the course of conversation the talk fell upon the Roman Catholic religion, and its extension in many countries, *particularly in America.* He said, turning to me, that a great friend of his, an American, Mr. Hurlbert, certainly the most brilliant talker he had ever heard, and one of the most intelligent, had told him how much the Roman Catholic religion was gaining ground in the Northern States of America. I rather demurred

to his statement, even though it came from Mr. Hurlbert. His intelligence and brilliancy are undeniable, but I should have thought his views were a little fantastic at times. "I rather agree with you," said Mr. Gladstone; "but I have recently had letters from my friends Bishop P. of New York, Bishop A. of Massachusetts, and other distinguished Churchmen in the United States, who tell me that the Roman Catholic religion is making certain progress; their preachers are so clever, and know so well how to adapt themselves to the liberal views they must have in America." We then talked some time about the various Bishops and clergymen he knew in America, the slight difference between the two Prayer Books, etc. One would really have thought it was a Church of England clergyman, who has passed all his life studying theological questions. A few moments after something turned his thoughts in another direction, and he was discussing with Lady Stanley the translation into English of an Italian sonnet which he thought was badly done. "Too literal, really not understanding the poetry, and the beautiful imagination of the writer." It was extraordinary. I was rather mortified when he asked if I knew the two Bishops. I didn't, but it is fair to say he understood when I said how many years I had been away from America.

Lady Stanley is a delightful old lady. She has seen and known everyone worth knowing in Europe for the last fifty years, and it is most amusing to hear her downright way of talking. She was killing over the "Professional Beauties," a style of modern woman she couldn't understand. She asked me to come in again and have a cup of tea with her, and I shall certainly go, as one doesn't hear such talk every day.

We dined with Mr. Childers, and there was a big re-

ception in the evening, with all the celebrities of the Liberal party, the Harcourts, Hayters, Lord Northbrook, Tennyson (son of the poet), and many others, but of course in a crowd like that one can't talk. I hope I shall remember the faces. About 11 o'clock we went on to Lady Stanhope's, where there was a big reception of the Conservative party. There I found the Lyttons and some few people I knew, and many more were presented. They were all talking politics hard; said the Ministry couldn't last another week, as there is to be a vigorous attack on them in both Houses on Tuesday. Everyone says the Lyttons are going to Paris when Lord Lyons leaves. She will be a charming Ambassadress, and he is so fond of France and so thoroughly well up in French literature that they will be delighted to have him in Paris.

The political talk was exactly like what I have heard so often in Paris, only in English instead of in French, and the men talking more quietly, though they abused one another well, and with less gesticulating. Also they don't carry politics into private life as they do with us; the men of opposite sides lavish abuse upon each other in the House, but there it ends, and they meet at dinner and chaff each other, and the wives are perfectly intimate. In France there is a great gulf between parties, even moderates, royalists, and republicans, and I was astounded when I first mixed in political life in France to see people in society turn their backs upon some perfectly distinguished, honourable gentleman because he had not the same opinion as themselves in politics.

To H. L. K.

SANDRINGHAM,
January 12, 1884.

We arrived this afternoon at two o'clock, and I am writing in my room, as we have come up to bed, and the gentlemen have retired to smoke. We came down at 2½, found a saloon carriage reserved for us, and the Mohrenheims installed—father, mother, and daughter. We got to Wolverton at six, one of the Prince's gentlemen was waiting for us with two or three carriages and footmen. We had all sent our servants and baggage by an earlier train, as it had been suggested to us. The house looked large and handsome as we drove up. The party was assembled in a great hall, with a long low tea-table at which the Princess presided. It was easy enough, and I should think a nice party. The Goschens, Lady Lonsdale, the Master of Magdalen, Lord Carlingford, and others. The three young Princesses, Prince Eddy, and the Prince were all there. We talked some little time and then the Princess said Miss Knollys would show us our rooms. I found two large comfortable English rooms opening into each other, a blazing coal fire in mine, which I immediately proceeded to demolish as much as I could. Miss Knollys had told us not to bring low dresses—merely open bodices.

We went down to the drawing-room about 8½, and a little before 9 the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor (better known as Prince Eddy) came in. The dinner was handsome and pleasant, footmen in royal red liveries, men in black in culottes and silk stockings, and a Highlander in full dress, who stood behind the Prince's chair, and at the end of the dinner walked solemnly round the table playing the bagpipes. The

evening was pleasant. The Prince showed us the new ballroom just redecorated with Indian stuffs and arms, and at 11 we went upstairs with the Princess, bidding her good-night at the top of the stairs, and the men went to the smoking-room.

Sunday.

This morning we went to church, the ladies in an omnibus with the Princess and her three daughters, and the gentlemen walked across the Park, the Prince appearing as the sermon began. It is a pretty English country church in the grounds. In the afternoon we walked about the grounds; I was much interested in the large stables, where there are certainly over fifty horses.

We had changed our dresses after lunch for walking, and the Princess looked marvellously young in her short walking skirt and little toque. One could hardly believe she was the mother of her big son, twenty-one years old. After the walk we assembled again in the big hall for tea, a substantial meal with every variety of muffin, crumpet, toast, cakes and jam that can be imagined, but it seemed quite natural to consume unlimited quantities after our long walk. The Princess and English ladies were in very dressy tea-gowns, velvet and satin with lace and embroidery; Madame de Mohrenheim and I in ordinary tailor costumes. The evening was pleasant; I remarked the absence of the Highland piper at dinner, and asked the Prince if he was not going to play. "Oh, no," he said, "not on Sunday, he certainly wouldn't; I shouldn't like to ask him to, and if I did I am sure he wouldn't do it." We all leave to-morrow, the Prince going with us to London. We have enjoyed our visit very much, the Princess always charming and lovely to look at, and the Prince a model host, so courteous and ready to talk about anything.

Monday.

We got off this morning at 11 o'clock. There is one curious custom. The Prince himself weighs everyone, and the name and weight are written in a book. Some of the ladies protested, but it was of no use, the Prince insisted. One young lady weighed more than her father, and was much mortified.

I went downstairs to breakfast, which I don't generally do; I keep to my old habit of a cup of tea in my room. It was a most informal meal. None of the Royal family appeared, except Prince Eddy, who was going to hunt, and his red coat made a nice patch of colour. All the rest of us sat down anywhere, and the servants brought the menu. We travelled up with the Prince in his private car, and had luncheon in the car, served by two tall footmen, and everything on silver plate and hot. The Prince himself quite charming, talking a great deal, and seeing that everyone had enough to eat. I should think all servants, railway guards, and small functionaries generally would adore him. He has always a pleasant word and a smile.

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE,
January 31, 1884.

We have had two days in the country with the D.s at their little hunting box at Bicester, one of the great hunting centres. It was my first experience of an English hunt and hunt ball, and amused me perfectly. The house is small, with enormous stables and splendid horses. His four in hand is well known, one of the best in England, and the coach and servants so perfectly turned out.

We have two young German secretaries, good-looking Teutons, and two girls who have just returned from a four months' excursion in the tropics with the Brasseys in their beautiful yacht, the "Sunbeam."

We started on the coach on Tuesday at 10.30, well wrapped up, as there were occasional showers and violent gusts of wind, particularly when we stopped at cross-roads to see which way the hunt was going. The meet was at Middleton Park, Lord Jersey's fine place, and the park was a pretty sight as we drove up. A good many people, almost all the men in pink, but not so many women as I had expected to see. We really followed very well, as D. knows the ground perfectly and apparently at what spot the fox was to cross the road, which he did close to us, followed by the whole hunt, all jumping out of the field on to the road and back again into the other field, very good fences, too, but the horses evidently knew just what they had to do. We drove about till 3 o'clock, and then went back to Middleton to have luncheon. We found a most hospitable table, and it was funny to see the people dropping in at intervals, some of the men in their red coats, one or two ladies, and two or three children who had been scampering about on ponies. Evidently the meal had been going on for some time, and the supply inexhaustible; we had a very good hot luncheon.

After lunch Lady Jersey (who is charming, very intelligent, and interested in everything) showed us the house. Beautiful pictures and old furniture, a massive silver table that was the dressing table of Queen Elizabeth. Of course we hadn't time to really see all the interesting things in the house, as it was getting late, and we still had a fair drive before us. Notwithstanding the good and late luncheon we were very glad to have tea when we got home. I certainly eat much more here, I

suppose it is the climate, and then the food is a little different from what we are accustomed to, and I think very good.

The hunt ball was really very pretty, the ballroom well arranged with foxes' heads, brushes, etc., all the men in pink. Everyone was "en train," and everybody of all ages dancing. I should think W. and D. were the only men in the room who didn't dance. They went home about 12, but H. and I stayed until 2. We heard afterward that the Master of Hounds was much depressed all the evening, as he knew he must take the French Ambassadress to supper (of course, he didn't know that I was American born, and could speak English), and the prospect of a long conversation in French with a woman he didn't know filled him with dismay. However we made friends (in English), and I hope he didn't find the supper hour too tiresome. There are two reasons why an Englishman hates to speak French; first, a sort of natural timidity which they all have more or less, and then a decided objection to doing anything he doesn't want to do, or which bores him. This country is certainly a Paradise for men, from the nursery days when all the women of the household—nurses, maids, and sisters, are slaves of the boys, to manhood, when equally all the women do exactly what the men want, and regulate their lives to suit the men of the family, who have everything their own way.

London,
February, 1884.

I made my début in the official world last night at a reception at Mr. Gladstone's in Downing Street. There were four large men's dinners (and receptions afterward) for the opening of Parliament. Lord Granville and Mr.

Gladstone, Ministerial; Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, "Her Majesty's Opposition."

The Gladstone house is small and dark (that is one of the things that strikes me here—the rooms are so much less lighted than in Paris), and always the chintz covers left on the furniture, which makes the rooms look ordinary. We found a great many people there. The Duke of Cambridge had been dining and was presented to us. He looks a fine old English soldier (was in uniform), was very amiable, and spoke to me in French, which he speaks very well. Quantities of people were presented to me, I can't remember half the names. Almost all the women were in black, half-high and no display of jewels. Mrs. Gladstone is an old lady, very animated and civil, she wears a cap, with blue ribbons, rather as I remember Mother. I was also presented to Countess Karolyi, Austrian Ambassadress, very handsome, and charming manner; she speaks English as well as I do. It seems strange to me to hear so much English spoken, it is so long since I have been in a purely English salon. W. brought me up various old friends of Rugby and Cambridge days; also some of the minor diplomats, as of course I have not yet seen all my colleagues.

ALBERT GATE,
February, 1884.

I am rather bewildered by the number of people I see and the quantity of cards left at the Embassy. I shall have to ask an English friend of mine to look over my list and tell me who the people are, and, above all, which cards I must return personally (or even make a personal visit) and which can be distributed by the Chancellerie. I drive about every afternoon for two hours leaving cards, and as no one has regular reception days here as

in Paris, I rarely find people. We have had various dinners, political chiefly, at Mr. Gladstone's, Lord Stanhope's, Lord Northbrook's, a child's party at Marlborough House, which was very pretty. Francis made great friends with the two charming little daughters of the Duchess of Edinburgh, and sat between them at tea, the Duchess herself supplying them with cakes and sandwiches.

Yesterday there was a pleasant dinner at Lord Granville's. Two tables of 12; one presided over by him and one by Lady Granville. Her table was covered with red tulips, and his with yellow—nothing but flowers on the table. The drawing-rooms are large and handsome, and he has some splendid pictures. One thing seems curious to me—all the furniture at this season is covered with ordinary chintz housses or coverings—and the effect is strange with all the guests in full dress, diamonds and orders, servants in powder and breeches. We would never dream of doing it in Paris. When we have distinguished people of any kind to dine we make our salons as pretty as possible, and would want particularly to uncover our handsome furniture. Here it seems they consider that the season only begins after Easter.

Apropos of powder, it was rather an affair to put the two French footmen in powder, as they of course had never worn it or seen it. Francis was much excited at Yves' appearance in blue velvet breeches and powder, Yves being a young Breton, his own special attendant. I think the maids powdered him in the laundry. However Francis came flying downstairs holding the reluctant Yves by the hand, to my room, saying, "Oh, Maman, viens voir Yves, il est joli, joli!" with the youth naturally much abashed at being so complimented in my presence.

To H. L. K.

February 29, 1884.

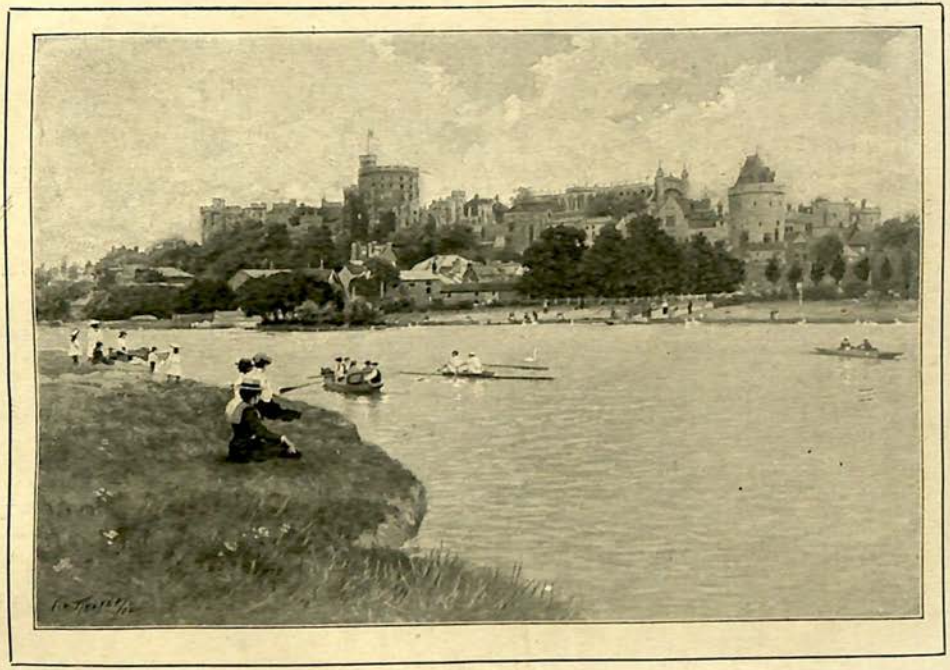
We are commanded to Windsor this evening to dine and sleep. It is inconvenient, as we have to put off a dinner of twenty-one people. The chef is tearing his hair, as of course all his dinner is ready. When my maid came to pack the trunks she had rather a flustered look; I thought it was on account of the Windsor visit. Not at all. It seems a friend of Juteau's (our chef), who is also a chef in one of the great houses, heard that we were going to Windsor, so he wrote him a note telling him that his wife (my maid) must be well dressed and take a low or open bodice to Windsor for their dinner. The maid was most indignant for being supposed not to know what was right, and answered the note saying, "she had accompanied her mistress to every court in Europe, and knew quite well how to dress herself."

Windsor Castle,
March 1, 1884.

Our dinner last night went off very well, and was not so stiff as I had expected. We took the 6 o'clock train from Paddington, and found the Russian Ambassador, Baron Mohrenheim, and his wife at the station. At Windsor two or three carriages and footmen were waiting, but no equerry as at Sandringham. We were driven to a side door at the Castle, where two servants in plain black were waiting, who showed us at once to our rooms. We had a pretty apartment furnished in yellow satin, with beautiful pictures, principally portraits; a small salon with a bedroom on each side, bright fires burning, and a quantity of candles. They brought us tea, beautifully served all on silver, with thin bread and butter (no muffins or toast), and almost at the same moment Sir John Cowell,

Master of the Household, came to pay us a visit. He told us who the party was, said dinner was at 8.45, that a page would come and tell us at 8.30, and that we should assemble in the great corridor. Quite punctually at 8.30 they notified us, and we proceeded down the long corridor, W. in black breeches and stockings (no order, as he hadn't the Légion d'Honneur, and couldn't wear a foreign order), I in white brocaded velvet and diamonds. We found the party assembled, the Mohrenheims; Lord and Lady Kimberley; Nigra, Italian Ambassador; Lady Churchill (who was in waiting); Lord Kenmare (Lord Chamberlain), and Lord Dalhousie (Lord in waiting) and one or two other men. We moved up to a door just opposite the dining-room, and about 9 the Queen came with the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice. She shook hands with me and Madame Mohrenheim; bowed very graciously to all the others, and passed at once into the dining-room alone. Mohrenheim followed with the Duchess of Edinburgh; Nigra with Princess Beatrice; W. with Madame Mohrenheim; and Kimberley took me. The table was handsome, covered with gold and silver plate, quantities of servants in red livery, plain black, and two Highlanders in costume behind the Queen's chair.

The conversation was not very animated. The Queen herself spoke little, and the English not at all—or so low that one couldn't understand them—however, my Ambassador couldn't stand that long, so he began talking most cheerfully to the Duchess of Edinburgh about Moscow, Kertch, and antiquities of various kinds, and as the Duchess is clever and inclined to talk, that corner became more lively. I can't say as much for our end. I think most Englishmen are naturally shy, and the presence of Royalty (the Queen above all) paralyses them.



Windsor Castle.

After dinner, which was quickly served, we all went out as we had come in, and the Queen held a short cercle in the corridor, in the small space between the two doors. She stood a few minutes talking to the two Princesses, while she had her coffee (which was brought for her alone on a small tray), and then crossed over to Madame Mohrenheim and talked a little. She sat down almost immediately, Madame Mohrenheim remaining standing. She then sent for me, Lord Dalhousie summoning us all in turn. She was very gracious, saying that she could not yet stand or walk, which worried her very much—asked me a great deal about my life in London, did I find everything very different from Paris, and had I found little friends and a school for Francis? The conversation was not easy. She sat on rather a low chair, and I standing before her had to bend down always. She was dressed in black, with her usual little cap and veil, opal necklace, diamonds and orders. While she was talking to the others the two Princesses moved about and talked to us. It was pleasant—the whole cercle lasted about an hour. The Queen and Princesses retired together, all shaking hands with me and Madame Mohrenheim, and bowing to the others. We finished the evening in the drawing-room with the household, staying there about half an hour, and a little after eleven we broke up. W. has gone off to smoke—at the extreme end of the Castle, as the Queen hates smoke and perhaps doesn't know that anyone dares smoke here—and I am writing with about twelve tall wax candles on my table.

It is a bright moonlight night, and the Castle looks enormous. A great mass of towers, vaulted gateways, walled courts, and the beautiful grass slopes that look quite green in the moonlight. The lights at the far end seem like twinkling tapers. It is certainly a magnificent Royal residence.

Saturday, March 1884.

We got back for lunch, leaving the Castle at 10.30. We breakfasted with the household at 9.30; no ceremony, people coming in as they liked, and sitting down anywhere. We loitered a little in the corridor until it was time to start, looking at the pictures, portraits, and the curious cabinets and the bits of old furniture which are interesting.

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE,
March 14, 1884.

To-day was our first Drawing-room, and we turned out in great force, I had three secretaries' wives. We had out our two carriages. W. and I in the gala carriage with Count de Florian, Secretary of Embassy, Hubert driving us, and two English giants behind; then came the landau with merely one footman on the box, all in full dress livery, blue breeches, silk stockings, and powdered wigs. There was a great display of troops, and a crowd waiting on the pavement outside the door at the Embassy to see us start. There are no porte-cochères in London, so you go straight out into the street to get your carriages, and a carpet is kept in the hall, which is rolled down the steps every time you go out. The streets were crowded as we came near Buckingham Palace.

We entered the Palace by a side entrance, leaving our wraps in one of the rooms, and went up the great staircase, which was a pretty sight. Quantities of plants and flowers and a long procession of women with handsome Court dresses, splendid tiaras, and a few men in uniform —of course women preponderate. We walked through various rooms all filled with Court functionaries, officers

in uniform, and finally arrived in the large salon opening into the Throne-Room where all the Corps Diplomatique and English people who had the entrée were assembled. Countess Granville, wife of the Foreign Secretary, Earl Granville, looked most distinguished, tall and fair, in black with a handsome tiara. Countess Karolyi, Austrian Ambassadress, was beautiful in her Hungarian costume and splendid jewels. The Russians also most picturesque in their national court dress, red velvet trains heavily embroidered in gold, white veils spangled with gold, and the high head-dress (kakoshnik) in velvet studded with jewels.

When the doors were opened the Foreign Secretary and his wife passed first and took up their station close beside the Princess of Wales, to name the members of the Corps Diplomatique. Then the Master of Ceremonies gave his hand to the Doyenne—the Austrian Ambassadress—her train was spread out by two pages, —and they entered the Throne-Room, making low bows or curtseys on the threshold. One makes 3 curtseys; one on entering the room, one half way and a third as one gets close to the Princess. We followed quickly, I with my ladies coming directly behind the Russians. The Court was small—Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge. The Princess, a charming graceful figure dressed in dark velvet with coloured embroideries and jewels and orders; Princess Beatrice in mauve, and the two Princes in uniform of English Field Marshal. The Princesses shook hands with us chefesses and bowed to the young ladies—the Princes the same. There was no sort of trouble about the train; they are down only for a moment, just as you pass the Queen or Princess—a chamberlain picks them up most adroitly, puts them in your arm, and one never

gives them a thought. As soon as we had passed the group of Princes we turned into a deep window recess and stood there until the end. That was most amusing, as we faced the door and saw everyone come in. It amused and interested me extremely to see how differently people passed. Most of the women looked well, their fresh, fair skins standing the test—and a pretty severe one it is—of full dress, white feathers and veil at three in the afternoon of a cold March day. Many had been dressed since 12, first sitting a long time in their carriages, and then waiting a long time in the drawing-room at the Palace, until their turns came. They were generally timid and nervous when they passed—some bracing themselves as if they were facing a terrible ordeal, some racing past very quickly, forgetting to take their trains in their arms, and pursued down the room by an impatient chamberlain, and some, especially the débutantes, making carefully and conscientiously the low regulation curtsey to each Prince, and trembling with shyness. When the last person had passed the Court turned and made us bows and curtseys—the Princess' half curtsey is charming—and it was over. We all got away quickly.

The great hall was an interesting sight, filled with women and uniforms of every kind, and a band playing in the great square. We had the usual "Drawing-room tea" to show our dresses. I wore the blue embroidered Court dress I had made for Moscow, with blue feathers and diamond tiara. All the English women wear white feathers and veils, which naturally does not suit everyone, particularly if they are not well put on. Some of the coiffures were almost eccentric, one rather high feather, and a long one very low running down one's back. The young men were pleased, as they had many

compliments for our carriages and liveries. We were the only Embassy that had out two carriages.

To G. K. S.

LONDON,
May, 1884.

We went to the Derby this morning with Lord Cork. I had never been, and W. not for many years. We went down by train—(special, with the Prince and racing coterie) and I enjoyed the day. We were in the Jockey Club box, and it was a curiosity to see the crowd on the lawn, packed tight, and every description of person, all engrossed with the race, and wildly interested in the horses. There was almost a solemn silence just before the Derby was run. This time there was a tie, which is rare, I believe. It was rather amusing driving home from Victoria, as all the balconies along the road were decorated, and crowded with people, but I believe the great fashion of driving down had almost disappeared. Nearly everyone now goes down by train.

LONDON,
June 28, 1884.

This morning H. and I went to the second meet of the Coaching Club on D.'s coach. It was a pretty sight; a bright beautiful morning and Hyde Park crowded with equipages, riders, and pedestrians—quantities of pretty women all much dressed, principally in white, with hats trimmed with flowers, and light parasols. The tops of the coaches looked like flower beds. Everyone engrossed with the teams, criticising and admiring with perfect frankness. The fly-drivers were killing, knew all the horses, and expressed themselves freely on the way they were handled.

We drove through the Park, and then on to Richmond

(not all the coaches), where we breakfasted at the "Star and Garter." The breakfast was good, and at dessert we had "Maids of Honour," the famous cakes that one always gets there. We walked about the Park a little after breakfast; it was delightful under the big trees, and then mounted our coach again and went back by Hurlingham to see a polo match. The road was crowded and driving very difficult, but D. is a capital whip, and I wasn't in the least nervous, though sometimes it did seem as if the bit of road they left us was rather narrow. However D. drove straight on without slackening—and they do make way for a coach. I think it is a sort of national pride in a fine team.

Hurlingham is very pretty and there were quantities of people there. We saw very well from the top of the coach, and I must say the game was beautifully played. Of course the men all rode perfectly, but the ponies were so clever, quite as keen as the riders, and seemed to know all about it. We got back to the Embassy about 8, and happily had no one to dinner, but sat on the balcony all the evening, W. smoking, and talking about his conference, which is not going smoothly. The English are stiff, and the people at home unreasonable. I can't imagine how French and English can ever work together —they are so absolutely unlike.

LONDON, July, 1884.

W. went to Paris this morning and H. and I are left to our own devices. I dined alone at the Speaker's and it was pleasant. After dinner we went down to the terrace and walked and sat about. It was so warm that we all sat there with bare arms and necks. It was so pretty; boats passing on the river, all the bridges lighted, and so cool and dark on the terrace that one could

hardly recognise the people as they walked up and down. I went back to the Embassy to get H., and we went to Devonshire House, where there was a big reception—all the world there, and the house very handsome, a fine staircase; Lord Hartington receiving us, as the Duke is an old man and couldn't stand the fatigue.

To G. K. S.

ALBERT GATE,
February 9, 1885.

This morning we have the news of the fall of Khartoum and the murder of Gordon. W. is in the country trying horses, so I put on my hat and went out into the Row to hear what was going on. It was crowded with people talking and gesticulating. The Conservatives furious, "such a ministry a disgrace to the country," and a tall man on a handsome chestnut, talking to Admiral C. most energetically, "I am a moderate man myself, but I would willingly give a hand to hang Gladstone on this tree." They are much disgusted—and with reason.

Monday, February 23, 1885.

It seems to be my week, Dear Gertrude, so I will at any rate begin this morning. We are now in full tide of dinners and routs, which last is the most frightful species of entertainment that the human mind has ever devised. They consist of 400 or 500 people packed close in a house which holds about 150—so warm in the rooms that you almost stifle—and so cold on the staircase and halls where the door is always open wide that I always wonder how I can escape without a fluxion de poitrine. We had a banquet ourselves last Tuesday, Harcourts Münsters, Corks, etc., followed by a mild dance, which was however successful, as Pourtalès, who is a gay little

fellow, led a spirited cotillon, and there were 22 couples. I performed 2 quadrilles, which, naturally, is the extent of my dancing now, unless I take a stray turn with an old partner.

Of course the great excitement has been the departure of the Guards for Egypt, as it takes the husbands, sons, and brothers of half London away. It does seem such a useless campaign and sacrifice of human life.

There was a child's party at Marlborough House on Friday afternoon which was very successful. Mimi and I were bidden, or *commanded*, as the correct phrase is, at 4 o'clock, so we took ourselves off, he in his white sailor suit, with blue collar, and I in blue velvet. Both Prince and Princess were very amiable, and the Duchess of Edinburgh was very good to Mimi, as she always is, making him sit by her daughters to see the conjuror, and at her table for tea. The children had their tea in the dining-room, with a great many little round tables, we had ours with the Princess. It is very informal, she always makes it herself, and everyone sits down. The Princess Louise was also there, looking very nice, and such a pretty figure. After the tea the children had a fine romp, ending with a most animated Sir Roger de Coverley, in which all the Princes—I mean the 2 younger ones, Prince Eddy and Prince George—joined, and all the Aides-de-Camp. We didn't leave till 7—and the afternoon was rather long, but still I must say I enjoyed myself.

Yesterday we had a pleasant dinner at Lady Hayter's —a Liberal political salon. She has big dinners—receptions every Saturday. It was pleasant at first, until many more people came than the house would hold, but that is what the "Maîtresse de Maison" particularly aims at.

Everyone here sympathises with Lowell on the death

of his wife. She was so very peculiar. I wrote him a little note, as he was always very amiable to me and complimentary about Father and Grandpa. This evening we had a dinner at Julia, Lady Tweeddale's, who is chaperoning her niece, Sir Robert Peel's daughter.

Tuesday.

I couldn't finish last evening, so take up my letter now at 7 o'clock, while I am waiting to dress for dinner. It is a quiet dinner at the Miss Monks'—two cousins, maiden ladies—and I shall wear a high dress, which is much easier to get into. Our dinner last night was pleasant and swell—Duke and Duchess of Leeds, Lord and Lady Delawarr, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton (she a beauty, with a fine figure; he an attractive Irishman, son of the Duke of Abercorn) and others. They danced afterwards, and we stayed till 12 o'clock. The pose of the fast young married set is not to dance. There is no one to dance with, the Guards are gone. The Row was lovely this morning, like a May day, everybody out. I hope to begin to ride again next week. I am in treaty for a very handsome chestnut, if the man will come down a little in his price.

Albert Gate,
February 25, 1885.

We have been to-day to the House of Lords to hear Lord Salisbury speak and the vote of censure passed. The House was full—the Prince and Duke of Cambridge there. Lord Salisbury spoke well; very calm, very nasty for his adversaries, and as he had the beau rôle he was much applauded. The defence was weak, the orator feeling evidently that his cause was a bad one, and the temper of the House against him. I should think Lord

Salisbury would be a most unpleasant adversary, though always perfectly courteous in manner.

To J. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À LONDRES,
Monday, March 9, 1885.

This is my week again, Dear Jan, and I will begin to-day.

We are going on in a wildly dissipated manner. Last week was very full. We went to a very pretty ball given by the Artillery Company of London to the Prince and Princess. The Duke of Portland, a young fellow, is colonel of the regiment, and the thing was very well done. Both Prince and Princess danced several times. The supper was very pretty. When it was ready everybody made a line all down the ballroom, and then the procession, with the Princess first and the Duke of Portland, then the Prince with me and various other Princes and swells, walked down the long room, the band playing the "British Grenadiers," and all the people bowing and curtseying. The Royal party supped on a platform and there were 1,000 people seated at supper at long narrow tables, everyone looking hard at the Princess.

Thursday, 12th.

I never got any further and never have had time since, but I will begin this morning and finish my letter this evening. To-day is the first Drawing-room of the season. As Countess Karolyi doesn't come, I am the Doyenne, and shall have to go in first, led by Sir Francis Seymour. Mr. Lowell has asked me to take his presentation. However there is only Bessie V. R.,

Eugene's daughter, who is pleased at being presented by an Ambassadress. She will also see the Diplomatic Corps pass. I wish Jess were here, and so does Adelaïde, who would be so delighted to dress her. Last night we had a very pleasant dinner at Lady Jersey's. Such a handsome woman was there, the young Duchess of Montrose. After dinner we went to the Speaker's reception, which was crowded, but rather amusing—such funny looking people and such dresses.

I am overrun with artists. There are several French artists of all kinds here, and I must make them play once, so I have decided upon next Friday afternoon. It is my day and I shall invite all the musical and entertaining people I know, as of course they all wish to be heard. One girl really does play very well on the violin, and wants me very much to sing with her accompaniment, which, naturally, I shan't, and another sings, not very remarkably, and a third, Marie Dubois, plays really beautifully—premier prix du Conservatoire. I will write you all about it when it is over.

7 o'clock.

Well, we have performed the Drawing-room—it was short, not more than an hour and a quarter, and I must say very few pretty faces or pretty dresses—Bessie V. R. looked very well, very distinguished. She followed directly behind me—even in front of my secretaries' wives, and was the third lady in the room. There were quite a lot of Princes—Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Duke of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Mme. de Bylandt, wife of the Dutch Minister, presented Mme. and Mlle. de Brenen, Dutch ladies, both mother and daughter handsome and well dressed. The

Princess looked charming in white and gold. The Duchess of Edinburgh had a dark green velvet train. We all came back here to tea and had various visitors to look at the dresses, including Baron Pawel-Rammingen, husband of Princess Frederica of Hanover, who also happened in and was much amused at finding such an étalage of trains—happily we have nothing this evening. Next week is the marriage of the Duke of B.'s daughter. It is to be at Westminster Abbey and very swell, the Prince and Princess going. There is to be a party Tuesday night, where all her jewels are to be shown, which they say are splendid. I am sorry not to go, but we have a dinner and a dance ourselves. I shall go to the wedding. She is small and quiet—rather shy. I don't know whether one of those mysterious changes will take place which one sees sometimes after marriage —coronets and trains do a great deal. I must finish, as I have of course several notes to answer. I hate it so, when people wait for answers. I suppose I shall have a fine account of the Inauguration from Gertrude. I hope the girls have enjoyed it.

To G. K. S.

LONDON,
March 12, 1885.

I went yesterday to say good-bye to Lady R. They are leaving for Bombay, where he is named Governor. It is for five years; I think I should be unwilling to go so far, and to such a trying climate, but she seems plucky enough and will certainly do well.

Francis and I were driving up Constitution Hill yesterday just as the Queen arrived, so we had a very good look at her. She was in an open carriage with Princess Beatrice and her fiancé, Prince Henry of Battenberg

(such a handsome man), and the usual escort of Life-Guards. She recognised me perfectly, and always has a gracious bow and smile. Just before she came one of our English friends who was walking about with her daughter (a young girl who had never seen the Queen) suddenly spied me (as mine was the only carriage that was allowed to stand) and asked me if she and her daughter could get into the carriage with me, as that would be such a good chance for the girl to see the Queen. I of course was delighted to have them, as Francis and I were alone, and the girl saw perfectly. So many English people, except those who go to Drawing-Rooms, never get a chance to see the Queen at all.

Sunday, March.

We have been to Church this morning at Westminster Abbey, such a magnificent service. The Dean always gives us seats, and I love the music, the boys sing very well, and the hymns are grand as they echo through the fine old church. In every direction there is some historical souvenir; tombs, old glass windows, tattered flags, crests,—all England's past. We walked home through Green Park, and it is curious to notice the absence of equipages—so many English people don't take out their carriages on Sunday (to rest the horses and let the servants go to church), again such a striking contrast to Paris, where every kind of conveyance is out on that day. I think of the little grocer near H. who goes out every Sunday as soon as it is at all warm with his whole family and 2 or 3 dogs in his little covered cart. All the "Société" is out also; at the big concerts, reviews, races, etc. Sunday is the great Parisian holiday.

This morning before starting I had my head out of the window on the other side of the Embassy, looking

at the Guards pass on their way to the little church just behind the Embassy in Knightsbridge. They came down from the barracks at a swinging pace, a fine body of men, the sergeants with their canes, and several officers. The band, a very good one, plays all the time (to-day they marched to the French tune "Le Père Victoire"), and takes up its station, always playing, at the door of the church. They play until the last man files in, then suddenly the music stops, and the band goes in also. It always interests the French servants immensely, the two maids had their heads out too, and said to me just now, "C'est bien beau, Madame, quel dommage que cela ne se passe pas comme cela chez nous." The service in the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks is also a fine one, the chapel filled with soldiers, a mass of red (as one sees only their tunics), and the singing very good—a little loud sometimes when it is a favourite hymn and all join in.

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE,
March 13, 1885.

We have had our second "Drawing-room" to-day, and were asked to come in "demi-deuil," as it was the first time the Queen had received any of the Corps Diplomatique since the Duke of Albany's death. There are always more people when the Queen holds the Drawing-room, as it is the only chance so many of her subjects ever have of seeing her. She rarely comes to London, and stays only two or three days. She was dressed with her little closed diamond crown, the blue ribbon of the Garter, and many diamonds. I thought the black becoming generally.

March 16th.

At our dinner to-day at Lord A.'s Mr. Campbell was next to me, and told me he was most anxious to be recalled to the French Ambassador, that he had been his fag at Rugby, and had never seen him since. Of course they made acquaintance again after dinner, and plunged into all sorts of recollections of their school days. The other men who were smoking with them said the talk was most interesting and curious, as their careers in after life had been so very different. At every turn W. finds someone who had been at Rugby or Cambridge with him.

To H. L. K.

April 9, 1885.

This morning it is pouring, so I gave up the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. W. and Count de Florian started all with light blue rosettes (Cambridge). W. was on the umpire boat. Cambridge won easily, which was of course a great pleasure to him (having rowed himself so many years ago in the Cambridge crew), in the evening. He said he was so much cheered when he got up to speak—young men standing on chairs to see him—that he had to wait some time before he could begin. He is certainly the only foreign Ambassador that ever rowed in the Cambridge eight. He was quite pleased when he came home, so many old memories of happy boyish days had been brought back. We talked for some time after dinner, and recalled all sorts of Cambridge experiences—once when the Queen came with Prince Albert to Cambridge the students were all assembled in the court-yard as her carriage drove up. It had been raining, and the Queen hesitated a moment in getting out, as the ground was wet and there was mud.

Instantly W. had his gown off and on the ground, the others followed his example, and she walked over a carpet of silk gowns the few steps she had to make. W. said he had never forgotten her smile as she bowed and thanked them.

To J. K.

The Garth, Bicester,
Sunday, April 19, 1885.

I believe this is my week, Dear Jan. I am staying here at a queer little hunting box in Oxfordshire with Hilda Deichmann (née de Bunsen). It is literally an enormous stable, with a cottage attached, but they have added a story and wings and it is the most wonderful-looking place, very low—but comfortable. W. went off to Paris Sunday, and I came down here last Saturday with Mimi. He is very fond of the children—a big boy of 11 and a girl of 7—and has enjoyed himself thoroughly. We feel awfully cut up at Pontécoulant's death. He has been such a good friend to us, and so completely associated with all our political life. It seems incredible that a strong man should be carried off like that in 4 days from a cold. Henrietta will miss him awfully, as, now that we are so much away he was always there and attending to anything she wanted done.

Of course everyone is talking and speculating about the Anglo-Russian question. W. thinks the English must fight, and that they will. I think this government, with Gladstone at its head, will never make up their minds to fight seriously or in time, judging from the way the Soudan campaign has been conducted.

We have been driving all over the country, which is charming, flat, but all grass (Oxfordshire is a regular hunting country), and since three days the weather has

been enchanting. Yesterday we made a lovely excursion to Blenheim on Deichmann's coach. We picked up 2 neighbours, nice, pretty English girls, and had a beautiful drive over the downs. Mimi had never been on a coach before, and was in a wild state of delight when all four horses galloped up the hills, and they blew the horns at all the railway stations and passing thro' the villages. I had forgotten how magnificent Blenheim was. The house is rather dismantled, as the present Duke has sold all the books and some of the handsomest pictures, but there are plenty left—Van Dycks, Rubens, etc., and the rooms and halls are splendid. There were lots of portraits of the Dukes and Duchesses, from the great Duke down, some curiously like the present Churchills, particularly the women. When we had finished sauntering through the house, we drove about the park looking for a shady place to lunch, and then established ourselves; the horses were taken out, the lunch basket opened, and we had a very good lunch on the top of the coach. We drove back through Woodstock and stopped for tea at Dashwood Park, one of the great places of the country. They gave us tea, with every variety of toast, cake, and bread that can be imagined, in a beautiful room as large as a church, opening on a stone terrace, and the most lovely (English) views of grass meadows and trees, stretching miles away. There were quantities of family portraits there, too, but we hadn't time to see them. We got home at 7 o'clock, rather exhausted, but having had a lovely day.

I began my letter this morning before breakfast and will finish it now. The children are off to the woods with the German tutor after primroses, but it is too warm for us—so we shall take a walk after tea. I am very

fond of Hilda Deichmann. She is very clever—knows a great many things—draws well, paints well, is a good musician, and is womanly and practical. We fraternised from the first moment. We are going back to London to-morrow afternoon. Mimi's school begins on Tuesday, and I think he has had a good outing for the present. I haven't an idea what we shall do this winter. Perhaps when W. comes back he will have some plans. With this new Ministry, it is difficult to make any. I am so afraid of their proposing some beastly measure, like the exile of the Orléans Princes, or something of that kind to be popular before the election. The Wales' visit to Ireland seems to be progressing most delightfully and much more quietly than people thought. He has such wonderful charm of manner. I should think personal contact with him would always work wonders. I must stop now or my letter will not go this afternoon.

To G. K. S.

May 6, 1885.

We had yesterday a typical London *Season* evening. We dined at Lady Vivian's—a large, handsome dinner, everybody rather in a hurry to get away, as there were two big parties; Lady Derby's in St. James's Place, and Lady Salisbury's in Arlington Street. We drove down Piccadilly with much difficulty, getting along very slowly in spite of our "white card," but finally did arrive at Lady Derby's. The staircase was a mass of people struggling to get in, an orchestra playing, and about 1,200 people in rooms that would hold comfortably about half. Of course on such occasions one doesn't talk. We spoke to our host and hostess, were carried on by the crowd,

The Salon of the French Embassy in London, 1891.

made the tour of the rooms and got down again with much waiting and jostling, as there were two currents coming and going. However, we did finally get our carriage, and then with many stops and very slowly, got to Arlington Street, where apparently the same people were struggling on the staircase, the same orchestra playing, and just as big a crowd (I should think the whole Conservative party), for though the house is larger they had invited more people, so the result was practically the same. We did exactly the same thing, exchanged a few words with Lady Salisbury, made the tour, and came home. We were two hours performing these two receptions, but I suppose it was right to do it once. However, the English certainly enjoy the sight, and don't mind the waiting. Lady Jersey, who is a grandmother, told me this afternoon she had bored herself to death last night. "Why did you go?" I said, "you must know these big political parties by heart." "Oh, I like the parties," she said; "only I didn't get to either," and then she explained her evening. She started alone in her carriage at 10 o'clock for Lady Derby's, was kept waiting an interminable time in Piccadilly, and when she finally did reach Lady Derby's door, a friendly link-man advised her not to go in as everybody was coming away, and she would never get up the stairs, so she turned back and proceeded to Arlington Street. She had the same crowd, the same long wait, and when she arrived at Lady Salisbury's the party was over, and no one could possibly get in. It was then midnight, and she drove home, having passed her whole evening since 10 o'clock alone in her brougham in Piccadilly.

May 9, 1885.

This afternoon we have had a conférence "sur Racine" in the big drawing-room. A good many people came and apparently listened, and I hope it may do the young lady good. Mlle. de B. wishes to get up classes of French literature for ladies, but I hardly think it will succeed here in the season; on a bright day no one will shut herself up in a smallish room to hear about Racine, Molière, etc. I was amused by one of our colleagues whom I invited. He refused promptly, "he really couldn't do that even for me. He hadn't thought about Racine since he left school, and hadn't felt it a blank in his life." Mlle. de B. did it very well; she sat on a little platform with a table in front of her, and all the swells in red and gilt arm-chairs facing her, and looking at her hard. She was a little nervous at first, but soon got over that, and her language was good and well chosen, she knew her subject perfectly, and spoke in a pretty clear voice. This was the invitation:—

MADAME WADDINGTON

SERA CHEZ ELLE

le Samedi, 9 Mai, 2 à 4 heures,

Mlle. de Bury lira une étude de critique littéraire sur Racine, son milieu, et sa tragédie de Bérénice.

Do you think it would have tempted you? I am afraid Schuyler wouldn't have come.

To H. L. K.

LONDON,
May, 1885.

We are having most beautiful weather, Dear, and our morning rides are delightful. If only the Park was a little bigger. We always get a good gallop on the other side by the Marble Arch, but it is small, and one goes round and round. When I ride with W. we generally make three or four turns as fast as we can go, he hates to dawdle. When I ride with the military attaché, or some other friends, we do the Row, and amble up and down, talking to the people walking as well as the riders. The children always delight in scampering along on their ponies, and they certainly begin young. A friend of ours, who has a nice sturdy boy of about six, was wondering whether he should begin with his child on a narrow pony, thinking he was still rather young, so he consulted Lady P., a beautiful rider, and an authority on all matters connected with riding. "You mustn't begin too early with boys," she said; "one must be careful; I never put any boy of mine on a horse until he was two years old."

May 13th.

To-day we have had a very long Drawing-room held by the Queen, which of course attracts everyone. She rarely stays more than an hour, just long enough to receive the Corps Diplomatique and the people who have the entrée. The Queen looked very well, merely shook hands with me, but talked some little time to W., said she had enjoyed her stay at Aix-les-Bains so much, and that everything had been done to make her comfortable. I watched her while she was talking and I never saw

a smile make such a difference in a face. Hers is quite beautiful and lights up her whole face. It was tiring to-day—unending. Lord R. told me there were 400 presentations, and at the end said about 1,200 people had passed. They say the Queen is sometimes made sick by the quantity of people curtseying before her—the constant movement of the people bending down and rising has the same effect upon her as the waters of the sea. I can understand it.

The long Drawing-room to-day was a god-send to Lady A.,—one of Lord C.'s daughters. She is a "débutante," had a very pretty new dress, and was much excited over her presentation, had started very early with her mother so as to see the Queen (who stays only a short hour). The early start and the long waiting in the row of carriages and also the ante-room, exhausted her absolutely. She was sick and faint; they did all they could, brought her brandy, put her near an open window—nothing did any good. She had to retire from the room, go downstairs, have her dress cut open (there was a knot in the lace and they couldn't unlace her bodice), and remained extended on a sofa in the hall—train, veil, feathers, all in a heap. After a rest of two hours, and a cup of tea (procured with great difficulty, as there is no buffet on these occasions) she felt better, and her mother hearing from a friend upstairs, who was "de service," that the Drawing-room was still going on, was most anxious that the girl should pass, so they arranged her veil, hair, and feathers as well as they could, tied the bodice of her dress, and filled in the intervals with some bits of tulle cut from her veil. She passed, and I don't believe anyone noticed anything wrong with her dress, and she was so thankful not to have to go through that long waiting again. It is a most fatiguing day for those who haven't

the entrée, as they must sit so long in their carriages in the file.

HATFIELD, May 30th.

We came down yesterday to this most beautiful old place. A large Elizabethan castle, standing rather high, with courts and terraces in every direction. We found Lady Salisbury at her tea-table on the terrace with a lovely view of park and woods on all sides. Various members of the family and house-party sauntered up, some of the young ladies in their habits, having been riding; and some guests having walked up from the station, which is quite near at the end of the Park. After an hour's talk Lady Salisbury took me to my room (miles away through the long hall and up a great staircase), and told me dinner was "easy 8." The room is large, all panelled in oak which has become almost black with age, an enormous bed (they have always had their sheets made especially for these beds for more than 200 years, in Germany I think, as no ordinary sheets could cover more than half). The beds are very long and almost square. They would easily hold Brigham Young and all his wives. Do you remember the picture in Mark Twain? Mine was so high I had to take a footstool to clamber into it. W.'s room, next, about the same. We went downstairs at 8.10 and certainly didn't dine until after 8½. We were about 30 in the great dining-room, a splendid hall with portraits of Queen Elizabeth (one in fancy dress, most curious with bright red hair), Henry VIII, Mary Queen of Scots, etc. We played cards in the evening and broke up rather early. This morning Lady Salisbury showed me the house—most interesting, full of treasures and memories, a great library with all sorts of letters from the time of Elizabeth, and in the drawing-room a vitrine filled with

relics of the "Virgin Queen." It was curious to see her gloves, shoes, hat. I think Lady Salisbury was somewhat surprised at my interest in these last things, but I told her she must make allowances for the American, who was not accustomed to old family traditions and souvenirs of that kind. When I think of our Revolution, then it seems ages ago to me. We enjoyed our visit extremely, they are all so nice and simple.

We got back to London this morning and, of course dined out somewhere. I was amused by one of the ladies saying to me after dinner, "Did you really enjoy your visit to Hatfield? Aren't they all *dreadfully* clever?" I don't think I should have applied the same adverb, but clever they certainly are. Lord Salisbury has such a fine, thoughtful face.

To H. L. K.

June, 1885.

We went to Ascot this morning, a beautiful day, and the lawn like a flower garden with all the women in their light dresses dotted about. We lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Maharajah of Johore was there, and had brought down his own cook, attired in yellow satin with a large flat hat on his head. He made a sort of curry for his master, which everybody tasted—except me—I don't like culinary experiments, and I think the yellow satin garments didn't inspire me with confidence. I told Juteau when he came up for orders just now how far below the mark he was as to costume.

June 29th.

I went this afternoon with Francis to Lord Aberdeen's, where they had a hay-making party. They have a pretty little cottage, or rather a small farm about an hour's

Lady Salisbury.

drive from London. There were plenty of people, and all sorts of amusements for the children; Punch and Judy, lawn-tennis, and two tea-tables on the lawn. After tea they all rushed down a steep hill to a field where there were quantities of little heaps of hay, and harmless wooden pitchforks. They had a fine time rolling and tumbling about in the hay and making hay-stacks. Then a cow appeared on the scene, dressed with flowers and ribbons, and the maids made syllabub on the spot, which the children enjoyed immensely.

June 30th, 1885.

We dined at Lady Molesworth's with the Duc d'Aumale, who is always charming, and makes everything easy, as there are always bothering little questions of official etiquette with non-reigning Princes. He is a fine type of the soldier-prince. It seems hard that a man of his intelligence and education shouldn't play a great part in his own country.

ALBERT GATE,
July, 1885.

We had the Court concert this evening. The Duc d'Aumale was there, looking so well and so royal. He is always charming to us, and we were very proud of our French Prince. H. came with us and enjoyed herself extremely. The entrance of the Court amused her very much, the two tall Chamberlains with their wands walking backwards. She says she never saw anything so pretty as the curtsey the Princess of Wales made to the assembled company as soon as she got into the room. What always appeals in some sort of way to our *irreverent* American minds is the singing of the "God Save the Queen," all the company, including Prince and Princess, rising and standing.

To J. K.

CHEVENING, SEVENOAKS,
Sunday, July 27, 1885.

I will begin my letter here to-day, Dear Jan, from the Stanhopes' place, where we came last evening to spend Sunday. It was awfully hot yesterday. I almost died on the way from London down, fortunately it was only an hour. We are a party of 14—Lord and Lady John Manners, Lord Derby and his step-daughter, Lady Margaret Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stanhope, Mr. and Mrs. Jeune, Lord Boston, a nice young fellow, and a Mr. Praed, a riding man, who has travelled everywhere. We had tea on the terrace overlooking a lovely garden and lake, and dined at 8. After dinner we sat on the terrace, and it was charming, a beautiful full moon, and not a breath of air. Friday we had the closing festivity of the season at Marlborough House. A beautiful ball it was, about 600 people, all the crème de la société and beautiful dresses and jewels. I wore my pink and green Moscow dress (my Russian garments have done me good service this year), and it was much admired. All the Battenberg family were there in great force, and I renewed acquaintance with the Prince of Bulgaria, whom I used to know. They had covered in a great part of the garden, and the room was beautifully arranged with the Prince's Indian carpets and arms. The supper room, also built out in the garden, was so pretty—a collection of small round tables for 8 or 10 persons, with flowers and handsome silver. Prince Albert Victor took me in, and I had a young Battenberg next. Neither Phelps nor Harry White was there, on account of Grant's death, which I thought very nice of them. I danced once or twice after supper,

and we came away at 2. I hear they kept it up until 5, having begun at 11. There is a reception at Lady Salisbury's on Tuesday, which will be really the end of all things, and purely political, as all the swells go off to Goodwood Monday.

11.30.

We have just come upstairs after a very hot day. I didn't go to church, as I knew I could not stand the heat, and talked a little and read very happily in the big drawing-room till luncheon. Lady Stanhope took me over the house, which is not very large, but interesting. There is a charming library full of books and manuscripts and letters, some from Lord Chesterfield to his son, written in French, and beginning "Mon cher ami, comment vont les grâces et les manières." After luncheon, we sat out under the lime trees, and after tea I made a little tournée with Lord Stanhope and prowled about the park, and went also to the church, where there are several interesting monuments. This evening we have been sitting again on the terrace, quite delicious. I in my white dress, with nothing on my shoulders.

LONDON,
Tuesday, 28th.

We got back yesterday at 2 o'clock and the weather has changed to-day. It was very hot all day yesterday. I spent the afternoon on my sofa until 6.30, when we went for a ride and met the few last people who are still here. Last night we discussed our summer plans, and I shall go over to France on Saturday with Francis, stay three or four days in Paris, and then go down to St. Léger. It is curious how London is suddenly empty. There were not 5 carriages in the park yesterday. This morning I have been careering

about the stable-yard trying a new habit. They are so difficult to make in these days, so tight that the least change of saddle makes them go every way but the right one. I don't know if I wrote after the Harwoods lunched with us. W. was much pleased with them and found them a most attractive family. The girls are charming, so pretty and simple. I must stop, as Holmes (the English butler) is waiting for me to tell him all sorts of final arrangements before we start.

To G. K. S.

Albert Gate,
November 9, 1885.

The young King of Spain is dead. The Ambassador, M. de Casa La Iglesia, was to have dined with us. He sent a note at 5.30 saying that he must give up the pleasure of dining with us for a "bien pénible raison," but without saying what it was—so one of the secretaries went off "aux informations" and came back with the news that the King was dead. Poor young fellow, his reign was short.

December 5th.

We had a service at the Spanish chapel in Manchester Square for the King of Spain. All the Diplomats and official world there. It was very long—all the ladies were in black—Comtesse Karolyi (Austrian Ambassadress) and Comtesse de Bylandt (wife of the Dutch Minister) in crêpe, long veils. They told me I was not at all correct, that a crêpe veil was "de rigueur" for crowned heads. I thought I was all right in black velvet, a tulle veil, and black gloves (in fact was rather pleased with my get-up), but the ladies were very stern.

LONDON,
December 15, 1885.

I wish you were here this morning, Dear, as the Embassy is a curiosity—might just as well be in Kamtchatka as far as the outside world is concerned—for nothing exists beyond the walls of the house. When they drew back my curtains this morning I couldn't really think for a moment where I was. Adelaïde had a lighted candle in her hand (it was 8.30 o'clock in the morning) and I thought my window panes had been painted a dirty yellow in the night. However it was only a yellow London fog; I could literally see nothing when I went to the window. It has lightened now a little, but we have had lamps for breakfast, and I am writing with my candles! The big shops opposite are all lighted, and one sees little glimmers of light through the fog. I can't see across the street. The fog gets into everything—was quite thick and perceptible in the hall when we went down to breakfast. The coachman has been in and said he couldn't take out his horses, not even with a link-boy running alongside, so let us hope it will brighten up a little in the course of the afternoon.

December 16th.

The fog did lift about 4; but the day was trying and the traces most evident the next day, as everything in the house was filthy—all the silver candlesticks and little silver ornaments that are on the tables; the white curtains—in fact everything one touched. I should think laundresses would make their fortune in London. My maid came to my room about 3 o'clock, just as I was going out, with her apron really black with smuts. I said, "What in the world have you been doing, cleaning the chimneys?" "Non, Madame, je n'ai fait que travailler chez Madame et dans la lingerie; j'ai voulu montrer mon

tablier à Madame, c'est le troisième que je mets depuis ce matin . . . !"

December 17, 1885.

Yesterday I made an excursion to the city with Hilda Deichmann and her husband to buy things for our Christmas trees. It was most amusing ransacking in all the big wholesale houses, and reminded me of my childish days and similar expeditions to Maiden Lane. There is so much always in England that recalls early days. I think it is not only the language, but the education and way of living are the same. We have read the same books and sung the same hymns, and understand things in the same way. Our shopping was most successful. All the prettiest things come from the German shops. The ginger-bread animals were wonderful,—some horses and dogs with gilt tails and ears most effective. The decorations were really very pretty—the stars and angels quite charming. When we had finished our shopping Deichmann took us to Pym's, a celebrated oyster cellar, to lunch. A funny little place well known to all City people. We had a capital lunch—all oysters.

This afternoon we have been playing, 8 hands, two pianos, which was interesting. Two of our colleagues, Princess Ghika, Roumanian Legation, and Countess de Bylandt, Dutch, are excellent musicians. They lead, and Hilda and I follow as well as we can. I am the least good, but I manage to get along, and of course whenever I know the music my ear helps me. We have two fine Érard grand pianos in the drawing-room, which is large, and fairly light for London. I was much tempted by a beautiful Steinway piano, but thought it right at the French Embassy to have Érards, which are of course fine instruments. I fancy Steinway is more brilliant, but I

think we make noise enough, particularly when we are playing Wagner—the *Kaiser March* for instance.

December 23d.

It was not very cold this morning, so I tried the new horse, and he went very well. I have had a thick hunting habit made, and was quite comfortable, except the hands, which were cold at starting. I fussed all day over the Christmas tree which we are to have on the 26th, and this evening we had a small farewell dinner for Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, who is going away to Vienna. I am very sorry, as he is a good colleague and an easy and charming talker. He sat a long time with me the other day talking over his Paris experiences and the brilliant days of the Empire—Tuileries, Compiègne, etc. It was most interesting and new to me, as I only know Paris since the war (1870) and have never seen either Emperor or Empress. I suppose I never shall see her, as she never comes to London, and lives a very secluded life at Farnborough with a small household, and some Paris friends who come sometimes, not very often, to see her. What a tragic "fin de vie" hers is, having had everything and lost everything. We had also the Russian and Spanish Ambassadors—Staal charming, clever, easy, simple—"simpatico," the only word I know in any language which expresses exactly that combination of qualities. Casa La Iglesia, the Spaniard, is a tall, handsome, attractive-looking man. He made havoc in the various posts he has occupied, and when we want to tease him we ask him about his departure from Berlin, and all the "femmes affolées" who were at the station to see the last of him. Henrietta and Anne have arrived for Christmas, laden of course with presents and souvenirs for everybody, and Francis is quite happy with his aunts.

To G. K. S.

ALBERT GATE, LONDON,
December 24, 1885.

The sisters and I have been shopping all day getting the last things for the tree, which is to be on the 26th. The streets are most animated, full of people, all carrying parcels, and all with smiling faces. The big toy-shops and confectioners crowded. "Buzzard," the great shop in Oxford Street, most amusing; hundreds of Christmas cakes of all sizes. There are plum cakes frosted with sugar icing, the date generally in red letters and a sprig of ivy or evergreen stuck in at the top. We had ordered a large one, and they were much pleased to do it for the French Embassy, and wanted to make the letters in "tricolor," red, white, and blue. We wound up at the Army and Navy Stores, and really had some difficulty in getting in. They had quantities of Christmas trees already decorated, which were being sold as fast as they were brought in.

There were splendid turkeys, enormous; and curiously enough they told us many of them came from France, from a well-known turkey farm in the Loiret. I must ask the Ségurs, who live in that part of the country, if they know the place. There were quantities of plum-puddings of all sizes and prices, and it must be a very poor household that doesn't have its plum-pudding to-morrow. We were glad to get back to tea and hot buttered toast—a thoroughly English institution. I would like some of my French servants to learn how to make it, but I don't suppose they will. In fact I don't know exactly who makes it here—I am quite sure neither Juteau nor his "garçon de cuisine" would condescend to

do anything so simple. I suppose it isn't the "odd man" who seems to do all the things that no one else will, but I sha'n't inquire as long as it appears.

We had a quiet evening—talked a little politics while W. was smoking. Henrietta always sees a great many people of all kinds, and tells him various little things that don't come to him in his official despatches. The house is comfortable enough, though there is no calorifère, and it is a corner house. There are enormous coal fires everywhere, except in my bedroom and dressing-room, where I always burn wood—and such wood—little square pieces like children's blocks.

Christmas Day.

It was dark and foggy this morning, we could hardly see the trees opposite, and the lamps are lighted in the house and the streets. Francis was enchanted with his presents. I think the billiard-table from Paris and the big boat ("aussi grand que Monsieur Toutain"—one of our Secretaries) were what pleased him most. There is a sort of sailing match every Sunday morning on the Serpentine. Some really beautiful boats (models) full-rigged, and it is a pretty sight to see them all start a miniature yacht race across the river. Francis always goes with Clarisse, and Yves, his own little Breton footman, carries his boat, which is much bigger than he is, also Boniface, a wise little fox-terrier who knows all about it, and gallops around the top of the lake to meet his master's boat on the other side. They have also one of the Park keepers and a gigantic policeman, who is always on duty at Albert Gate, to look after them. Not a useless precaution, as the boat often gets entangled in the reeds, and *has* been known to go to the bottom of the lake, and Boniface always gets lost and is brought

back by a policeman or a soldier, or a friend—Hilda Deichmann brought him back one day.

We had a cheerful Christmas dinner—all our personnel—M. Blanchard de Forges, Consul General, and Villiers, the correspondent of the "Débats" in London. We did a little music after dinner. I tried for some Christmas carols "We Three Kings of Orient Are" (do you remember that at Oyster Bay? how long ago it seems), but the English-speaking element was not strong enough. We danced a little, winding up with a sort of Scotch reel—Henrietta, Waru (our Military Attaché), and Petiteville being the chief performers.

December 26th.

We are all rather exhausted after the Christmas tree; however, the children were quite pleased, and the tree really very pretty. A gigantic pine, reaching to the top of the ceiling in the ballroom, a star on the top and very well lighted. We had 34 children of all ages and nationalities, from Nadine Karolyi, aged 18, daughter of Count Karolyi, Austrian Ambassador and Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique, to Florence Williams' baby girl of 16 months. The little ones were sweet, speechless at first, with round eyes fixed on the tree, and then little fat arms stretched out for something. The children's tea-table looked pretty, arranged with coloured candles and holly, and an enormous Christmas cake in the middle with a wreath of holly around it. Nadine Karolyi cut the first slice of cake, as daughter of the Doyen she sat on Francis's right hand, and Thekla Staal, daughter of the Russian Ambassador, on his left. W. was much amused at the correct placing of the young ladies. We start tomorrow for Knowsley and Luton Hoo, and the packing

is quite an affair. I take 10 dresses, besides jackets, hats, etc. I must have short costumes to follow the battues for fine and bad weather—a swell day dress, as we are to lunch at Croxteth, Lord Sefton's place near Knowsley; and two ball dresses, as there is to be a county ball for all the neighbourhood at Luton, New Year's night, and a small dance with a cotillon (which is unusual in England) the next night. Adelaïde is rather fatigued, as besides my trunk she has to finish off her toilettes, and she has just come in to ask me if she shall take the regulation black silk, or a blue silk, which is more dressy; as they tell her the *ladies* in the housekeeper's room are very dressy at Luton. I said the blue silk by all means—she must be up to the mark. The fog has kept up pretty well all day. I hope it will clear to-morrow, we are going straight into the coal country. Knowsley is near Liverpool, and I fancy it is always dark there.

I was telling Nigra the other day about our first Roman Christmas and what an impression it made upon us. Such a splendid winter, always a bright blue sky, and roses straggling over all the old grey walls. The Pifferari singing to the Madonnas at all the street corners, the midnight Mass and mysterious Pastorale in St. Peter's at early dawn with the tapers trembling on the high altar so far away; and the grand Christmas ceremony at St. Peter's, with all the magnificent pomp of the Catholic Church in Rome. We talked on for some time about "Roma com' era," which of course he doesn't regret, and I told him of our last night in Rome, when we all went "en bande" to drink at the Fountain of Trevi (which is supposed to act as a charm and to bring people back to Rome). I remember quite well how tearful I was when we left. I didn't think then that life was worth living out of the shadow of St. Peter's, and think so a

little still even now, though my lines have lain in very different places.

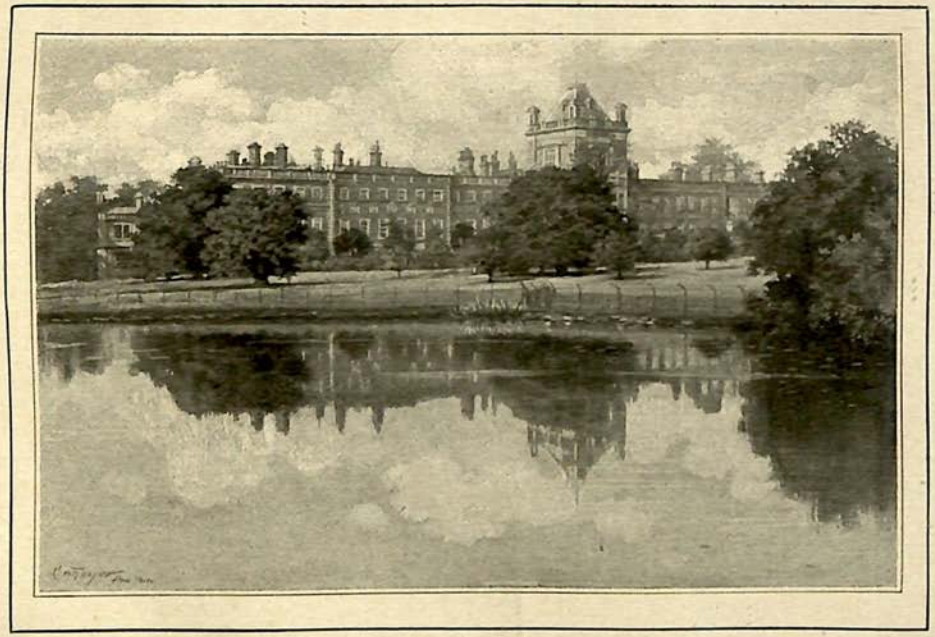
We leave Francis in the sisters' charge, with the joys of a pantomime before him.

To H. L. K.

KNOWSLEY,
December 29, 1885.

We arrived here late yesterday afternoon. It is a long, uninteresting journey (almost to Liverpool), was cold and foggy all the way down, and we found snow when we arrived in the Park—also a perfect gale of wind, the enormous bare, black winter trees swaying like poplars. The large house, with all the façade brightly lighted, gave us at once a cheerful welcome. Lady Derby was waiting for us in the long, low drawing-room with tea, and we went up almost immediately to dress for dinner. We had sent the servants by an earlier train, which was convenient, as they had time to unpack and have everything ready for us. We have a charming apartment—a very good-sized salon, with bedrooms large and comfortable on each side. The salon furnished in a bright chintz, and good pictures, mostly family portraits, on the walls. There were blazing fires everywhere—these enormous rocks of Liverpool coal one sees here. I instantly proceeded to demolish mine in my bedroom. Adelaïde had already tried to make the housemaid understand that her lady didn't like warm rooms, but the other one pointed to the snow under the windows, and heaped on her pieces of coal.

Dinner was at 8 *punctually* (which was a contrast to Hatfield, where we had been staying the other day. There dinner was easily half past eight, and after we had



Knowsley Hall.

The Earl of Derby's place at Prescot, Lancashire.

been at table some little time various friends and members of the family appeared, and slid quietly into their places at the end of the very long table). There is a large family party here and some other guests, including the two historians, Froude and Lecky, both most interesting.

We dined in a fine hall with family portraits of all the Derbys, from the first one at Bosworth down to the present Earl, who is the 16th Earl of Derby. There was beautiful plate on the table—fine racing cups—as the Stanleys were always quite as much racing men as statesmen. These are such curious things in England, the love of sport is so strong. Fancy any of our statesmen, Thiers, Guizot, Dufaure, etc., with racing stables. Lord Derby is very easy and rather inclined to chaff Americans a little, but I didn't mind. The evening was short after we adjourned to the drawing-room. Lady Derby is rather delicate, and is suffering just now from a bad eye. I sat some time in my comfortable room upstairs, but was glad to get to bed early after the cold journey. W. went off to the fumoir, and had a most interesting talk over Ireland and Irish questions with Mr. Lecky. This morning was awful; snow, sleet, and a cold rain—however, the sportsmen were not to be deterred by any such mild obstacle, and started at 9.30 in a big break with four horses. I watched the departure from my window, and was very glad I was not going to make any such expedition. I had my breakfast upstairs, and had an amusing explanation with the housemaid who appeared at 9.30 with an enormous tray and breakfast enough for a family —tea, beefsteaks, cold partridges, eggs, rolls, toast, potatoes, buns and fruit—you never saw such a meal. She couldn't believe that I only wanted tea and toast and an egg (which was an extra, but as I knew we should only

lunch at two, and I am accustomed to have my déjeuner à la fourchette at 12, I was sure I should be hungry if I didn't take something), and asked me most respectfully if I was not well, and would like something else—"a little soup perhaps."

I went downstairs about 12 and found the ladies in the drawing-room all complaining of the cold. Lady Derby took me over the house—it has not the beautiful proportions of Hatfield—is long, low, and rambling, but most comfortable. The library is a fine room with deep window recesses, and most comfortable with a bright fire burning. The librarian was there and showed us some of his treasures, among them an old copy of the "Roman de la Rose," and various old manuscripts. We went on to the dining-room, and Lady Derby explained the family portraits to me. The long, unbroken line of Earls of Derby is most interesting, and the change in the portraits for the two or three generations where the French blood shows itself, most curious. The wife of the Earl of Derby who died on the scaffold, giving his life for his King, was the famous Charlotte de la Trémouille, who defended her castle—Lathom House—so gallantly against Fairfax and his Roundheads. Do you remember one of our school-room books in America, "Heroines of History," where there was a description of the siege of Lathom House, and a picture of the Countess of Derby standing on the ramparts in a riding habit and hat and feathers and apparently loading a cannon herself and showing a gunner how to point it?

The portraits are most interesting; first the regular Saxon type, then the French streak, pale oval faces, and dark eyes and hair (not unlike the Stuarts, who have always a foreign look); then the true British, more and more accentuated down to the present Earl. They have

also in one of the halls the block on which the Lord Derby knelt who was beheaded in 1631.

The sportsmen arrived about tea-time, apparently neither cold nor tired, and having had a fine shoot.

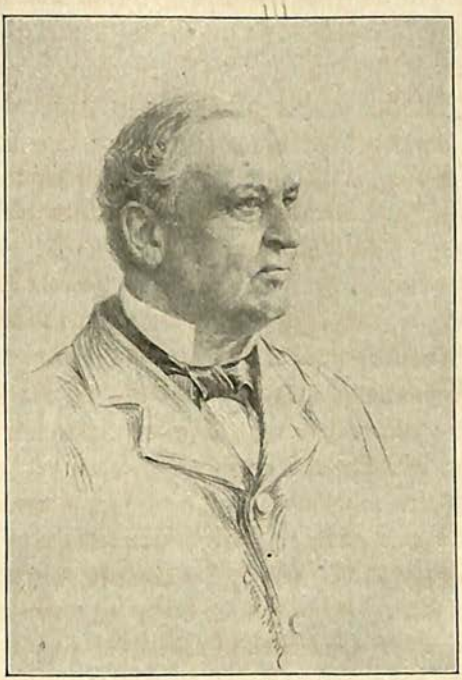
New Year's Day, 1886.

We are leaving this afternoon for Luton, Mme. de Falbe's place, where there is a ball and cotillon to-night. We were to go and join the shooters yesterday, but it was rainy and cold, and the ladies didn't care to go out. The talk at luncheon was pleasant; Froude is brilliant and easy. His American experiences and stories were amusing, but I told him he mustn't take the very eccentric ladies and gentlemen whom he had encountered as specimens of Americans. I didn't know any such people, that really most of us were quite quiet and ordinary, and like everybody else. Lord Derby rather urged him on, and was amused at our perfectly amicable discussion. We drove over to Croxteth, Lord Sefton's place, after lunch. The park is fine and they have capital shooting. Our evening was quiet, and we broke up early, as they always have a midnight service in the chapel on New Year's eve for the family and servants and any of the guests who like to attend. We left the drawing-room at 10.30, so that the servants might put out the lights, finish their work, etc., and also to have time to get out of our low dresses and jewels. A little before 12 Lady Margaret Cecil (Lady Derby's daughter by her first husband, Lord Salisbury) came for us and we went to the chapel. I had put on a dark cloth dress and jacket, nothing on my head. The chapel was full, all the servants (including my French maid) and household. Lady Margaret, looking like a saint in her plain black dress, and beautiful earnest expression, sat at the little organ, and everybody,

gardeners, keepers, coachmen, cooks, housemaids, joined in the singing. It was very solemn and impressive. At the end of the service we all went out first, and then Lady Margaret and her brother Lord Lionel stood at the head of the stairs and shook hands with all the guests, and all the servants, wishing all a "Happy New Year." It was a nice beginning of the New Year. Lord Derby hopes our next one will be also in England and at Knowsley, but everything is so uncertain, and of such short duration in our country (especially Cabinets) that we can hardly look forward a year.

LUTON,
January 3, 1886.

Our journey yesterday from Knowsley was not very long, and some of the country all about Matlock, in Derbyshire, quite wild and lovely. Our host here is M. de Falbe, Danish Minister, who married Mrs. Leigh, owner of this charming place. We found the house party, mostly young, assembled in the morning-room with tea, the ladies all, as usual, in very dressy tea-gowns. I can't quite get used to that fashion, though I see it is very practical in the country at this season. Everyone goes out (in all weathers generally) from luncheon till tea-time, and of course one must get out of short skirts and muddy boots before coming down to the drawing-room. We went up early to dress, as Mme. de Falbe wanted to dine precisely at 8, on account of the ball afterwards. The house is large, with endless corners and corridors, fine drawing-rooms, library, and a large chapel with a fine organ. The dinner was handsome and very well arranged, five round tables, and quantities of silver, flowers, servants, etc. About 10.30 the company began to arrive, many county neighbours, Salisburys, Lyttons, Galedons, etc., bringing their house parties with



The Late Earl of Derby.
From a photograph by Franz Baum, London.

them. We had a very pretty cotillon. At the end the children's pony came in carrying two big baskets filled with presents. The poor little thing was very gentle, but was evidently afraid of slipping on the parquet floor.

Sunday, 3d.

To-day has been charming; first the service in the house chapel, very good organ music—Mme. de Falbe is musical and arranges everything. After breakfast they organized a paper hunt for the "jeunesse" in the park, and the older people walked about. The rendezvous was the dairy—a model one, quite delightful with tiles, and creepers running along the walls and peeping everywhere in at the windows. One by one the young people assembled, flushed and exhausted with running, and all clamouring for tea. Comte Jacques de Pourtalès (one of our Secretaries), a young officer of the Blues, and Forbes, Mme. de Falbe's son-in-law, were the hares and got in some time before the hounds. After tea Falbe took me over to the stables, where there were plenty of horses, and also to the "vacherie," which was perfect. They have 40 small Alderney cows, all the same breed and colour, pretty little beasts, and so wonderfully clean, kept like pet dogs.

The dinner and evening was most lively, choruses, banjos (which is a favourite instrument in English houses), and every kind of game, including musical chairs—M. de Falbe at the piano. I think everyone played except the Falbes and ourselves. W. and Falbe retired afterwards to the smoking-room, and were deep in foreign politics. Falbe is a perfect type of the diplomatist, tall, good-looking, and a charming, courteous manner. We ladies went off about 11, and an hour later we heard the most unearthly noises in the house. All the men parading the

corridors with banjos, bells, gongs, etc., and singing (if singing it can be called) at the top of their voices. They stopped at every door to serenade. The party breaks up to-morrow, and we all go back to London.

To G. K. S.

LONDON,
Sunday, January 17, 1886.

We had a musical dinner last night for Miss Griswold and Albanesi, and they sang and played all the evening. Albanesi has a charming, delicate touch, and plays with all the Italian brio. He told me—what surprised me—that he was always frightfully nervous when playing in public, and much preoccupied with the "composition de la salle"—if he saw one or two unsympathetic faces he had at once a disagreeable sensation! Gertrude Griswold has always the same lovely voice with a beautiful clear ring in it, and sings most artistically.

This morning we have been to church at St. Paul's. It is a fine service, a splendid organ, and very good well-trained choir—but not at all solemn. I felt as if I was in one of the great Catholic cathedrals in Italy. People were coming and going all the time, and walking about the church. It is so enormous that it is quite a walk from the big doors to the small (comparatively) enclosed space where the congregation assembles.

I have been at home all the afternoon receiving—men only, which is a regular London custom. Adams came in at tea-time. He and W. always like to have a good talk over old times. They were at school and college together, and Adams, when he was Chargé d'Affaires at the British Embassy, used to have all sorts of questions to treat with W., who was then Ministre des Affaires

Étrangeres in Paris. They always began their conversations in French, and then fell into English, which of course they had always spoken together.

To-night we have a small dinner for Rustem Pacha, and I have asked one or two people in the evening. I should like to be at home always on Sunday night, as we did in the Champs Élysées, but they tell me no English will come. Many of them don't go out on Sunday night, and don't take their horses out, and give servants a rest. I asked Lady A., who is very mondaine, if she would come to dinner to meet a few colleagues, and she said—"Dear Mme. Waddington, let me come another night; I never take out my carriage and servants on Sunday."

Jean Gordon Cumming is very much exercised over what she calls my French ways, and constantly tells me people don't do such and such things in England; but I always tell her the French Embassy is *not* England; however, she is rather worried over me, and finds me un-English (which is not surprising) and unconventional, which is also not surprising, considering my nationality.

To H. L. K.

January 21, 1886.

We have had a great function to-day, the Queen opened Parliament. We all went in gala, Countess D'A. and P. with us, the men in uniform, I in red satin, low, with diamonds and feathers. The road was lined with policemen and mounted soldiers in lieu of infantry, as there would have been with us. As we passed through the Horse-Guards the trumpeters saluted. We went at once into the great hall of the Lords', which was a fine sight. All the peers were there in their scarlet robes trimmed with white fur, and the women in low dresses,

diamonds, and feathers (feathers play a great part in all English toilettes). The Judges also were in full dress, with wigs and gowns. About 1.30 the Princes began to arrive, Prince of Wales, Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge all also in scarlet robes with bands of ermine and gold, and the collar of the Garter. We sat close to the Throne (Countess Karolyi didn't come, so I was Doyenne), then Madame de Staal and the Duchesses Bedford, Hamilton, Sutherland, and others. The Prince of Wales stood next to me some time, presenting the Duke of Connaught, whom I had not seen, and talked pleasantly enough, explaining various things to me; also said he was rather shy at taking his seat on the raised platform until the last moment. He had an arm-chair on the right of the Throne. I asked him for whom the other arm-chair was and he said it was his father's, had never been used since his death, and showed me the Saxon arms on it. The three brothers, Wales, Edinburgh, and Connaught, remained standing together. The other Princes, Christian, Duke of Teck, and Henry of Battenberg, were opposite to us; Battenberg, who has a slight, stylish figure, looking handsome in British Volunteer Uniform (dark green) with the collar of the Garter. Teck looks badly, older and thinner. He must have been a very handsome man (which, by the way, he tells one frequently). When Prince Alexander of Battenberg was at one of the Court balls everyone was talking about him and saying what a magnificent man he was. Teck, who was dancing a quadrille with me, was much put out, and said to me, "Do you really find Battenberg so very handsome? It is a pity you didn't know me when I was his age; I was much handsomer," and appealed to Count D., Austrian Ambassador, an old friend and "compagnon d'armes," to support his statement,

which I must say he did most warmly, and one can quite see it.

All the Ambassadors and men of the Corps Diplomatique faced us—the English women were upstairs. About 2.30 (we had been there since 1.30) we heard a trumpet call, and all the company stood up. We women dropped our cloaks, and the Prince took his place standing on the dais. Presently appeared the Garter King-at-Arms and various officers of the household. The Duke of Portland stood on the right of the Throne holding a Royal crown on a cushion. Lord Salisbury (Premier) carried a large sword with a double handle, and then came the Queen followed by Princess Beatrice and Princes Eddie and George of Wales. The Queen was dressed in black satin with a long train, lined and trimmed with ermine, quantities of diamonds on her neck and corsage, the blue ribbon of the Garter, and a regular closed crown of diamonds, and white veil. As she came in the Prince of Wales advanced, touched the ground with one knee, kissed her hand, and led her to the Throne. He did his part most easily and gracefully, and didn't look at all shy. The Queen's train was carried by Sir Henry Ponsonby and two pages in red and gold. Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes) stood behind the Queen on her right, Princes Eddie and George on her left, Lord Salisbury, Halsbury, Lathom, and some others were also on the dais. As soon as the Queen was settled on her Throne she bowed to us all right and left. We made deep curtseys, and then she made a sign that we were to sit down. There was a few moments' silence while they went to summon the Commons. Then one heard a noise of scrambling and racing in the corridors—and they appeared; the Speaker, looking very well in his wig and gown, came

first, fairly shot into the hall like a bomb by the impatient crowd behind him. Then the Lord Chancellor, asking the Queen's permission, read her speech in a clear, distinct voice, so that one heard every word. It was very short, and as soon as it was over the Queen went away with the same ceremony as when she came. When she got to the foot of the dais she made a very pretty half curtsey. The Princes left directly afterwards—we too. The crowd in the street was tremendous, everyone always is anxious to see the Queen, and much excited over the cream-coloured Hanoverian horses which she uses when she goes anywhere in semi-state. As they only go out very seldom it is rather a responsibility for the Master of the Horse to see that they are perfectly quiet.

WINDSOR, March 8, 1886.

We are at Windsor for the second time to dine and sleep, and we are "Doyens" now, so have a sweller apartment in one of the towers—the walls so thick that they make splendid deep window recesses (and a piano). We had asked an audience of Princess Beatrice, who received us before dinner about 7. I wore my brown velvet in which I had come down, and we found her in a small salon with a piano and pretty pictures and bibelots about. She was in an ordinary red costume, and was rather cold and shy at first, but thawed when Battenberg appeared. He has a delightful easy way, that sort of charm that so many Poles have. The party was a small one—no other diplomats but Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, both charming, and some English. The ceremony was quite the same as before. The Queen came about nine and went alone into the dining-room, and had her two sons-in-law, Christian and Battenberg, on each side. W. took in Princess Beatrice, and Mr. Phelps me, so I was quite

happy. The Queen spoke little, in German, principally, to her neighbours, the English scarcely at all, and almost in whispers. I don't know what would happen to me if I dined often at court, I couldn't sit at table for an hour without talking to someone. Mr. P. says American women are not made for courts and convenances. They lose all their charm if they are not natural, and I think he is right. The cercle lasted about an hour. The Queen and I talked music. She regrets Münster, who is going to Paris.

LONDON, March 9.

We were asked this morning if we would like to drive to the Mausoleum before we went back to town, which we accepted of course. W. and I went in an open carriage, a pair of horses and postillion, and Lord Thurlow, Lord in Waiting, with us. In the next came Mr. and Mrs. Phelps with Mrs. F., Lady in Waiting. We drove down the "long walk" to the Mausoleum, which is not very far from the Castle. It is a handsome building with a fine marble floor like some of the old Italian chapels. The tomb of the Prince Consort is very fine, with a recumbent marble statue and a place beside it for the Queen when her turn comes. There is a pretty monument "In Memoriam" to Princess Alice (of Hesse) with her child in her arms, and a tablet to the memory of John Brown as "a grateful tribute from Queen Victoria to the faithful servant and friend of 34 years." We then drove to Frogmore and saw the farm, basse-cour, dairy, etc., and took the 12.30 train back to London. This evening we have had a handsome dinner and reception at the Russian Embassy; the whole house open, band playing, and all London there. The Duchess of Edinburgh dined. Corti made his first appearance in the "grand monde" as Ambassador. He is much pleased to

be in London. I don't know if he and W. will be very cordial colleagues, as Corti decidedly resented W.'s attitude in the Berlin Congress.

To J. K.

CLIEVEDEN, MAIDENHEAD,
Sunday, March 29, 1886.

I will begin my letter this evening, Dear Jan, in this most lovely place of the Duke of Westminster's which Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador, always hires, until after Easter, as his wife hates to spend the winter in town. We came down yesterday afternoon with one of their secretaries, a nice young fellow. We found the Karolyis alone in a charming library filled with books in all languages, and with the most enchanting view of the Thames—quite like the view from Richmond Terrace, if you remember it. They gave us tea—and about 7 we went up to our rooms. Mine is the one the Duchess always has, and W. has the dressing-room next, a large room, all hung with rose-coloured silk, faded into yellow now, an enormous bed with yellow silk curtains and counterpane, a bath-room with marble bath opening out of a little passage, quite complete, and always the same divine view. The rooms are filled with pictures, souvenirs of all the Sutherlands (whose place it was originally), Westminsters, and all the English Royal family of all ages. At 8 a gong sounded and we went down to the library (where they live entirely), and found them there with the addition of Count Victor Karolyi, a cousin. The dinner was good, 4 servants, their chasseurs, in Hungarian uniform, 2 in black and one in plain livery. After dinner the 2 Karolyi men sat down to cards, W. and the young man talked, also

The Countess Fanny Karolyi, 1888, the Austrian Ambassadress.

From a photograph by Walery, London.

Mme. K. and I—and all the men smoked. It was easy enough, as everyone talked a great deal. We broke up at 11. This morning we had breakfast at 10, and afterwards Mme. K. showed me the house, which is very handsome, one large, beautiful drawing-room opening on the terrace and river view. They live only in the library, as the rest is so enormous to light and heat. At 12 M. and Mme. de Staal, the Russian Ambassador and his wife, arrived, and we went for a stroll in the grounds. Went out again after lunch for a long walk down by the river in short skirts and thick boots, as it was very damp —almost always is on the banks, generally low, of the Thames. It looked very pretty and gay, quite a number of boats and some people we all knew, staying in one of the houses near, got out of their boats and walked along with us. We came in for tea at 5.30, and after that adjourned to our respective rooms till dinner. The evening was pleasant, as we were more numerous and Staal talks a great deal. Now I am going to bed, as it is 11 o'clock, and we breakfast at a quarter to ten to-morrow, and get back to London at 11.30.

LONDON, Monday, 30th.

We got back this morning at 1 for lunch, and have been in a wild state ever since with the bad news from Tonkin and the defeat of our troops. The Ministry is out, and Heaven knows what will happen. W. is as blue as indigo over the news, as he had been very cocky over Tonkin, as compared with the English blunders in the Soudan. Already there are despatches in the clubs here, saying W. has been asked to take the Foreign Office. Of course he hasn't been asked, and I hope he won't be, for I should hate to begin that official life in Paris again, and I am very happy here now—however, one

never knows in political life. Do you know anything about Phelps? W. is very anxious to have your opinion. He says you ought to know about a Vermont man. He will have a difficult "succession." Mr. Lowell is much liked and admired.

LONDON,
April 10, 1886.

We have had a pleasant morning luncheon at Roll's Court with Lord Esher, who showed us a quantity of most interesting old manuscripts. A letter from "Bloody Mary" to Cardinal Pole announcing her "grossesse" (the arrival of a Prince), also the confession and signature of Guy Fawkes after torture, such a wavering, faint signature, "Guido." It is extraordinary how all the papers and handwriting have lasted. All these old-world things are so interesting to me, I seem to realize history so much more. I hope to get over to Paris for a little this month. We had a nice party (music) at Louisa Lady Ashburton's this evening, and an interesting collection of people, fashionable, literary, and *Salvation Army*. The house is crowded with statues, pictures, and artistic treasures of all kinds.

To J. K.

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À LONDRES,
Sunday, May 29, 1887.

We seem to have a gleam of sunshine this afternoon, Dear Jan, after weeks of bleak east winds and grey skies, and we are going to take advantage of it to drive out to White Lodge, Richmond Park, and see the Tecks. We are revelling in Whitsuntide recess, and no dinners or banquets until Friday, the second Court Concert. Last night I went to the Opéra with the Staals. It was "Faust," very well given, with Albani, Scalchi, and Gayare. The

house was fairly brilliant, but not full—the Prince and Princess of Wales, Rothschilds, and a certain number of people, who came to hear Albani (she is such a favourite here). I should think it would be a losing operation. Tell Janet Mlle. de Staal looks so nice, is so much more animated, really very pretty, so high bred and always well dressed. Lady Salisbury's reception at the F. O. on Tuesday for the Queen's Birthday was very brilliant; there were quantities of Princes; a Danish Prince, brother of the Princess of Wales; a young Russian Grand Duke, a son of the late Prince Frederick Charles, brother of the Duchess of Connaught, and any quantity of Maharajahs, covered with gold and silver embroidery and diamonds and emeralds as big as eggs. They always make a great fuss over the Indian Princes at Court—treat them like Royalty, and give them very good places. The Corps Diplomatique always protests. The lion of the evening was Herbert Bismarck. From the Prince of Wales down everyone, men and women, was overwhelming him with attentions. I didn't think the Danish Prince looked much pleased. He remarked that "Bismarck had a most disagreeable voice." Lizzie P. was wandering about looking very handsome. I didn't see Buffalo Bill, which rather surprised me. I suppose he *is* genuine, isn't he? He professed to remember Captain King perfectly when I said I had a brother who had been some time on the plains with his regiment. Certainly the "Wild West Show" is most original and entertaining. The Indians look savage enough to satisfy anyone, and Buffalo Bill and the King of the Cowboys are splendid specimens of frontiersmen.

Monday.

I will finish this morning; it is still dark and rainy. We went out yesterday to White Lodge and had a pleasant

visit. It was much too cold to sit out, so we had tea in the gallery and enjoyed it very much. Princess Mary is always so easy. The young Princess May looked very nice in a light tweed with a white waistcoat. She asked after Janet, and wanted to know if she was to be here this season. I asked Princess Mary what she was going to wear at the Jubilee Te Deum at Westminster. She said she had no idea, but she had been told long dress, smart bonnet, decorations and diamonds. It seems the Queen is going to wear a white bonnet covered with diamonds. I have asked no questions and mean to wear a short dress —no one will see, as we do not join any cortége. We arrive quite simply and go straight to our places. I shall wear white lace with mousse velvet, and a mousse bonnet with pink roses. Tell Janet, I am convinced I shall never wear my moiré apricot dress from Roulf, that I couldn't wear last year at any of the Court fêtes. I am sure the German Prince will die. They say he may at any moment, as the excrescence in his throat may increase, and then he would suffocate. Wouldn't it be strange if that old Emperor outlived the son. Neither sled nor fans have yet arrived. I suppose they will appear soon. We have one or two things we mean to send out, as soon as we have an opportunity—gloves, etc. I should think some of the 75,000 Americans who are coming over would go back in the course of the summer. Princess Mary told me yesterday that a pretty American girl—an heiress—she couldn't remember the name—did I know?—is probably going to marry a Count Btetju, aide-de-camp to the Prince of Denmark. It seems he saw her here and fell in love with her at once. I must stop now. Have any quantity of notes to write.

To G. K. S.

LONDON,
June 14, 1887.

London is getting ready for the Jubilee and the streets are crowded. Various Royalties have arrived, and one meets Royal carriages, escorts, and strong squads of police at every turn. It is warm and lovely to-day—so was yesterday. W., Francis and I drove out to Sheen, where W. plays tennis in Lord F.'s private court. I wandered about under the trees, and Francis sailed his boat in the pond and was quite happy. It is such a rest to get a few hours in the country when one is going out all the time as we are here—and above all not to have to talk. We had a remarkable entertainment last night, given by the Hawaiian Secretary (who is a German-American) for his Queen, of the Sandwich Islands. We arrived in due time, I rather protesting.

There was a large reception after dinner and the mistress of the house asked us if we wouldn't stand by the Queen and make a sort of cercle, and a funny contrast we made—Mrs. P. beautifully dressed in white satin and lace, Lady R. with splendid jewels, I wore my pink brocade and old Venetian lace. It really was too absurd. I talked a little to the Princess, who is intelligent enough. The Queen is a great stickler for etiquette, and insisted upon the same honours as any other Royalties, an escort of *Life Guards*;—wouldn't accept any less distinguished escort.

LONDON,
June 18, 1887.

We have had rather an amusing afternoon. I think I wrote you that we wanted to leave Westminster Abbey the minute the ceremony was over, get through the line of troops, and back to a friend's house in Piccadilly to see the cortège—we being Mrs. Phelps and I. Our respec-

tive husbands were most discouraging (as men always are), but we dined last night with Knowles to meet the Duke of Cambridge, and I told His Royal Highness what we wanted to do, and asked him if he could help us. After some little discussion he said he would advise us to go directly to Sir Charles Warren (Chief of Police) and see what he could arrange for us. Again our husbands remonstrated, "Warren was overrun with applications of all kinds, worked to death, and it was very unreasonable," but backed by the Duke we determined to try.

I told His Royal Highness I should put on my most becoming Paris bonnet and beard the lion in his den. He said, "Quite right, my dear, a man is always flattered when a woman tries to please him," so accordingly about 3 Mrs. Phelps and I started for Scotland Yard. George was rather surprised when I gave the order. We drove through one or two courts and were stopped once by a huge policeman, who let us go on when we said it was the French Ambassadress. We were shown at once into Sir Charles's room, and I must say he was charming, most kind and courteous. We had arranged beforehand that I was to be spokeswoman, and I went at once to the point. He was sitting at his table with letters and papers and telegrams, the telegraph ticking all the time, despatches and telegrams being brought in, and as busy a man as I ever saw. He immediately sent for maps of the route, distribution of the troops, etc., and said he thought he could manage it. We must have a light carriage (of course we must go to the Abbey in state in the gala coach) waiting at the Poets' Corner, as near the door as it can get; he will send us a pass to break through the lines, and will have three or four policemen waiting for us at the corner of Piccadilly and one of the smaller streets to pass us through the crowd. We really didn't

derange him very much. The whole conversation lasted about ten minutes, and he was rather amused at this sudden appearance of the two "femmes du monde" in his "milieu" of clerks, policemen, telegraph boys, type-writers and a hurrying, bustling crowd of employés of all kinds. We returned triumphant to our respective houses.

We had a fine reception last night at the Austrian Embassy in honour of Prince Rudolph. We arrived late, having dined out. The Prince is very good-looking, slight, elegant figure, and charming manners and smile. All the world was there—quantities of pretty women, and pretty dresses—the Countess Karolyi always the handsomest.

LONDON,
June 20, 1887.

London is really a sight to-day, the streets gay with flags, draperies, stands, illuminations, and quantities of people gaping all day long. I went for a drive with Mary Sheridan, daughter of Mr. Motley, late Minister from the United States to the Court of St. James. We didn't attempt going down Piccadilly, as we saw what a dense crowd and block there was, so we crossed to Constitution Hill. We went all round Westminster Abbey; I wanted to see the Poets' Corner where we are to go in to-morrow, and the House of Commons stand where she is to be with her sister. We were blocked for a quarter of an hour standing close to the Embankment. Some of the mottoes are very nice. I like the humble ones best, "God bless our Queen." We were a long time getting back to the Embassy, Piccadilly almost impassable. It was amusing, as everyone was arranging their balconies, and we recognised various friends standing at windows, and on balconies directing the arrangement of chairs,

plants, flags, etc. After dinner W. took his cigar and we walked about a little in Piccadilly. Some of the illuminations had already begun and the crowd was dense, but no jostling or roughs, everyone good-humoured and wildly interested in the decorations. London is transformed for the moment and looks like a great continental city, all lights and flags and an "air de fête." We didn't stay out very late, as we have a long day before us to-morrow. They say the Queen is well, but rather "émue" and a little nervous, which must be expected. I shall wear white, the only objection to that being that jewels won't show out, as they would on a darker colour.

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE, LONDON,
June 22, 1887.

I am still exhausted, Dear, with the visions of a brilliant, motley, moving crowd, when I shut my eyes. Yesterday was beautiful, a glorious summer day. I was waked up at 6.30 by the dull rumble of carriages, and people already on the move. I thought they must have forgotten to call me, but the house was still wrapped in slumber, and though it was only 6.30 the Park was full of carriages, men in uniform and women in full dress. We started at 9.30 in the gala carriage, W. in uniform, and were followed by a second carriage, landau, the men equally in gala. We remained blocked for a long time in Piccadilly, it didn't seem possible to get on; distracted policemen, mounted and on foot, and officers did what they could, but there we remained, curiously enough all the Ambassadors' carriages together. Finally an order was given to let the Ambassadors' carriages pass, and we got on a little. Various Court carriages passed

us—one so pretty with the three little daughters of the Duke of Edinburgh all in white with straw hats, and long white feathers, sitting on the back seat, and smiling and bowing, and looking quite charming with their fair hair streaming down their backs. They had an equerry in uniform with them on the front seat. Once past St. James's Street we went quickly enough thro' long lines of soldiers, and behind them quantities of people waiting patiently to see the great show. We went into the Abbey at the Poets' Corner, where an entrance was reserved for the Corps Diplomatique and Court functionaries. It was a fine sight; tier upon tier of seats covered with red cloth and filled with men in uniform, and women in handsome dresses. The Peers and Peeresses sat just below us and looked very well; as it was Collar Day, all the Garter men wore their white shoulder-knots, which were most effective. It was very difficult to distinguish people, the building is so enormous, but as we were close to the dais we saw all the Royalties perfectly. At last various members of the Royal Family came in, and the first Sovereign to enter was Her Majesty of the Sandwich Islands with her cortège; then came quickly the King of the Belgians, King of Denmark, various other Princes, and they all took their places on a platform facing the Queen's dais. We waited some time, and then came a flourish of trumpets which announced the Queen's arrival. It was most interesting to see her come up the aisle—quite alone in front—her three sons, Wales, Edinburgh, and Connaught, just behind her. She was dressed in black with silver embroidery, a white lace bonnet with feathers, and lace caught back by diamond pins. As she reached the dais she stepped on it quite alone, and advancing to the front made a pretty curtsey to the assembled Royalties. Then came a long procession of

family Princes, headed by the Prince of Wales and the German Crown Prince, who looked magnificent in his white uniform, and the Princess of Wales and the German Crown Princess. They all passed before the Queen, and it was most striking to see her seated there, a quiet figure dressed in black, very composed and smiling, yet "émue" too, as the long line of children and grandchildren representing all Europe passed to do her homage. It was a gorgeous crowd of uniforms, orders, jewels, and really *glittering* garments of all kinds; but every eye was fixed on the central figure. The service began at once and was impressive. The Prince Consort's "Te Deum" sounded magnificent with organ and full band. I must own to considerable distraction during the service, as I was quite taken up with looking at everything. When the ceremony was over—or nearly —we started at once, found our carriage (ordinary landau) at the Poets' Corner again, and drove quickly around by Belgravia and Albert Gate (breaking the lines of troops once or twice, but with no difficulty, as orders had been given), to the corner of Hamilton Place and Piccadilly. There we had to leave the carriage, but it was merely a few steps to my friend's house where we were to see the procession pass; however we should never have got there if we hadn't found the 4 gigantic policemen who were waiting for us, and who deposited us rather pulled about, but intact, at the door. We found the balcony prettily decorated and filled with people, and had an excellent view of the procession. The Queen's carriage was handsome, an open landau red and gold, with six cream-coloured horses with red and gold trappings, and running footmen. She was alone on the back seat; the Princesses of Wales and Germany on the front seat. The escort of Princes was very brilliant.

Queen Victoria, in the Dress Worn During the State Jubilee Celebration, June 21, 1887.
From a photograph, copyright, by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, England.

The Prince of Wales looked well on a fine horse, and the German Crown Prince superb, towering over everyone else, and his helmet shining in the bright sunlight. The cheering was tremendous as the Queen passed, and one felt it was absolutely genuine (nothing commandé), her people (I always like that phrase so much, "My people," when she uses it in a speech or proclamation) really delighted to have her still with them. Another who also was much cheered was Princess Mary of Teck. They love her, and she looked so happy and smiling as she acknowledged the salutation. She has such a gracious manner always to everyone—never seems bored. However I must say that for the Prince of Wales; no matter what the function is (and he must be bored very often) he never looks it, but always does graciously, and as if he liked it, whatever he undertakes. There was a very substantial lunch provided for us at Lady Borthwick's, and as soon as the cortège disappeared I clamoured for something to eat, as it was nearly 3.30, and I had had nothing to eat but my early cup of tea and piece of toast about 8.30. I went straight back to the Embassy after luncheon—even then, at 4 o'clock, we had to go at a foot's pace thro' the crowd—and I didn't stir again all the afternoon, but I had visitors at tea-time, as of course the windows and balconies giving on the Park were most attractive. There were thousands of people still in the Park, and Royal carriages and escorts coming and going; music, flags, and a general impression of movement and colour everywhere.

In the evening we started at 10 for the Palace, and they thought there would be such a crowd that we had a mounted policeman, but we had no trouble. Everyone made way for the carriage, though, of course, the general traffic was stopped, and everybody (including our own

secretaries, who weren't invited to the Palace, merely the "chefs de mission") in the middle of the streets, looking at the illuminations. There was great confusion at the Palace—dinners still going on and servants hurrying backward and forward with dishes, and piles of plates on the floor as we passed through the long corridor. We had to pass through the great hall where the numerous "suites" were dining—and we naturally hesitated a moment as they were still at table—but Colonel Byng came forward and ushered us upstairs, and into one of the large rooms. There were very few people—the "chefs de mission," the Nunzio who had come expressly, Lord and Lady Salisbury, and Lord C., Indian Secretary (as there were many Indian Princes). We waited nearly an hour and were then summoned to the ball-room, where the Queen and Court were assembled. The Queen was standing, dressed just as she always is for a Drawing-room, with her small diamond crown and veil, and again the background of Princes and uniforms made a striking contrast to the one black-robed figure. The Prince of Wales stood a little behind, on her right, also Lord Lathom (Lord Chamberlain). We all passed before her, two by two, with our husbands, and she said a few words to each one, but no real conversation; it was evidently an effort, and we felt we must not stay a moment longer than necessary. I talked to one or two people while the others were passing. The German Crown Princess came over and talked to us. I asked her if the Queen was very tired. She said not nearly as much as she expected, it was more the anticipation of the day that had made her nervous, that she was very agitated when she started, but that wore off, and she was not very tired this evening, and very happy, as were all her children. I said, "You might add her

people, Madam, for I never saw such a splendid outburst of loyalty." The Crown Princess herself is perfectly delightful, so clever and cultivated, and so easy, with such beautiful, clear, smiling eyes. Do you remember how much I admired her in Rome the first time I met her? She is always so kind to us. W. loves to talk to her; they don't always agree, but she quite understands people having their own opinions, rather prefers it, I think, as she must necessarily be so often thrown with people who never venture to disagree with her. The Crown Prince of Sweden also came and recalled himself to me, and the Duc d'Aoste. The Queen remained about an hour; then the Royal party moved off in procession, and we got our carriages as quickly as we could. I have written you a volume (but you must say that doesn't happen often from my lazy pen, but I felt I must write at once, or I should never have the courage). Please send the letter to the family in America. I am dead tired, and my eyes shutting by themselves.

LONDON, June 22, 1887.

We went this afternoon with the Florians, Comte de Florian, Secretary of the Embassy, and Comtesse de Florian, Francis, Baroness Hilda Deichmann and her children and some of the Embassy men, to the children's fête in Hyde Park. It was very pretty, and very well arranged; 30,000 children from all parts of London, and amusements, food, and jubilee mugs provided for all. We got there a little after 3, and it was warm and fatiguing standing and walking about. There were various refreshment tents for the "quality committee," etc., and the children got iced cream and cakes to their hearts' content, also each a jubilee mug with which they were much pleased. The Prince and Princess of Wales,

with some of the foreign Princes, came about 4 (and horribly bored the foreigners looked—naturally). We stood and walked about until 6, when the Queen arrived. Her procession was rather pretty, just a troop of mounted police, then the Life Guards, the Indian contingent, and the Queen in an open carriage with 4 horses, the postilions in black, and two Highland servants in costume behind. The Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Christian, and Duke of Edinburgh in the carriage with her; and the Duke of Cambridge (Ranger of the Park) riding at the portière. Several Royal carriages followed, all the women in smart clothes, and the men in uniform, as the Queen was to make her formal Jubilee entrée into Windsor on leaving London after the fête. There was such a press and jostling when the Queen came—even the women pushing and struggling to get to the front, that I should have been nearly crushed with the two children (I had Hilda and Francis with me) if Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar hadn't recognised me and come to my rescue. He is very tall and broad, so he made way for me, put the children in front, and then stood behind me so that no one could get at me. I must say it was a fine struggle, the ladies used their arms valiantly. A small slight woman would have had no show at all. The Queen didn't get out of her carriage. The Prince stood bareheaded at the carriage door all the time the Queen was there, and various people were brought up and presented to her. I found plenty of people to talk to, among others the German Crown Prince, who they say is in a very bad way; he doesn't look changed, perhaps a little thinner, but the voice has gone. He spoke in a whisper. He noticed the children, said Francis was very like his father. I told him Hilda was a little compatriote, and named her to him.

The Crown Prince Frederick of Germany, in the Uniform Worn by Him at the Jubilee Celebration, London, June, 1887.

From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin.

He knows her parents well. The Queen was much cheered as she drove off; then there were more cheers for the Prince, who acknowledged them most graciously, as he does always. We had again rather a struggle to get through the crowd and across to the Embassy, and then at 6.30 I had some tea, got into a tea-gown, and refused to move again. W. tried to entice me to the Foreign Office where there was a big reception, but I was utterly incapable of another word (the heat always tries me so); so he departed sadly, but didn't stay long—merely showed himself. He said the crowd was awful, and Lord Cranborne, the son of the house, in a wild state on the stairs, with his supper list, as he couldn't find half the people. W. told him not to worry about us, as he was going home, and I was in bed.

To H. L. K.

LONDON,
June 24, 1887.

Yesterday I had rather a quiet day, I was still so dead tired after the children's fête. Jean and I drove about in the afternoon. She wanted to see the "Black Queen," as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands is called, and we crossed her once or twice driving in the Park. It does look funny to see her sitting up in the Royal carriage with red liveries. We had a beautiful ball last night, given by Lord and Lady Rosebery at Lansdowne House for all the Royalties. The House was beautifully arranged; the ballroom panelled half way up the wall with red roses and green leaves. I danced a quadrille with the King of Greece, who is easy and talks a great deal; he speaks English perfectly well. He asked about the

Schuylers, and spoke most warmly of them—said Schuyler was one of the few perfectly intelligent men he had ever met, "knew everything about everything." I must write it to them. The supper was very well arranged, small tables of eight or ten. Almost all the Royalties were there, but not the Hawaiian Queen. I asked our host why he hadn't invited Queen Kapiolani; but he said he really couldn't. The ball was small, and Lady Rosebery left out many of her friends, who naturally were not pleased. W. actually stayed to supper—I was so surprised, as he hates it.

June 24, 1887.

This afternoon all the swells went to Ranelagh to see a polo match, but I thought I would reserve myself for the Palace Ball. The Queen didn't appear, but we had two others, the Queen of the Belgians, and always Kapiolani. It was badly managed at first, the result being that when the Court came we had a crowd of people, officers, pages, etc., about four deep in front of us, so that we could neither see nor be seen, nor hardly move. When the first "quadrille d'honneur" was being danced we saw nothing, so after a consultation we all left the ball-room. Then there were various "pourparlers," and they finally did what they should have done at first, enlarged the circle, so that we were out of the crowd and near the Court. There was also a great rush at supper, so that they had to shut one door for a moment. I didn't see many people to talk to, but of course it was very difficult. The Grand Duchess Serge looked beautiful, with splendid emeralds (she is the daughter of Princess Alice), and the Duchesse de Braganza (daughter of the Comte de Paris) was charming, so very high-bred, tall and slight, with a pretty little dark head. I always find the Princess of

Wales the most distinguished looking. She stands out everywhere. Our "Doyenne," Countess Karolyi, was superb—also with magnificent jewels. The Indian Princes made a great show, of course, with their silk, heavily embroidered tuniques, and the quantities of jewels, but they are not often well cut, nor well set, and they themselves are certainly off color—they look barbarians, and have such false faces—I wouldn't trust one of them.

LONDON,
July 3, 1887.

It is delicious summer weather now, and yesterday we went to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen review the Volunteers. I wore for the first time my Jubilee Medal. It came Friday with a note from the Duchess of Roxburghe saying the Queen hoped I would wear it as a souvenir of her Jubilee. It is a plain little silver medal about the size of a two-shilling piece, with the Queen's head on one side and an inscription on the other, fastened to a bow of blue and white ribbon. We three Ambassadresses are the only women of the Corps Diplomatique that have it. All the Queen's household have it, Duchesses of Bedford, Buccleuch, Roxburghe, etc. The Princesses, also, of course, but theirs are in gold.

It was most amusing waiting in the courtyard of the Palace seeing everyone arrive. All the Royalties took up their positions at the foot of the Queen's tribune, and waited for her. Our tribune was on one side of hers, and one for the Indian Princes opposite. The Volunteers looked and passed very well; as it was Saturday afternoon and the shops in London are closed early always Saturday, all the various butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers could leave their shops and parade, and extremely well some of them looked; stout, heavy men

moving quite lightly and at ease in their stiff uniforms. It was pretty to see the various Princes break away from their places on the Duke of Cambridge's staff and ride ahead of the various regiments of which they are honorary colonels. The Prince of Wales looked well on his handsome chestnut, which is perfectly trained and steps beautifully. The Duke of Connaught is a handsome soldier. We were a long time getting away, but as we had no dinner-party it wasn't of any consequence. It was such a pleasure not to put on a low bodice and diamonds. I always grumble about putting on my diadem—as a rule I never wear anything in my hair, not even feathers (except at Court), and the diadem is heavy. After dinner W. and I went for a drive along the Thames Embankment—our favourite recreation after a long, hot day. There are still people about, and a general air of festivity.

LONDON,
July 21, 1887.

It is just four years to-day since W. came to London. We got back from Moscow and the Coronation the 6th, and almost immediately the Minister offered W. London. My "beau-frère" said he would give us two years when we came over. I wonder how much longer it will last. We had a big dinner to-night, and Lord Lathom, the Lord Chamberlain, was next to me. He said no one could imagine how difficult it had been to arrange everything for the Jubilee ceremonies; that the Queen was consulted *on every point,* as she knew more about etiquette and court ceremonies than anyone else. One day he had 42 telegrams from her. We told him we thought everything was well managed (except the ball, where all the young officers crowded in front of us, and stepped on our toes, and on our trains). He quite ad-

mitted that that might have been better done, but also remarked that he thought the Corps Diplomatique a little exacting; so, as usual, there are two sides to every question.

To H. L. K.

LONDON,
July 25, 1887.

We have had a nice outing, Dear, thanks to the Naval Review; two such beautiful interesting days. I am burned brown as a berry, but, as the season is over, that is of no consequence, and I shall have plenty of time at Bourneville to bleach. We started Saturday at 9.30 for Portsmouth with the Florians, Waru, and R., Naval Attaché, in a special train. The harbour looked so pretty as we came in sight of it. Every description of vessel (even the "Victory," Nelson's old ship, now a training ship), and all sorts of ironclads, big steamers, yachts, and the smallest sort of pleasure-boat, dressed with flags. We went at once on board the "Helicon," a small despatch boat, especially destined to the Corps Diplomatique and distinguished strangers. There were about 150 people on board, all colleagues, also the Arch Duke Regnier of Austria, and the two young sons of the Duc d'Aoste with their suites. Directly after us came two great English transports painted white, one for the Lords, and one for the Commons, and all around us a fleet of ordinary rowing-boats and barges filled with people—quantities of women and children. We steamed slowly across the Solent to Osborne to meet the Queen, and passed close to the great ironclads, which looked monsters, and formidable ones. We had a handsome substantial lunch on board, to which we all did honour. There were not many foreign ships. Our two looked very well and were much admired, an old

frigate, the "Iphigénie," now a training ship, with the midshipmen on board, and the "Élan," a pretty little despatch boat. There were only two other foreign boats: a German and a Dutchman. The Italian ships put into Spithead, and then went off to Dartmouth, no one knows why exactly. Some say they were not satisfied with their place (they arrived after the French ships, and would have been decidedly farther off, and behind ours), others that they were not in good condition, not smart enough; however, they were not there and the Italian Princesses who had expected to sleep on board, and meet their brother who is on one of the ships, were much disgusted. As soon as the "Osborne," with the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the King of Greece (we didn't understand the Greek flag at first, as we didn't know the King was on board), had passed, we followed and went down the line. It was a beautiful sight, and England could certainly be proud of her great ironclads filling the harbour, and showing her strength as a naval power. We went slowly, and it was amusing to hear the criticisms and appreciations of all the assembled foreigners on the show —however, I suppose all ironclads now are pretty much alike, only England happens to have three times as many as any of the rest of us. About 6 o'clock there was a halt. We of course had tea on deck, and suddenly we saw quantities of steam launches coming across the water in all directions. They looked like enormous white birds in the distance. They were almost all white, low in the water, and going very fast. The captains of all the ships had been called on board the Queen's yacht to be received by her. This made a long delay, and our colleagues were getting impatient, as they foresaw that they would be very late in getting back to London. We took that opportunity to ask the Captain of the "Helicon" to bear

down toward the "Iphigénie," as we were to dine and sleep on board. We changed our course a little, and in about 10 minutes two very smart French boats ran alongside, coming up in grand style. The three English officers stood on the bridge and helped us off, and I must say it was all done admirably—not the slightest confusion, and we were a big party. Our fellow-passengers decidedly envied us. The Bylandts (Dutch Minister) were much put out. They had asked the Captain of their ship to let them dine and sleep on board, but he refused absolutely; said he had just arrived from a long cruise, and was not prepared to receive anyone. We got to the "Iphigénie" in about 15 minutes. The Commandant, Noccomore, was standing on the bridge. W. got out first, then T., and as soon as W. put his foot on the deck, where all the sailors, officers, and midshipmen were drawn up, there was a salute of drums and clarions (they couldn't give the regular salute of guns to the Ambassador, as, when the Queen is in the harbour, no one else can be saluted). The Commandant gave me his arm, and we went at once to his quarters (or rather "carré," as they say on board ship). We passed through a fine room or hall, the entire width of the frigate, where a good-sized dinner-table was ready. The Commandant asked when we would dine; we said in a "quart d'heure," just the time to wash our faces, which were black with smoke and red with sun, and he showed W. and me our quarters (his of course), and most comfortable. The cabin large, with a wardrobe, and a large "cabinet de toilette," with English wash-stand, bath-room, etc. For one person it was perfectly roomy. Of course when a second bed was put in the "cabinet de toilette" it was a little small. Mmes. de Florian and Heurtel had the second officer's cabin, and the men hammocks in some part of the ship.

The dinner was good and handsome. I had the "Aumônier" on the other side of me. He was intelligent, ready to talk about anything, and the dinner was very agreeable. Plenty of talk. W. talked a great deal, and the naval officers were interesting, as they always are. They have seen so much, and had such varied experiences. After dinner we had coffee in the Commandant's salon, and then went on deck, where we spent a delightful evening. The sea was perfectly calm, not a ripple, and lights everywhere—all the ships illuminated and sending off fireworks at intervals. We could hardly see our own, but the little "Élan" looked very smart and natty. We broke up about 11, and I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much as that perfectly quiet summer night on the water; such a rest after the long day, and early start from London. We promised to be ready at a quarter to 10 for Mass, and the visit of the ship. You would have been amused to see how well Drejet did my service (they asked me if I could do without my maid for one night, as they really didn't know what to do with her). He told Adelaïde he could do everything for me except my hair, and tying my sash, which seemed to be a serious performance to him, and really all my dressing things were put out and a "saut de lit" disposed gracefully over the back of a chair just as A. always did. I supposed she coached him. I was stirring early enough the next morning, but I couldn't tie my sash either, so I wandered out on the deck to have my early tea, and Countess de Florian helped me to finish my toilette. We went all over the ship before Mass. The midshipmen's quarters are small, but of course beautifully kept, and the young men all looked as smiling and prosperous as possible, and were much pleased at the Ambassador's visit. At 10 o'clock we assembled on deck

Comtesse de Florian.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

for Mass. Part of the deck was covered in with flags, and as a compliment to my nationality they had put the "Stars and Stripes" immediately over my head. I was much pleased, as it is a good many years since I have sat under the old flag. I suppose I can't say *my flag* any more, but I feel it all the same. There were three arm-chairs directly in front of the altar—two big ones for W. and me and a smaller one between for the Commandant. As soon as we were seated the Abbé came, made a bow to W. and me, and began his Mass. It was very impressive—so still, not a sound except the little waves beating against the side of the ship, and the word of command for the marines at the raising of the Host, when there was a fine salute of drums and bugles. We had a very gay breakfast, the Captain of the "Élan" coming to join us, and at 1 o'clock we left our hospitable frigate for the "Élan" which was going to cruise about with us all the afternoon. They certainly received us most hospitably and charmingly; I shall often think of those quiet hours on the deck, and the Mass this morning, which impressed me very much. We had a lovely afternoon on the "Élan," practically doing the Review over again, and going close up to the big ironclads, such ugly, heavy masses as they seem when one is near them. We crossed over to Cowes, went alongside of the Prince of Wales' yacht, but didn't stop. The captain gave us an interesting account of their reception on the "Osborne." It seems there was some mistake in the orders brought by the Aide-de-Camp of the Admiral of the Fleet. The Commandant of the "Iphigénie" thought he could take several officers with him, and when he appeared on the "Osborne" with 5 or 6 officers, the Admiral was much embarrassed, and didn't know what to do, as the Queen intended to receive only the Command-

ants. However the Prince of Wales, with his never-failing tact, said he would put it all right, and in a few moments they were told that the Queen would be very pleased to receive *all* the French officers. They told us they saw a lady in deep mourning, with perfectly white hair, standing behind the Queen, who looked so earnestly at the French uniforms, and was agitated when they passed; they only realised afterward that it was the Empress.* I wonder if I shall ever see her, I would like to so much. We dined on board, anchored just off Portsmouth, and got back to London about 11 o'clock, having enjoyed our two days immensely. It was a beautiful ending to the Jubilee, and a beautiful sight. The "cadre" was so lovely for all those big ships. All the line of the Isle of Wight is so pretty, beautifully green, and the Solent covered with boats of all descriptions, and plenty of room for all. Some of the small row-boats seemed dangerously near the big steamers, but nothing ever happened. When I get back to Bourneville and take up my quiet life in the woods, these last days will seem a sort of fairy-tale.

LONDON,
July 29, 1887.

We are starting to-morrow. I had a farewell ride this morning, hardly anyone in the Row, Dandy going beautifully (you know he is the chestnut I called after the famous horse in one of Charlie's stories), except a good kick from time to time, which is a bore, not only for me (I lost my hat the other day), but for the neighbours. We dined at Lord A.'s last night, and he gave us a funny account of his experience on the House of Lords boat.

* Empress Eugénie, widow of Napoleon III., who has lived in England for many years.

To begin with he had much difficulty in getting tickets, and could get none for his daughters, only himself and Lady A. (and he is Hereditary Lord Chamberlain), and when he finally did get on the boat he found it crowded with all sorts of unknown people, very few peers, and very little food. They were faint with hunger before the end of the day, so I told him about our handsome dinner and hospitable reception on our frigate. Bylandt then told us how badly they fared. They cruised about for some time in the "Helicon" after we got off, then finally the passengers begged to be landed. They were at last deposited at Portsmouth, and then made a rush for the buffet in the railway station, but that had been completely "devalisé," there wasn't a crumb, not even a dry biscuit. Then they were conducted with much pomp to reserved carriages which were *locked*, and there they remained for over an hour, seeing various trains start, and at last arrived in London at one o'clock in the morning. Poor Bylandt was much disgusted. We thought a little of asking to keep the "Élan" for a week, and of doing the Cowes week, but W. thought on the whole it would be close quarters, and was not very keen about it. I should have liked it. We had all the staff who remain to dine to-night. London is curiously empty—all the chairs being taken away from the Park, which gives it a decided air of "fin de saison."

To G. K. S.

ALBERT GATE HOUSE,
March 2, 1888.

I have been back about two weeks and am quite settled again. I have always two or three disagreeable days when I first come back from France. The coal fires try

me very much and I think regretfully of the enormous chimneys at Bourneville and the *trees* that we burned there. We have a fog and it is very cold. Francis and I went to skate yesterday at the Botanical Gardens. The ice was very bad, there was very little room, and swarms of children struggling along on their little skates, but the outing was pleasant. I also went one day with a friend to Wimbledon, and that was better. We drove down and had a pleasant afternoon, but the ice was soft, and it was the end. Really though, in March in England, one could hardly expect to skate.

March 8th.

Hilda came in this morning with very bad news of the German Emperor. The Crown Prince was to start from the Riviera, and I am afraid he is in a bad way too. He looked such a magnificent man at the Jubilee Fêtes. Of course even then his voice and colour showed that something was wrong, but it was difficult to believe that a mortal disease was mining his strength. We have had telegrams all the afternoon, and at 5 they told us the Emperor was dead. We sent immediately to Mrs. Jeune, where we were engaged to dine to meet Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, to know if her dinner was put off; but the answer came back that the dinner was to take place. We went of course, and found Princess Christian and Lady Salisbury. Prince Christian, as a German Prince and a relation of the German Royal Family, did not come; neither did Lord Salisbury, who had received a telegram from Berlin announcing the Emperor's death. The Princess looked anxious and was evidently very much worried at the journey of the Crown Prince in such weather, in his delicate state. She left almost instantly after dinner. The Drawing-room is post-

poned. The Crown Prince starts to-morrow morning. All eyes are upon him, and will follow his journey with hopes and fears.

Sunday, March 18th.

We all went to the funeral service for the German Emperor this morning in the German Lutheran Chapel close to Marlborough House. I was quite correct this time, and was swathed in crêpe; Mrs. Lecky has lent me her long crêpe veil, which will serve again probably, as everyone seems to think the Emperor Frederick is doomed. All the men were in uniform with crêpe on their sleeves and sword hilts (the Germans with their helmets covered with crêpe) and the women in woollen dresses with crêpe veils. Almost all the Princesses were there (not the Princess of Wales), but the Princes were in Berlin. The service was long, and curiously enough was *not* the Lutheran service, but the regular Church of England service translated into German. It was done, it seems, for George II, who was obliged to follow the Church of England service, and who didn't understand a *word* of English. There was much chanting, two addresses, and a sermon.

Everyone of course is talking and speculating over what will happen in Germany. All the doctors say the Emperor Frederick is near his end. No one seems to know exactly what will be the attitude of the present Crown Prince. He is young, intelligent, with an iron will; all good qualities in a sovereign, but he has little experience and an absolute confidence in his own judgment.

To H. L. K.

London, April 25, 1888.

We hear a great deal now here about Boulanger, and there seems to be the most extraordinary "engouement"

for him here as well as in France. Roustan, the Naval Attaché, has just come back from Paris and says the state of things is very serious, people have lost their heads over Boulanger. He (R.) thinks it is the most serious crisis France has passed through since the Commune. W. is less blue—he knows the famous General very little, but doesn't think there is much character or backbone there.

We had a big dinner the other night at Lord Rothschild's, and Lord Hartington, a well-known political and social figure, sat between me and the Princesse de Wagram. He naturally asked us, the only two Frenchwomen at table, what we thought of Boulanger. The Princess spoke most enthusiastically of him. The one man in France who could regenerate the country, and who would be supported by all parties. I said exactly the contrary, and that I thought his popularity and power very much exaggerated. Lord Hartington was rather amused at the two opinions so absolutely at variance.

The Deichmanns came to see us the other day, just back from Berlin, and in despair over the Emperor. Deichmann said he came into the room with the same straight, soldierly bearing he had always had, and except that he was thinner, looked unchanged; but he couldn't speak, and his friends fear the worst. He is worried too over the friction between the Empress and Bismarck—too such strong wills in conflict.

LONDON,
April 26, 1888.

I wonder if you are as cold as I am to-day. I have been driving about shivering in the open carriage and my seal-skin felt like a foulard. I think I got cold last night. We had a pleasant dinner at Lord Knutsford's. I had

Count Kufstein next to me. He was for years in Paris at the Austrian Embassy just when I was first married and making my début in the official world. He is here now for the sugar conference, and we were delighted to go back to old times, as he knows everybody in Paris of all kinds: Imperialists, Royalists, and Republicans. It wasn't always easy for a foreigner to get along and not offend somebody. On our way home W. suggested that we should go in for a moment to the W. H. Smiths' who had a big political reception. In a weak moment I agreed. It is not really necessary to go to those big parties—one can be written down in the book by one of the secretaries, or give the names to the lady of the *Morning Post* who sits with her hat and coat behind the door, and puts down as many names as she can manage. I should think she would have perpetual rheumatism, as the hall door is open and the draught something awful. The moment I set my foot in the hall my heart sank, such a crowd on the stairs, I should think all the House of Commons and all their female relations. There was a double current going and coming, and I was thankful not to have my dress torn to bits. We met Tom Leigh coming down. He said he had been 15 minutes on the same step. However we did manage to get upstairs—tried to find either host or hostess, but they had evidently left the door—so after struggling through one or two rooms packed tight with people I discovered a high wooden stool behind one of the doors which had evidently been used for lighting the candles and been forgotten, so I seated myself on that and told W. I would wait for him there, as he thought he would try and find some one of the family. I sat there some little time rather interested in the stream of perfectly unknown faces which passed until I was

rescued by Correa, the Brazilian Minister, who couldn't believe that it was really the French Ambassadress sitting alone on a three-legged stool behind the door. W. came back in about a quarter of an hour not having seen any one he knew, and then we started down the staircase where we had the same struggle, and the cold air blowing in upon my bare shoulders. I was cross when I got home—however I suppose exactly the same thing happens when we have a big reception, as the Embassy is not nearly large enough. The other night when the Duke of Cambridge dined with us we had a party afterward. W. went down to the door with him and never got up again, there was such a crowd on the stairs.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, May 19, 1888.

The season is animated enough and we are out every night (not all day, as so many people are, as we refuse all lunches and teas). Our music the other evening with Wolff, the young Dutch violinist, and Mdme. Kleeberg, was nice. We had invited only about 50 people, all musical. Everyone could sit down (which the men appreciated, as they usually *stand* in the doorway all through the concert), and also we were not obliged to have those rows of gilt chairs which grate so on my nerves. I know the women hate it so when they are all seated in rows very close to each other and not a man anywhere near. Wolff played divinely, with so much tone and sentiment. He had a great success. Mdme. Kleeberg always plays beautifully. She is well known here and much liked. It was the first time Wolff had played in London, and he was a little nervous.

Last night we dined with Lady Delawarr to meet

Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. The Princess is charming; a pretty, graceful figure and attractive manner, absolutely what the Italians would call "simpatica." Lord Lorne took me to dinner, and I found him most entertaining and original. He talked a great deal about Canada and America, and certainly knows and appreciates "the States." He said if he hadn't been born the eldest son of an English Duke he would certainly emigrate to the West of America and pitch his tent there.

There was a reception and music in the evening, Wolff playing beautifully, but, alas! no one listening. Lady Borthwick (who is a good musician) and I moved into the large drawing-room at his request when he began to play, and I really don't think anyone else scarcely listened, and certainly no one realised when, after playing a few moments under great difficulty (people coming and going and talking all the time), he calmly laid his violin on the piano and stopped. He came up to me to explain, what I quite understood, that he could hear neither his own violin nor the accompaniment, and I could not urge him to continue. It is very hard on the artists, an evening like that. If they don't play well, everyone criticises; and if they stop altogether, people think it is high-handed, and criticise equally. I have learnt now by experience and never invite *many* people when I have music.

May 22, 1888.

We had a pleasant evening last night at Sir Arthur Sullivan's who had a dinner for the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg. There were all kinds of artists—singing, reciting, and dancing. An American girl, with a very pretty voice, sang very well, and Letty Lind was charming. The Duchess Paul looked very pretty and chic, and was most amiable. The

Prince is so nice to artists—always a gracious word and smile. Sullivan is an excellent host, and keeps everything going. Just as we arrived the electric light went out. I couldn't imagine why the house looked so dark as we drove up, for I knew the Prince was dining, and there was the red carpet which always indicates Royalty, so there could be no mistake, but the hall-door was open and lamps and candles being brought in from all quarters. We took off our cloaks in the dark, but in a very few minutes things were put right, and the rooms brilliantly illuminated. W. never remains long on these occasions, but I stayed until the end, even for supper, which was very gay.

LONDON, May 24, 1888.

My small musical tea for the Duchess Paul was very successful I think yesterday. I could not have Johannes Wolff, the violinist, which I regretted extremely. He plays quite beautifully, with so much "entrain" and sentiment. I think I have already written to you about him, he is a Dutchman who was sent to me by Mdme. de Zuylen (you remember Zuylen who was so long Dutch Minister in Paris). It was a little discouraging at first, there is such a tremendous concurrence in London, and English people like to hear the same artists, whom they know well; Joachim, Sarasate, and Mdme. Neruda have it all their own way. However, I made a small party for him, all musical people, Lady Borthwick, Mrs. Ronalds, Tosti, Lord Lathom, etc., and he conquered his public at once. It was splendid playing and a style quite his own. We replaced him by Mdme. Le Valloit, who plays very well; and had besides Picolellis (from Florence), who plays well (cello), and Carpe, the Italian baritone who has a big voice and sings in the Italian style. The audience

listened pretty well at first, then came tea and the clatter of tea-cups in the blue room where all the jeunesse had congregated, talking and laughing and having their tea with a fine unconsciousness of the music going on in the next room. They are really very tiresome. That reminds me of Grieg who was very "difficile," and who couldn't stand a sound when he was playing. He and his wife came to the Embassy one night and played and sang quite charmingly, and everybody was delighted. Quite at the last moment one of the Royalties talked a little while he was playing, and I saw the moment when he would get up from the piano. However, Wolff and I between us managed to calm him. When it was over I told him what a success he had had—that the Prince had enjoyed his playing so much, to which he replied—"Ja, der hat es laut gesagt."

Duchess Paul was very amiable, stayed until after 7 and seemed to enjoy it; at least she listened and spoke very nicely to the artists afterward. I had just time to dress for a dinner at the Austrian Embassy.

May 26, 1888.

We dined to-night with our cousins the Ivor Herberts, a dinner for the Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg. We were asked for 8.15, and they never came until 9, looking quite unconcerned. I can't imagine how the cooks manage. Juteau tears his hair when we are so late, but he is getting accustomed to English hours now, and doesn't get ready himself until a quarter of an hour after the time fixed. We were a perfect bore to all our friends at first with our French punctuality, and arrived once or twice before the master of the house. W. consulted Lord Granville, who told him his rule was to leave his house *at the hour named for the dinner;* but as we dine sometimes

around the corner, and sometimes at Kensington that is not always practical. People in Paris are very punctual and never wait more than a quarter of an hour for anyone. I remember quite well when I was first married, and my husband was a Cabinet Minister, being late for dinner at Comte Paul de Ségur's. When we arrived they were at table. Among the guests was the Duc d'Audifret-Pasquier, President of the Senate—he had arrived in time and they wouldn't keep him waiting more than the "quart d'heure de grâce." I was very much surprised, as after all my husband was a personage, but I must say I think the rule is a good one. I was next to the Duke and found him very pleasant. He is a brother of the Grand Duchess Wladimir, and he talked about the Coronation, and some of the curious, half barbaric ceremonies. He had been lunching at Sheen with the Comte de Paris, and was much impressed with the dull, sad look of the place. It does look gloomy, enclosed in high walls, such a contrast to Eu and the beautiful, bright sunny homes where the Orléans Princes spent their childish years.

ALBERT GATE, May 30th.

To-night we have a quiet evening, and are glad to have a chance to talk over Boulanger (who is coming here) and various troublesome questions. We dined last night with the Duchess of Westminster to meet Princess Mary and the Duke of Teck. The dinner was handsome and pleasant, and there was a small ball afterward. They danced in the picture gallery, a beautiful, large room, where the dresses and jewels showed to great advantage. We didn't stay very late as W. never dances, not even the regulation "Quadrille d'Honneur" at Court. He and Karolyi are the only diplomatists who never dance.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, June 5, 1888.

Yesterday was a beautiful summer day, the ideal Sunday of Bishop Keble—"The bridal of the earth and sky." We walked through the "Church Parade" coming back from Westminster. There were quantities of pretty girls dotted about the Park, looking so fresh and cool in their white dresses. I had various visits. Sunday is the *man's* day in London, and the afternoon is generally interesting. The Spanish Ambassador came in. He had been lunching at Sheen with the Comte de Paris, and told me that the Prince asked him if he had seen his Collègue de France lately, and what *he* thought of the state of things in France, and particularly what he thought of Boulanger. I told him I didn't think the French Ambassador shared the Comte de Paris' enthusiasm for that hero, but that *he* had better ask him.

About 5.30 W. and I started for White Lodge, Richmond Park, to dine with Princess Mary and the Duke of Teck. We found quite a party assembled in the garden around a tea-table, the Princess making the tea herself, Princess May and some of the young ones helping. The talk was pleasant and easy, Princess Mary is a charming hostess and *likes* to talk (which is certainly not the case with all English women). She is very stout, but has a beautiful head and fine presence. Tosti and Picolellis dined, and played divinely after dinner. The evening was enchanting. We all sat in the big drawing-room opening on the garden. There was not much light, the moon shining through the trees, and the two artists playing as if inspired anything anyone asked for, from a Spohr sonata to an Italian canzonetta. I thought we

should stay there all night—no one wanted to go home. The drive home was lovely, the London streets are so quiet Sunday night.

June 6th.

This morning was the great meet of the coaches, and our terrace of course is in great request as it gives directly on the Park. It is always a pretty sight as everyone turns out. Lord Fife had the Prince of Wales with him, and the Princess was driving about with her three daughters in a victoria. The news of the German Emperor is very bad.

June 10th.

This afternoon we had lovely music at Frank Schuster's. Both Wolff and Hollman played divinely. They are great rivals, both Dutchmen, and both great favourites (Hollman is 'cello). A trio with them and Mdmé. Kleeberg at the piano is absolutely perfect.

Our dinner at the Monks' was pleasant. I had Sir Rivers Wilson next to me, and he is a charming neighbour, has been everywhere, knows everybody, and talks easily without any pose. There was a concert in the evening—very good—Trebelli, Lloyd, Nordica, etc. I made acquaintance with Nordica, who is an American, Miss Norton, from Boston I think. She sings beautifully. I said to her (they were all talking hard between the songs), "What a noise! Can you ever begin?" "Oh, certainly," she said, "I shall make much more noise than they do," and she was quite right. Her voice rang through the room. One of her songs was Delibes' "Filles de Cadiz," which she sang splendidly.

June 12th.

This afternoon we have been sight-seeing. Jean came to breakfast, and we started off with Jusserand and St.

Genys to see the Panorama of Niagara, which they say is extremely well done. I wanted the foreigners to have an idea of our great Falls, for I think in their hearts they were rather disposed to agree with a statement in one of the Swiss guide-books in speaking of the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, "generally supposed to surpass the celebrated Falls of Niagara in America." However they were agreeably disappointed and were much pleased and interested. The Panorama is really very good. It is so many years since I have seen Niagara that I had forgotten how magnificent the Horse Shoe Fall is, and I almost expected to hear the roar of the cataract, and to see the little Indian boy selling moccasins and maple sugar. I wonder if I would like maple sugar now. One of my French friends, Mdme. Casimir Perier, to whom I offered as a great treat some American home-made gingerbread, could hardly swallow it, and assured me that I couldn't eat it either if it had not been a "souvenir d'enfance." On leaving Niagara we went to the Aquarium to see a dog show. There were some fine specimens, but I didn't think any of the fox terriers as good as my Boniface. We also saw a swimming match, young ladies disporting themselves in the water in most wonderful costumes. Then to change our ideas we went into Westminster Abbey, just getting there for the end of the afternoon service. We heard the anthem, which was beautiful. It is such a good choir—some of the boys' voices divine, and they look like such little angels in their white surplices. A good many people were waiting to go round the Abbey at the end of the service, and we had some difficulty in getting away from the various guides who haunt the church and fall upon strangers. We wandered about with Jusserand for our cicerone. He knows everything about everything, and we had an in-

teresting hour. Some of the old tombs are so curious. We got back to the Embassy for tea, having enjoyed ourselves immensely. I think in her heart Jean was rather shocked at the Aquarium performance—didn't think it was exactly the place for me—that was the reason I liked it, I suppose, I am so often now in the place where I ought to be.

To H. L. K.

LONDON,
June 12, 1888.

It is beautiful again to-day. We had a nice canter in the Row. Everyone was talking about the German Emperor, and speculating over the future. There is a curious mistrust of the young Prince. No one seems to know exactly what he will do, and what will be his attitude toward England. This afternoon we have been out to Chiswick with the Florians, and Francis, to launch a torpilleur built for the French Navy by Thornycroft. We found Thornycroft and some of his friends waiting for us at the entrance of the dockyard. They took us to a platform covered with red cloth erected quite close to the boat—which was prettily dressed with flags—the men said her shape was wonderful (for a torpilleur, which never can be graceful). They gave me a bottle of champagne, and told me what to do. I flung the bottle as hard as I could against the stern of the boat, saying "Success to the 'Coureur.'" It broke into a thousand pieces, the champagne spattering all over my dress. We then adjourned to a summer-house overlooking the river for tea, and afterward went over the boat. There are accommodations (such as they are) for two officers and nine men, but it must be most uncomfortable, particularly in rough weather. However, she was built for

speed, Thornycroft told us, and everything was suppressed that was not absolutely necessary. I hope she will make a good record.

June 13th.

Yesterday I decided quite suddenly to go to Ascot. It was a beautiful day, not too hot, and the Florians were quite ready to go with me. W. hates races and a long day in the country. We got down all right, hearing vague rumours on the way about the Emperor's death, but the Royal box was open, prepared evidently for the Princes, and there were quantities of people on the lawn. We were standing near the gate waiting to see the procession appear, when suddenly Lord Coventry, Master of the Buckhounds, rode in alone. Instantly everyone said there must be bad news from the German Emperor (which was true). The Prince of Wales had a telegram, just as he was getting into his carriage, from the Queen, to say the news was very bad, and none of them must go to the races. Very soon some of the gentlemen of the Prince's party arrived, among others Karolyi, who said the Emperor was dying—dead probably at that moment. The Prince's servants and lunch were sent back as soon as possible (of course all their provisions and servants had been sent to Ascot, as they have a big lunch party there every day), so we all lunched with Lord Coventry. I went up after lunch to the top of the stand to see the race, and had the satisfaction of seeing the French horse come in an *easy* last.

We went to tea with Lady Diana Huddleston, who has a pretty cottage close to the course, and sat under the trees some time. I had refused a dinner in London, and was in no hurry to get back. We quite expected to see the Emperor's death in the evening papers, but he seems

to have rallied again a little. Poor man, how terrible it is the way he fights for his life—and he has known from the first, they say, that there was no hope. I am so sorry for her—she is so clever, so ambitious, and would have done so much for Germany.

WOBURN ABBEY,
June 15, 1888.

We arrived here yesterday for tea. It had rained hard in the morning. W. and I were riding and were taking our usual quick canter at the far end of the Park (Marble Arch) when the storm began. We got home as fast as we could, but were dripping, both of us. The water poured off my hat like a shower-bath when I took it off. We had just time to get dry and dress before starting for the station where we found the Duke's* régisseur waiting for us with a "wagon-salon." We had a short railway journey through pretty English village country; then a drive of half an hour brought us here. The Park is enormous, fine trees and beautifully green—such a rest after London smoke. The house is very large, with a great square court and corridors running all around it filled with family and historical pictures. The Duchess and her daughters were waiting for us in the morning room. We had tea and almost immediately went upstairs, as it was late. I have a charming big room with such views over the Park. There are always in these large houses lovely bits of old furniture, pictures, old china, etc. The dinner was handsome—quantities of gold and silver plate, and the table covered with azaleas. The Duke talked a great deal. He speaks French and German like a native (was brought up in Germany) and has the

* The Duke of Bedford.

courteous, dignified manner of the old-fashioned English gentleman—a little stiff perhaps (they say people, even his children, are afraid of him), but I find him most attractive, particularly in these days when people haven't time apparently to be polite. The house party is small—Lord Tavistock, son of the house, with his handsome wife, Lady Ampthill, widow of Lord Ampthill (whom you will remember well as Odo Russell in Rome, and who was for years British Ambassador in Berlin). We saw him there when we stopped three or four days on our way to Moscow for the Coronation. They loved him in Berlin, just as they did in Rome. Do you remember how much put out all the women were there when his engagement was announced? Lady Ampthill looks sad, and is of course most anxious about the Emperor Frederick, and eager for news, she knew him and the Empress so well at Berlin. There is also Böhm, the sculptor, and one or two young men. The evening was short, everyone talking of course about the Emperor. The Duke says his death will be an immense loss to the whole world. The ladies came upstairs about 10.30—the men went to the smoking-room. This morning it is showery—I didn't go down to breakfast, but about 12.30 I found my way to the drawing-room, and the Duchess showed me the house before lunch. It would take weeks to see all that is in it. The gallery that runs round the court is filled with portraits of Russells of every degree, also various Kings and Queens of England. There are splendid pictures all over the house—one drawing-room absolutely panelled with Canalettos. When we had been over the house we went into the garden to dedicate a fountain which Böhm had made, and also to see a full length statue of the Duchess which he had also just completed for the garden. I am very glad to know Böhm. He is

intelligent and sympathetic, original too. He and W. had a long talk last night in the "fumoir," and it seems he was much struck with W. and said afterward to the Duke "Der weiss alles."

After lunch, just as we were starting to have tea at Ampthill, we received two telegrams—one from the Embassy, and one from Deichmann—telling of the Emperor's death at 11 this morning—so that long struggle is over. We drove over to Ampthill, and walked about in the garden with umbrellas and waterproofs, but of course the place looked triste and dark as there are great trees close to the house. There was a very good picture of Lord Ampthill in one of the drawing-rooms, and souvenirs of their diplomatic life in every direction; signed photographs of all sorts of distinguished people—snuff-boxes, medals, etc.

June 16th.

It is still grey and damp, but no rain. The Duchess took us for a beautiful *grass* drive through miles of rhododendrons, quite enchanting—I have never seen anything like it;—but again the want of sunlight made a great difference. The contrast between the deep green of the lawn and the extraordinary amount and variety of colour was most striking. We left about 3—immediately after lunch. I had quite a talk with the Duke while we were waiting for the carriage. He told me he had been so pleased to have had W. at his house and to hear him talk. He said—"I am not a Republican, but I must say that so long as the Republic finds men like him to serve her, there can be nothing better for France."

LONDON, June 24th.

We all went to the funeral service for the Emperor Frederick this morning, all of us smothered in crêpe with

long crêpe veils. It was precisely the same service over again as we had had for the old Emperor a few months ago. The heat was something awful—so many people—and it was very long. I dined in the evening at Hurlingham with Sir Roderick Cameron, and that was nice; deliciously cool, lights all about the place, and the Hungarian band playing.

To H. L. K.

LONDON,
July 12, 1888.

Last night I had a novel and most amusing experience. I went with Count and Countess de Florian (they are always ready to do anything I want) to dine at the Mansion House. W. could not go. As soon as we arrived they roared out my name, or rather my official title—"Her Excellency the French Ambassadress," and I walked alone (the Florians a little behind) up the great hall lined with people to where the Lord Mayor was standing, with his robes, chains, etc., a mace-bearer on one side, and a sort of trumpeter on the other. He stood quite still until I got close to him, then shook hands and asked my permission to remove his robes (ermine). We then went in to dinner. The Lord Mayor and his wife sat side by side, and I was on his right. The dinner was fairly good (a regular banquet, 70 or 80 people), with music and speeches. I rather like the ceremony of the "loving cup." The cup was a handsome heavy gold tankard, with handles and a cover, and was brought first to the Lord Mayor. He rose—I did the same, and he asked me to take off the cover, which I did, and held it while he drank. Then he wiped the edge with his napkin, and passed it to me. The man next to me got up and held the cover

while I drank. (The cup is very heavy and I had to take it with both hands.) The same ceremony was repeated all around the enormous table, and it was a pretty and curious sight to see a couple always standing—the women in full dress and jewels standing out well between the black coats of the men. It seems it is a very old custom, a remnant of rough feudal times, when the man drinking was obliged to have a friend standing next to him, to ward off a possible blow, his hands being occupied. I don't know what we drank—I should think a sort of hot spiced wine. Of course one just touches the edge of the cup. A wonderful man, in old-fashioned garb and a stentorian voice, stood always behind the Lord Mayor's chair, and called out all the names, toasts, etc. We went in afterward to Mrs. Oppenheim, who had a musical party—all the pretty women, and Mme. Nordica singing beautifully, with the orchestra of the Opera.

LONDON,
July 14, 1888.

I am rather tired to-night, but I think you must hear about the comédie while it is still fresh in my mind. It really went very well. We arranged a sort of rampe with flowers and ribbons (Thénard's suggestion) at the end of the ball-room, and made up the background with screens, curtains, etc. The little troupe had been well drilled by Thénard, who took a great deal of trouble, not only with their diction, but with their movements. At first they were always standing in a heap and tumbling over each other, or insisting upon turning their backs to the audience. "Ce n'est pas bien joli, ce que vous montrez au public, mes enfants," says Thénard. Here is the programme:—

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE À LONDRES

SAMEDI, 14 JUILLET, 1888

L'EDUCATION À LA MODE

PAR BERQUIN

MADAME VERTEUIL .....MLLE. BÉATRICE DE BUNSEN
MADAME BEAUMONT .....MLLE. DE LANGHE
LÉONORA, sa nièce .....LADY MARY PEPYS
DIDIER, son neveu } ..M. FRANCIS WADDINGTON
M. DUPAS, Maître de danse }
TRUETTE, soubrette .....MLLE. CAMERON

I was very proud of my little troupe. Béatrice looked very well and stately in powder, black satin, and lace. Mlle. de Langhe and Daisy very well got up, and the two children charming. Lady Mary Pepys was too sweet, and they danced their minuet perfectly. There were roars of laughter when Francis appeared as "Maître de Danse" with a white wig and his violin. The children were not at all shy, enjoyed themselves immensely. B. was a little "émue" at first when she saw how many people there were, but it didn't last and she was excellent, so perfectly correct, and unfrivolous, and boring. Francis said his little poetry, "Le bon Gîte" of Déroulède, quite prettily. W. was rather surprised and quite pleased, and Thénard beamed, as she had coached him. She recites some of those "Chants du Soldat" of Déroulède's divinely. It is a perfect treat to hear her recite in her beautiful rich voice "Le Petit Clairon," also "La Fiancée du Timbalier," with an accompaniment of soft music.

All the children (as we had invited Francis's young friends to see the performance) had tea together afterward, and they wound up with a dance. The men of the

Embassy were much pleased, particularly Jusserand, who is rather "difficile." They complimented B. very much; said she spoke so distinctly and with very little accent. It was rather trying for her to play before all the Embassy and an ex-member of the Comédie Française. Francis's blue velvet coat and lace ruffles were very becoming to him. Wolff told him how to hold his violin, I wish you could have seen it. It was much prettier than the original little play at Bourneville, when we executed as well as we could a menuet.

We had a very select public, among others Wyndham of the Criterion, who is an interesting man and a charming actor. When you come over I will take you to see his David Garrick, which I consider a perfect bit of acting. I wrote and asked him to "assister aux débuts d'un jeune collaborateur." The funny formal old-fashioned Berquin phrases amused him. He knows French well.

London, August.

We have decided to go to Scotland with Sir Roderick Cameron and his family, and are starting in a day or two. London is dull and empty, has suddenly become a deserted city. Even the shops are empty, and the Park a wilderness. All our colleagues have gone. I think W. is the only Ambassador in London, and he wants to get off to France and have a few days on the Aisne before he goes to the Conseil Général. We means Francis and me for Scotland.

To H. L. K.

Inveraylort,
August 17, 1888.

I will try and give you an account of our journey, Dear. We arrived in this most lovely place for late dinner yes-

terday, and went almost at once to bed, having begun our day at 7 o'clock. We left London Tuesday morning by the Flying Scotchman, and a tremendous pace we came. There were quantities of people at the station, all going apparently by our train—children, dogs, guns, fishing rods, provision baskets, tall footmen racing after distracted French maids, and piles of luggage. We had our saloon carriage reserved (as we were a fair party—C., the four girls, Duncan, a friend Miss W., Francis and I and two or three maids). We had also a fair amount of baskets, shawls, cushions, etc. It was a lovely morning, not too warm, and I think W., who came down to the station to see us off, was half sorry he was not going too.

We stopped for luncheon at York, and got to Edinburgh at 6.30. The pace was frightful, but we went so smoothly that one hardly realised the speed. We went straight to the hotel to see our rooms and order dinner, and then went out for a walk. The streets were crowded; omnibuses and cabs with luggage in every direction. The old town and castle looked most picturesque in the soft summer light. Daisy and I went out again after dinner, and after loitering a little near the hotel we saw a tramcar, asked where it went, and mounted on the top, telling the man we would go as far as we could, and then come back. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we were very cool and comfortable perched on the top of the car. When the man came to get the money for the places I discovered that I had no change—merely a sovereign. The old gentleman, a tall, white-bearded Scotchman, grumbled a good deal, and made various uncomplimentary remarks to himself in a low tone. However after some little time he appeared with a handful of silver. I took the money mechanically

and began to stuff it into my portemonnaie, as he looked at me severely and said—"First count your money to see that it is right, and then give me what you owe for your places."

We were up early the next morning—breakfasted at 9 o'clock as we wanted to see a little of Edinburgh before starting for Oban at 12 o'clock. It was an enchanting morning, not too warm, and we went first to the Castle. There is not much to see inside—always a beautiful view of sea and hills. There is a chapel and some old rooms which various Kings and Queens of Scotland have inhabited at various times. A company of Highlanders in Cameron plaids were being exercised in the courtyard, and a fine stalwart set of men they were.

From there we drove through some of the old streets (Cannongate, etc.) to Holyrood, which was most interesting. The children of course were most anxious to see the spot where Rizzio was murdered, and the blood-stains on the floor, but they have disappeared years ago. We were delighted with the pictures. There are quantities of course of Mary, Queen of Scots—one large portrait with that beautiful, sad Stuart face—as if they all foresaw their destinies. I had forgotten how small and low the rooms are. In these luxurious days no ordinary lady would be satisfied with Queen Mary's bedroom and boudoir; and the servants, accustomed to be quite as comfortable as their masters, would give warning at once. We drove straight from the Palace to the station, where our carriage was waiting for us. All our wraps, cushions, etc., neatly arranged; and started for Oban, a most lovely journey, particularly all about Loch Awe. We got to Oban about 7, and I shall often think of that lovely evening. The harbour filled with yachts and sailboats of all kinds—the water blue and dancing, and the

most divine soft pink lights on the hills, a little like what we used to love at Capri and Ischia—quite beautiful. Daisy and I did some shopping before dinner—bought clean collars for the children, who were decidedly the worse for the two days' journey, and we also interviewed the well-known Ewan at the tartan shop with a view to kilted skirts. D. found their tartan at once of course as there are so many Camerons—ours was rather more difficult as there are few *Chisholms* left (my Mother-in-law was born Chisholm) and the authorities in London told us we could certainly wear the family plaid. The shop people promised to get it for me. The man was much interested in the skirt for Miss W. Being an American there was no family tartan to be looked up, and she couldn't quite make up her mind. However he came to the rescue, telling her that "all the *American* ladies take the Royal Stuart, Miss." We had an excellent dinner at the very small hotel where we were obliged to go—all the swell hotels were full—and there are quantities of people in the streets, and boats coming and going from the yachts. The Englishwomen all look so nice in their yachting dresses, almost all of dark blue serge and a sailor hat or regular yachting cap. The cap is rather trying, but the young and pretty women look charming in it. Some of the trippers and their ladies are wonderful to behold. We stood near a couple who were just starting for Skye on one of the steamers. The man was in a wonderful checked suit, and the lady in a brilliant red and green tartan (not unlike the Chisholm), on her head was a Scotch stalking cap, which was not becoming to a red, round face. However *she* was satisfied and so was her companion, who looked at her most admiringly, saying—"I say, you are fetching in that cap." "Il y en a pour tous les goûts." When we got back to the hotel we

found that Sir R. had quite changed our "itinéraire." He had seen the boat, a fine large one which made the outside passage to Arishaig, so instead of taking the Caledonian Canal and landing at Fort William where carriages and carts were ordered for us, he decided that we should go by sea, and take our chance of finding some means of transport. He did, however, send a telegram to Arishaig, as the hotel man told him he would never find any conveyance for such a large party.

We started at 9 o'clock, and the sail was enchanting. About 12 we ran rather close to a small headland, and the Captain told us we had arrived. Apparently we were in broad Atlantic with a rocky shore in the distance —however a boat appeared, one of those broad, flat boats which one sees all over in Scotland. Our disembarkation was difficult as we were 11 people with quantities of trunks and parcels. Happily the sea was quite smooth. All the passengers were wildly interested in the operation and crowded to the side of the steamer. When all the party had finally got off with trunks, bags, a bird in a cage, and a kitten in a basket, one of the passengers remarked—"They only need a pony in that boat, to make the party complete."

To say we found a landing-place would be absolute fiction. As we neared the shore we saw a quantity of black, slippery rocks, and on these we landed, the boatmen holding the boat as near as they could, and we climbing, and slipping, and struggling to get on shore. Our baggage was dumped on the rocks and there we were—not a habitation or a creature in sight. At last we found a sort of house behind a mass of rocks, and saw several carriages in the distance which we supposed were for us. Not at all! Sir R.'s telegram had not been received and those were carriages waiting for a "Corps" which was

being conveyed across on a yacht. We tried to persuade them to take some of us at any rate, and at last with great difficulty one carriage was given to us. The negotiations were extremely difficult, as nobody spoke anything but Gaelic, except an old woman, and she was so cross and apparently so suspicious of the whole party that we got on better by signs and a few extra shillings. Sir R. and the maids walked (4 miles through lovely country) and we all finally arrived at the little fishing village of Arishaig, where there is a good inn. It is a little place, three or four fishermen's cottages, a post-office, and two churches, a large Roman Catholic Cathedral and a small Established Church. We had a good lunch and started at 3.30, getting here at 5.30. Such a beautiful drive—all blue sky, and heather almost as blue—and great grey mountains. We walked up two very steep hills, but had such glorious views at the top that we didn't mind the climb.

This place is charming—the house fairly large. It stands low on the lake or arm of the sea, and has pine woods and high mountains behind. It is absolutely lonely —no houses near, except one or two (agent's and farmer's) that belong to the estate. The country is lovely, wild and picturesque, but it would be a terrible place to be in except with a large party. There is nothing nearer than 10 miles, and no real village or settlement for 25. We are about half way between Fort William and Arishaig (each 20 or 25 miles away). I think all our provisions come from Fort William. A stage passes twice a day, morning and evening. Our baggage arrived at 10.30, and we were all glad to go to bed, as we had begun our day early. It is so still to-night—I am writing in my room—the lake looks beautiful in the moonlight, and there is not a sound.

INVERAYLORT,
Sunday, August 19th.

We have settled down most comfortably in the house, which is fairly large, but we are never indoors except to eat and sleep. We had a lovely drive yesterday all through this property, and to a neighbour's where there is a pillar to show where Prince Charlie landed. There are many Roman Catholics in these parts, which accounts for the large church in the little fishing village of Arishaig.

This morning we had a service in the "Wash-house" —a red-headed Scotch peasant was the "Minister." It was a curious sort of independent service, impromptu prayers, and a long sermon. The congregation consisted of ourselves and the household. Miss Cameron, the owner of this place, who is staying at her agent's cottage on the place, some friends of hers, and the people of the little inn where the daily coach from Fort William stops for rest and luncheon. There are no other habitations of any kind except a few crofters' cottages across the lake. After luncheon we went for a long walk along the stream where there are plenty of fish, and came home over the hills. They are blue and deep purple, with heather, and there are divine views in every direction.

Thursday, August 22d.

It is again a beautiful day. We intended to row down to see some friends of Sir R.'s about 5 or 6 miles off at the mouth of the lake, where it runs into the sea, but there is some trouble about the boats. Our "propriétaire," Miss C., seems to have singular ideas as to the respective rights of owners and tenants. It was so fine and cool that we decided to walk, and the B.'s promised to send us back in their boat. It was long, but the path was not too steep all along the lake, and we arrived not

too exhausted. They gave us tea, showed us the house and garden, and we started back about 9. The row home was enchanting, but weird—not a thing to be seen of any kind, except seals, which came up close to the boat. I had never seen one near, and thought at first they were dogs and was so surprised to see so many swimming about; not a sound except the splash of our oars in the water when we turned our backs to the sea, the heather-covered mountains shutting us in on all sides. It was quite wild and beautiful, but a solitude that would be appalling if one lived altogether in the country.

INVERAYLORT, August 27th.

After all they are not going to stay the month, Sir R. and his proprietor can't come to terms, and I think they will probably take a yacht and cruise about a little. The lake is decidedly rough this morning, but still we thought we must row across to some crofters' cottages. They told us they were of the poorest description, and we wanted to see what their life and houses were. Most wretched little houses (our horses much better off in their stables), generally one room, sometimes two; no floor, merely the earth trodden hard, and covered with straw. To-day it had been raining; there were puddles in the corners and the straw was decidedly damp. A peat fire was burning, and the only opening (no window) was a hole in the thatched roof, which lets the smoke out and the rain in. An old woman was spinning and an old man was sitting in the corner mending a fishing net. They were tall, gaunt figures—might be any age. They spoke nothing but Gaelic, but soon a young woman appeared on the scene who knew English. She looked as old as her mother, but had a keen, sharp face. I was rather interested in the spinning-wheel, so the two

women suggested that I should try; but I could do nothing. Either I went too fast and broke the yarn, or else the wheel remained absolutely motionless. I bought some yarn, as I had broken various bits, and then we started home, carrying away an impression of wretched poverty and hard lives of toil, with little to lighten the burden.

OBAN, August 29th.

We are back here after a most eventful journey from Inveraylort. We started in the rain, the mist closing round us and blotting out the whole landscape. We had two carriages, but the pony cart came to grief, and the two girls and Francis were thrown out. Miss W. had an ugly cut on her face, but poor N. was lying on the ground, pale and suffering, convinced that her arm was broken. When we got up to them we took her into the waggonette and got on as quickly as we could to Caupar, our destination, where we had been told of a wonderful bone-setter who was well known in all these parts. He saw at once what was wrong—her shoulder was dislocated, and said she must not continue the journey, so we left her there with her sister and brother, and we came on here. They all appeared this afternoon—N. with her arm in a sling and looking fairly well. She said the man set it so quickly and gently she hardly had time to feel any pain.

OBAN,

September 3d.

We had a beautiful day yesterday for our excursion to Staffa and Iona. The sea was perfectly calm, and the lights and shades on the mountains enchanting. It was a lovely sail; sometimes we ran into little shaded harbours with two or three cottages and a hotel perched

high up on the top of a mountain, and sometimes passed so close to land under the great cliffs that one could throw a stone on the shore. The islands are most interesting, with their old churches and their curious stone crosses, and there were not too many people on the boat. The return was delicious as we sat on deck, watching all the colours fade away from sea and hills.

We leave to-morrow for London and Paris, and I am very sorry to go. We have enjoyed our three weeks immensely. The country is so beautiful, and then it was a great pleasure to be with some of my own people; we have been away so long that the family ties get weaker. Francis was quite happy with some cousins to run about with.

To G. K. S.

ALBERT GATE,
May 21, 1889.

I got back from Paris last night, rather sorry to come. The weather was enchanting, warm and bright, and, of course, quantities of people for the Exhibition. It isn't half ready yet, but is most interesting—so much to see. I dined and breakfasted there several times at the various restaurants—one evening with the Walter Burns and a party, and we went afterward to see the "fontaines lumineuses," which are really fairy-like; but such a crowd. I also heard the two American prima donnas —Miss Eames, who is very handsome, has a fresh, young voice, and is an ideal Juliette. She is a vision really in her bridal dress as Juliette. Miss Sanderson is also very handsome, but in quite a different style. Her voice is very high and true; she was singing "Esclarmonde" at the Opéra Comique. Massenet has taught her everything. I have found quantities of invitations

here, in fact was obliged to come over, as we have a big dinner the day after to-morrow, and the Court ball.

Tuesday, May 28, 1889.

We had our first encounter with Boulanger this morning. W. and I were walking our horses down the Row when we met three gentlemen cantering toward us. As they passed we heard they were speaking French, but didn't pay any particular attention. I merely said, "I wonder who those men are," one so rarely hears French spoken in the Row. A few minutes later we met Lord Charles Beresford, who took a little turn with us, and said to W., "The other distinguished Frenchman is also in the Row,"—then we divined. A few moments afterward (the Row is so small one crosses people all the time) we met them again, Boulanger in the middle riding his famous black horse—a man on each side riding good horses, chestnuts. They all wore top-hats, which no Englishmen do now in the morning. The men all wear low hats, the women also, and covert coats, the girls cotton blouses; not at all the correct style we used to admire as children in *Punch* when those beautiful women of Leech's riding in the Park filled our childish hearts with envy. I was rather curious as to what would happen, as W. knows Boulanger slightly, and went to him when he was Minister of War about something concerning the military attaché; however, there was no difficulty, as Boulanger was apparently too engrossed in conversation with his companions to notice anyone. I wonder if we shall meet him anywhere? They tell us that some of the society people mean to invite him, but I suppose they will scarcely ask us together.

Thursday, May 30th.

Yesterday was the last Drawing-room of this season. I rather feel as if it were my last in London, but one never knows. We (Corps Diplomatique) were still all in black, the English in colours. It was long and tiring. We dined at Lord Sudeley's—I rather wishing I had no engagement. I am always tired after those hours of standing, and the diadem is heavy, and the train, too, held over one's arm; however, I was quite repaid, as I had a charming neighbour. I didn't know at all who he was, as they rarely introduce in England, so we embarked on one of those banal, inane conversations one has with a stranger of whom one knows nothing, and were talking on smoothly about nothing at all, when he remarked, casually, "I suppose you never go to church." This I at once resented vehemently, so he explained that he didn't know, as I was a Frenchwoman, probably a Catholic (as if they didn't go to church), etc. He turned out to be Canon Rogers, a charming, intelligent, well-known man, most independent in his words and actions. He is rector of St. Botolph's, a church in Bishopsgate, the most disreputable part of London. We became great friends, and he asked me if I would go and lunch with him one Sunday, and he would show me Petticoat Lane. I agreed of course, and we decided for next Sunday. He said he had never had a French lady and an Ambassadress as a guest, and didn't quite know what to do. Should he ask the Prince of Wales and order champagne? I told him my tastes were very simple, and if I might bring my cousin Hilda, and one of the Secretaries, I should be quite happy—also I liked apple-pie, which he says his cook makes very well. I haven't had such a pleasant dinner for a long time.

Monday, June 3d.

We made our expedition to Bishopsgate yesterday, and most interesting it was. I went with Hilda and M. Lecomte, one of the secretaries, who knows English, and is very keen to see anything a little out of the way. We had a long drive to the church through the city, and arrived only to hear the end of Canon Rogers' sermon, which was strong and practical. As soon as the service was over we went down to the door and found him and his curate waiting for us. The first thing he did was to send away my carriage, which had already attracted much attention with the tall footman, velvet breeches, cockades, etc. He said he would never venture into Petticoat Lane in such an equipage, and would we please share his modest conveyance; so Hilda and I got into his victoria, and Lecomte and the curate walked close to the carriage behind. We had two policemen in front, two behind, and a detective. I rather demurred to such a display of municipal strength on my account, but he said it was necessary, he much preferred having them, he was afraid people would crowd around us and insist upon my buying something. The street was narrow, crowded with people, as there was also a fair going on and everything imaginable being sold (it is the one place in London where you can buy *one* shoe or *one* stocking!). The people were almost all Jews, and I must say they were a bad-looking lot, frightfully rough specimens. Some of the women, girls too, with such sullen, scowling faces. We went at a foot's pace (the only carriage), and hadn't the slightest difficulty in making our way. Everyone knew Mr. Rogers and spoke to him—"Good morning, Governor," "God bless you, Sir." Two or three children ran up to him, one a pretty little dark-eyed girl breathless to tell him she was in church, though she

came late. He was so nice to them all, called them all by name, patted the children on the head, and exhorted some of the women to keep their husbands out of the drinking shops, and to wash their children's faces. They say he does an immense amount of good down there, but it must be uphill work. I have rarely seen such a forbidding looking set of people. Some of the women came up rather close to the low victoria and made comments on our garments. (We had dressed very simply at his request. I wore my blue foulard and a blue straw bonnet with iris on it. Hilda was in light grey with a black hat.) "You have got a beautiful bonnet, my lady. Oh, look at her umbrell!" The "umbrell" excited much attention. I couldn't think why at first, as it was also rather dark and plain; when I remembered that it had a watch in the handle upon which, of course, all eyes were fixed. I think the detective kept his eye upon it too, as he came up rather close on my side. The detective took Lecomte to a famous jeweller's shop near in Whitechapel, where there had been a murder some days ago. We drove all through the fair surrounded by these villainous faces (here and there a pretty, fair, innocent, childish face) and I wasn't sorry to get back to civilisation and the rectory, though I am very glad to have seen it. The rectory is a large old-fashioned house in Devonshire Square, shut in with high houses and high trees, and never, I should think, could a ray of sunshine get anywhere near it. One felt miles away from London and life of any kind. It was a curious contrast to the turbulent, noisy, seething crowd we had just left. We had a charming breakfast, Mr. Rogers talking all the time delightfully, so original and so earnest, convinced that everyone in their small circle could do so much to help, not only the poor but the really bad, if only by example and a little sym-

pathy; he says no one ever helps the bad ones, only the deserving poor get looked after.

About 3.30 we started again to see the People's Palace, which he takes great interest in, and hopes he may succeed in keeping the men away from the drinking shops in the evening. It looked comfortable and practical, the reading-room particularly, which is large and airy, with all sorts of morning and evening papers (some foreign ones), illustrated papers, and good, standard books. The librarian told me that Walter Scott was always asked for, also some American books, particularly Indian stories, and travels of all kinds. I was rather interested in hearing that, as whenever W. gives books to a school library, or prizes in France, Walter Scott or Fenimore Cooper are still the favourites (translated, of course. I read the "Last of the Mohicans" in French, and it was very well done). There were not many people, but Mr. Rogers says on a fine, warm Sunday they all prefer to be in the open air. There is also a large swimming bath, given by Lord Rosebery. We parted from our host at the door, having had a delightful afternoon. It is a long time since I have heard anyone talk who interested me so much.

The drive home along the Embankment was nice—quantities of people out, quite like a Sunday in France. We dined quietly at home. W. was much interested in my day. I think if he had known exactly where I was going, and that an escort of police was necessary, he wouldn't have agreed to the expedition.

To H. L. K.

Thursday, June 4, 1889.

The Court Ball was brilliant last night. The Prince opened the ball with Princess Louise, and the Princess

with Lord Fife. The engagement of Princess Louise of Wales to Lord Fife is just announced, and has of course created quite a sensation. Of course there are two currents of opinion—the old-fashioned people are rather shocked at the idea of a Royal Princess marrying a subject; but I fancy the entourage of the Prince and Princess of Wales are pleased,—and Fife is a general favourite. It is not very easy for the English princesses to marry. They *must* marry Protestants, and there are not many Protestant princes who are not near relations.

I talked a little to the Shah, but I didn't find that very amusing. He knows very little English or French, and has a most disagreeable way of looking hard at one. He planted himself directly in front of me, very close, and said "he thought he had seen me before," which of course he had, in Paris.

It seems that one of the Princesses pointed out to him, in the supper-room, a lady neither very young nor very beautiful, who was covered with splendid jewels, thinking they might interest him. He stopped short in front of her—then turned his back at once, saying "monstre." They say he finds no woman handsome who has passed twenty.

Tuesday, July 2d.

It was a splendid summer day yesterday, ideal, for the Shah's arrival by water. We drove down to the Speaker's to see him come. The streets were lined with troops, and there were quantities of people about. They let us drive through the Mall and to Westminster between the lines of soldiers (all the traffic was stopped). Almost all the houses and balconies on the way were draped with red, and crowded with women in their light, gay summer dresses. There were a good many people at the Speaker's, who gave us some tea and strawberries. The

Royal Barge arrived very punctually. It was not very beautiful—an ordinary river steamer, painted light grey, with gold lines, and fitted up with palms, red cushions, and carpets, etc. The Thames was a pretty sight, such quantities of boats of all kinds. We saw everything quite well. There was a fair procession of state carriages, and an escort of Life Guards; but what a barbarian the Shah looks, with his embroidered coat and his big jewels, and his coarse, bad face—however he was smiling, and seemed pleased with his reception.

We waited to let the crowd disperse a little, and then came home the same way through Constitution Hill. We met the Prince and Princess coming back from Buckingham Palace. Both looked very well—he in uniform, and she in white, extraordinarily young in face and figure. The two princes, Eddy and George, were with them, and they were much applauded as they passed. In the evening we had a musical party at Blumenthal's. The garden was lighted and everyone sitting outside. The party was in honour of Princess Louise, and the music very good, as it always is there. Mdme. Grondal, a Swedish woman, played beautifully, and Plunkett Greene sang very well. He always brings down the house with "I'm Off to Philadelphy in the Morning." Lord Lorne took me to supper. I always like to talk to him. He was not much impressed with his Persian Majesty either—thought the days of Eastern potentates were over. I asked him what he had come for, and why the English were so civil to him; to which he replied, "Oh, I suppose some of the swells want concessions, or railways."

Monday, July 8, 1889.

We went to Hatfield this morning, where there was a luncheon party for the Shah. It was decidedly grey and

uncertain, in fact, raining a little when we started, and I looked once or twice at my crème linon trimmed with Valenciennes—but as I had ordered it especially for that occasion, I decided to wear it. I put on a long cloak for the train. The Hatfield parties are always very well arranged—trains starting every ten minutes. It is hardly three-quarters of an hour from London. There were lots of people, and the short trajet passed quickly enough. All the women were looking at each other to see the dresses, as the weather was really bad. At Hatfield, one of Lord Salisbury's sons was at the station to receive the swells. I got separated in the crowd from W., so Lord Edward put me into a brougham, and asked me if I would take another Ambassador, as mine was missing for the moment. I agreed, of course, so Comte Hatzfeldt came with me. There was a large party staying in the house, including the Prince and Princess, the Shah, and various members of the family and Court. Lady Salisbury was standing at one of the big doors opening on the terrace. Lord Salisbury, she told me, was taking the Shah for a drive in the park. We all loitered about a little on the terrace. The rain had stopped and, though there was no sun, the house looked beautiful with its grey walls and splendid lines. The first person I saw was the Duc d'Aumale, and we had quite a talk while waiting for luncheon. The Prince also came out and talked. Luncheon was served at small, round tables in the great dining-room. As Doyens we were at the Royal table. The Prince took me, and I had next to me the Grand Vizier, who had taken in Lady Londonderry. She is very handsome, very well dressed, and the Grand Vizier enjoyed himself very much. It seems he is a very difficult gentleman, and at some man's house party, Ferdinand Rothschild's, I think, he was not pleased with his reception,

or his place at the table, and declined to come downstairs. There were about 70 people at luncheon, and as many more, they told me, upstairs. Quantities of flowers, silver, servants, etc., and a band playing. After breakfast we all adjourned to the terrace and some photographic groups were taken. There was some wonderful shooting by some Americans which interested the Persians very much, and one of the Shah's suite was most anxious to try his hand at it, and forcibly took a rifle from the American, who protested vigorously, but the Persian kept hold of his gun and evidently meant to shoot, so the American appealed directly to the Prince, saying there would be an accident if he was allowed to go on; and the Prince interfered and persuaded the irate Oriental to give up his weapon.

They had asked a great many people to tea, but evidently the rain had kept many away. The toilettes were most varied—every description of costume, from the Duchess of Rutland in white satin and diamonds (large stones sewed all over the body of her dress) to the simplest description of blue serge, covert coat, and even a waterproof carried over one's arm. I was thinking of going to get a cup of tea, when I crossed again the Duc d'Aumale, who was also looking for the tea-table, so we went off together and had a pleasant "quart d'heure." He is always so nice to W. and me, and is so distinguished-looking wherever he is—such extraordinary charm of manner and so soldierly. He had been much amused by the stories he had heard of the eccentricities of the Persian suite. One of the ladies staying in the house found two gentlemen sitting on her bed when she went up to dress for dinner. I must say I think it was awfully good of Lady Salisbury to ask them all to stay.

Group at Hatfield House during the visit of the Shah of Persia, July, 8, 1889.

The following are among those in the picture: Prince of Wales; Lord Salisbury; Shah of Persia; Princess of Wales; Rustem, Turkish Ambassador; Hatzfeldt, German Ambassador; Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor; M. de Staal, Russian Ambassador; Duc d'Aumale; Countess of Cadogan; M. Waddington, French Ambassador; Madame Waddington; Countess of Galloway; Duchess of Devonshire.

From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London.

Saturday, July 27th.

Princess Louise of Wales and Fife were married this morning in the small chapel at Buckingham Palace. Very few people were asked, no diplomats except Falbe, Danish Minister, who is a great favourite at Court, and asked always. The streets, especially Piccadilly, were crowded with people. We had to go round by Belgrave Square and Buckingham Palace to get to Marlborough House. We were invited at 2 o'clock to see the bride and the presents. The wedding party drove up just as we arrived. Fife's coach, dark green with green and gold liveries, was very handsome. The Princess of Wales looked radiant, and the bride charming—beautifully dressed and just pale enough to be interesting. The King of Greece and Crown Prince of Denmark were both there. The presents were beautiful—every imaginable thing in diamonds and silver. The Prince and Princess's tiara very handsome—also Fife's. There was a buffet and tea in the garden, also in the drawing-rooms; and we waited to see the young couple start. They looked very happy and smiling. Their carriage was very handsome, with four black horses and an outrider. Everyone cheered and threw rice after them. They started with a Royal escort, but at the top of the park Fife sent it back, and they made their entry into Sheen in his carriage only. They said he made a condition that there should be no lady-in-waiting, that his wife should be Duchess of Fife only; but of course she can never lose her rank. None but Ambassadors were asked to the reception at Marlborough House—no other diplomats.

July 30th.

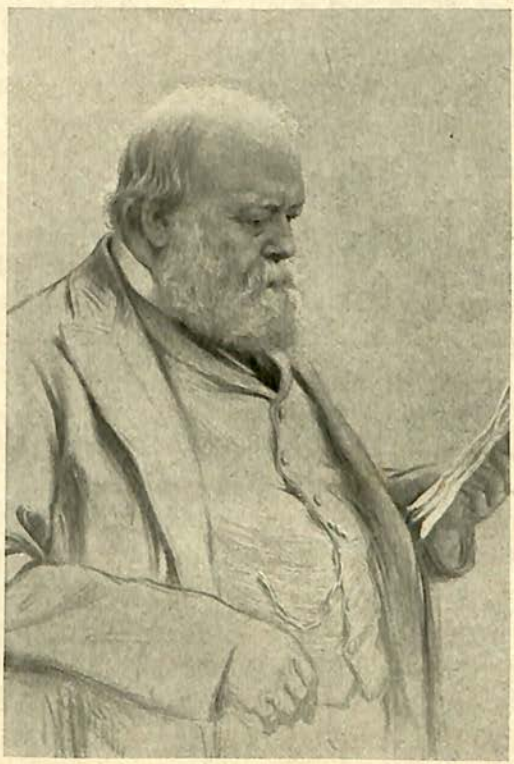
We had our last dinner this season—musical and all Italians, Tosti, Vinci, and Picolellis. Mme. de Florian

came in late with her dinner guests, among others the Duchesse de Richelieu, who is very fond of music. Tosti is delightful once he gets to the piano, sings (with no voice) and plays whatever one wants—his own music, anybody's, and always so simply. It was very warm. We all sat and stood on the balcony when we were not playing and singing.

To G. K. S.

HATFIELD, January 8, 1891.

We came down last night for dinner. It was very cold, snow and ice in London, and skating everywhere. We are not a very large party—the family, some of Lord Salisbury's secretaries, Casa Laiglesia (just made Ambassador—very happy. Spain had only a *Minister* here till now), the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, etc. After dinner the older members of the party played whist, and the young ones danced in the great hall. This time we have King James I.'s rooms, an enormous bed (with a Royal crown on the top) where he really slept. We have been out all day; the gentlemen went off early to shoot, and I got down about 12. I found some of the young women, Ladies Cranborne and Northcote, in the hall and we decided we would go and skate. It was bitterly cold, but no wind, and the pond is not far, just at the end of the terrace. There was a little wooden house on the edge where we put on our skates, and plenty of chairs and canes. Ladies Northcote and Gwendoline Cecil skate very well. Lady Salisbury came down to the pond, took a broom from one of the numerous sweepers, and swept hard to keep herself warm. After lunch I went for a sleigh ride with Lady Salisbury in a pretty little one-horse sleigh she had bought at the Exhibition.



Lord Salisbury.

From a photograph by Lambert Weston & Son, Dover.

It was very good going in the park, but we bumped occasionally going across the fields. To-night we broke up rather early; we were all tired with the first day's skating, and the men with their shooting.

Friday.

It has been again a beautiful winter's day, and we have skated all the afternoon until dark. Lady Salisbury came again with her broom and swept vigorously. It seems many doctors recommend sweeping now for women who need exercise and cannot ride or walk. We tried hard to make Casa Laiglesia come down to the pond, but he refused absolutely—that was not at all his idea of pleasure. We spent some time in the library looking over some of the old manuscripts of the time of Queen Elizabeth and King Philip of Spain, and we saw him taking a short, *very* short turn on the terrace in the sun, wrapped up so as to be almost "méconnaissable."

London, January 18th.

It is still very cold—the Serpentine is quite frozen, and quantities of people skating. The ice is very bad, rather like a ploughed field, but it is amusing to see all the people. We have been this afternoon to Wimbledon, and there it was delightful. There was quite a large part reserved and beautifully smooth, belonging to a club; so Comte de St. Genys (one of the secretaries), who was with us, sent in his card, saying he was there with the French Ambassadress; and they were most civil, brought us chairs, and begged us to come back whenever we liked. We saw some beautiful fancy skating, both men and women. We skated afterward a little on the big lake to see the people. It was a beautiful day, and a very pretty sight, quite like a Dutch picture.

I was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Bryce. He

came really to ask about you and to know if you would stay on at Alassio. He spoke so warmly and admiringly of Schuyler that it was a pleasure to hear him. He said he was certainly the cleverest, most cultivated American he had ever seen, that he had never met anyone who knew so many things well. He couldn't conceive how any Government that had such a man to place could have let any party feeling prevent them from giving him a prominent place, in their own interest.

ALBERT GATE,
Thursday, February 19th.

We have had a funny day. There was a sale of horses, hunters principally, at Cricklewood, a place just outside of London, where they have very good horses. We have been there several times with Deichmann, who has always fine horses, and have bought two or three ourselves. I am looking for a saddle horse, so W. and I drove out the other day, and I tried two which I liked very much (there is a riding-school where one can try). Then Newman, the head man, rode them over some hurdles to show me how well they jumped. They promised to let us know when the sale would be, and yesterday sent word we must come to-day. I drove out with Hilda in her pony carriage. We drew up close to the ring and the auctioneer's stand and saw everything well. Her horses were taken out and we made ourselves as comfortable as we could with furs and couvertures. It was bitterly cold, with a high wind that cut one in two. W. and Deichmann wandered about in the crowd. The collection of people was most amazing, horsey to a degree; horse dealers, trainers, jockeys, racing men and women —a few gentlemen here and there, not many. There was a champagne lunch going on at Newman's, but that

we declined—so they brought us tea and excellent bread and butter to the carriage. The two horses I had tried were among the first and I hoped I should get one of them, but they brought much more than the dealers supposed they would. They looked extremely well when they were brought out first, galloped over the grass, and then jumping their hurdles beautifully, taking them easily in a long stride (of course they were beautifully handled, every point made the most of). W. made various bids, but when it got beyond a certain sum he wouldn't give any more, as it was a fancy price and could have gone up indefinitely. I was rather disappointed, as I had set my heart on the black horse. It was cold driving home in the teeth of the wind. We dined with the Deichmanns, with some of our colleagues, and everyone was discussing the Empress Frederick's visit to Versailles. Until then everything had gone most swimmingly, but of course all French people were "froissés" at that. I don't exactly understand her going. She is so intelligent, and had apparently realised quite well how difficult it would be for her ever to go to Paris. Years ago in Rome, where we met her almost every night, she told us she was so anxious to go to Paris, but she was afraid she could not manage it. She wanted very much to meet Renan—admired his books so much, and his great intelligence; and I think she would have been delighted with him. He was a charming talker on every subject, and so easy.

To G. K. S.

ALBERT GATE,
Tuesday, March 10, 1891.

We had an awful storm yesterday, a regular blizzard, and a terrible night in the Channel. One of the good

boats, the Victoria, was out all night, not daring to land at either Dover or Calais. One of our young attachés was on board, bringing over despatches, and they say he looked green when he finally did arrive. The trains were snowed up everywhere, even between Folkestone and London, and the passengers nearly frozen and starved. It seems incredible in such a short distance. The young men are generally rather eager to bring over despatches, but I rather think this one won't try it again, in winter at any rate. I am extraordinarily lucky in my crossings, because probably I am a good sailor. I go backward and forward in all seasons and always have good weather. The Florians have had some wonderful crossings, nine hours between Calais and Dover, both of them *tied* in their chairs, and the chairs tied to the mast.

Thursday, March 12, 1891.

Yesterday we were at Windsor to dine and sleep. The party was small—Staal, the Russian Ambassador, Lord Hartington, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord and Lady Curzon, Countess Perponcher and Count Seckendorff in attendance on the Empress Frederick, and of course the regular members of the Queen's Household. Lady Antrim was in waiting. We assembled as usual in the long corridor close to the door by which the Royal party entered. We were all in black, as the Empress was there. The Queen and the Empress came in together. The Queen shook hands with me and the two Ambassadors—the Empress with me only, bowing to the others. She is still in deep mourning—her dress black (woollen stuff of some kind) covered with crêpe, and a crêpe veil arranged in a point, or sort of Mary Stuart cap, on the top of her head, and falling behind to the edge of her skirt. The corsage was a little open, and she had a splendid

necklace of pearls, also a miniature of the Emperor Frederick set in diamonds fastened on the front of her bodice. The dress was very becoming—she looked very stately and graceful as she walked through the corridor. She gave her arm to the Queen, and they walked in first to the dining-room, the Empress sitting next to the Queen on her right. W. followed with Princess Beatrice, sitting on the Queen's left; Staal with Princess Margaretta, and sat on the right of the Empress. Lord Hartington took me. The Queen talked a great deal to W. —the Empress joined in occasionally. They were both much interested in the Protestants in France, and wanted to know if the feeling was as strong as in the old days of Huguenots and Catholics. I think there is a very strong feeling, and it is rare when a French Protestant marries a Catholic—rarer still when they become Catholics.

The dinner is always quickly served, and the conversation nil. Nobody talks except those who are next the Princesses. The cercle was, as usual, in the corridor between the two doors. The Queen stood a little, but not all the time. She spoke to me about Johannes Wolff—admired his playing so much. The Empress talked a long time to W., and spoke immediately about her visit to Paris and Versailles, which was rather awkward for him, as he regretted very much that she had gone. All the first part of her stay went so well. She told W. she had had nothing but respect, and even sympathy wherever she had been, and that she was much astonished and distressed when she saw the papers and found what a storm was raging in the press. The Queen said a few words to me about the visit, and seemed to think it was a radical demonstration against the Government. I answered vaguely that all

radicals made mischief—it wasn't a very easy subject to discuss. The cercle was not very long—about three-quarters of an hour—and then the Court retired, the two Sovereigns going out as they came in, together. We finished the evening in the drawing-room, but broke up early. W. went off to smoke, and I had a nice hour in the beautiful little yellow salon. I had a splendid fire, quantities of candles (always my mania—I hate lamps, particularly in these days of petroleum), and was quite happy. Adelaïde was very eloquent over the style of the housekeeper's room, and was funny over Charles, our French footman, and his indignation at being excluded from the society of the valets and ladies' maids. W.'s man was ill, so he took the French footman, who has often done his service. That gentleman being in livery was considered one of the lower servants (sat some way below the salt) and when the swells (Adelaïde, of course, included) retired to the housekeeper's room for dessert and coffee he remained with the under servants. All these domestic arrangements are quite unheard of in France—any distinctions of that kind would set the whole establishment in a storm.

It was a cold night, snow lying thick on the ground, clouds dark and low, and the great towers looked grim and formidable. W. came in about 12—said the talk in the fumoir was pleasant. He likes Count Seckendorff very much, finds him intelligent and moderate and sensible in his opinions—like all men who have knocked about a great deal and who know, not only other countries but the *people* of the country. After all, churches, and palaces, and picture galleries have a certain "resemblance," but people are different, and sometimes very interesting. We came away this morning at 10.30. I did not see anyone except Lady Antrim, as I never go to the dining-

room for breakfast. I was ready a little before the time and wandered about the corridor a little, looking at all the pictures. I met Staal doing the same thing. There is so much to see.

It is a beautiful bright day, and Hyde Park looked very animated as we drove through. Everyone was waiting to see the Queen pass. She arrived about an hour after us, as there is a Drawing-room to-morrow. We had some music this afternoon—2 pianos, 8 hands—and we play rather well a splendid symphony of Brahms' —not at all easy. We dined with Mr. Henry Petre, one of the most soigné dinners in London. It is always pleasant at his house—they say it is because he is a bachelor, which is not very flattering to *us*, but I think it is true, I don't know why. As we were out we *went on*, as they say here, to Lady Aberdeen, who had a small dance, but did not stay very long, as it was rather a young company. People always say there is nothing going on in London before the season, but we dine out every night and often have (I at least) something in the afternoon—a tea, or music. I don't believe anybody ever dines at home in London. The theatres are always crowded, quite as much as in Paris. Hilda and I went the other night with Count Seckendorff to see "Charlie's Aunt," a ridiculous farce which is having a great success. He protested at first at our choice—would have preferred something more classic, but he was perfectly amused (though protesting all the time). The piece is absolutely stupid, but so well played that the house was in roars of laughter, and that is always infectious. The man who played the part of the maiden aunt was extraordinarily well got up. His black silk dress and mittens were lovely—he looked really a prim old spinster and managed his skirts so well.

Saturday, April 4, 1891.

We lunched to-day with Ferdinand Rothschild to meet the Empress Frederick. We were a small party, principally Diplomatists. The Deyms, Hatzfeldt, Soveral, Harry Whites, etc. The Empress came (punctually) with Countess Perponcher and Seckendorff. The lunch was very handsome, quickly served and very animated, everybody talked. I had Hatzfeldt on the other side (I sat between him and Rothschild) so I was quite happy—there is nobody I like so much to talk to. He is very clever, very entrain, speaks French beautifully and talks about anything—just enough "moqueur" to keep one's wits sharpened. We had a discussion as to what was the origin of "Mrs. Grundy." None of us knew. I must ask Jusserand, who will I am sure be able to tell us.

We were all dressed in black velvet, one would have thought it was a "mot d'ordre." The Empress is very easy and likes to talk. She asked me if I knew Déroulède, said she heard some of his poetry was charming. I told her the "Chants du Soldat" were delightful, but *I* couldn't send them to her (they are all about the Franco-German War). One of the ladies, Mrs. White I think, said she would.

Tuesday, April 21, 1891.

We had a pleasant little dinner Sunday night for Wormser, the composer of "L'Enfant Prodigue," which has had an enormous success here. Wolff came too, and they played all the evening. I haven't seen the piece yet, so I was delighted to hear the music. I promised him I would go on Wednesday, my first free night.

Last night I went with Lady Northcote to the Opera; it was "Lohengrin" with Miss Eames and the Reszkes. The girl looked beautiful, quite the patrician maiden, and sang very well; a little cold, but that was of less

importance in that opera than in "Romeo and Juliet," which needs more passion. The house was very full and she was much applauded. Jean de Reszke looked magnificent and sang divinely. What a voice it is, and how well he knows how to use it. I fancy Covent Garden is a much better salle to sing in than our great Paris Opéra. The voices seem so far off there, and all the singers complain and get soon tired. W. came in late just as I did. He had had a delightful dinner at Mr. Murray's (the publisher) with Mr. Gladstone. He said Mr. G. was in great form, talking about everything: books, politics, theories, and always with a perfect knowledge of each subject expressed in beautiful English. He must have a marvellous memory.

To H. L. K.

FRENCH EMBASSY,
June 6, 1891.

You will be amused, Dear, to hear that after all we have decided to have the children's comedy. The moment is not exactly propitious in the height of the London season when every instant is taken, but I think we can make something pretty, and Mdme. Thénard is very keen about it. We shall take the "Reine des Fées"—but very much changed, and parts added for every child—also a gavotte and a chorus. I saw some of the mammas, Countess Deym; Mdme. de Bille; Ladies Londonderry, Clanwilliam, etc., yesterday, and they will let me have their daughters. Thénard will direct the whole thing, with Count de St. Genys (Secrétary of the French Embassy in London) as régisseur and also décorateur, as he has begun painting a charming décor (the interior of the bailiff's cottage). Mdme. de Langhe will undertake

the chœurs and leçons de diction, and I don't quite know yet whom we shall get for the gavotte, or how many children we must have. The dresses will be pretty—two sets—Marie Antoinette and all her ladies in powder—Trianon costumes—and peasants, market women, etc. Of course the boys are a difficulty. There are so few who are here of Francis's old friends—they are all at school. Thénard has a little friend (girl) whom she will dress as a Marquis—she says she will look the part very well. Francis is much excited—he is to be the cruel bailiff who takes all the money and everything else he can get from the poor peasants. St. Genys will see about his costume, and make a croquis from some picture of the period.

June 12, 1891.

We are all (except the Ambassador) perfectly taken up with the comédie—and to-day we had our first répétition of the gavotte in the drawing-room. I hadn't thought of saying anything about the dancing to the young men, and it seems the "chancellerie" went nearly mad; their rooms being directly under the salons, they heard everything—the music beginning the same thing over and over again—and the heavy little feet that couldn't stay long on the tips of their toes. I had some trouble in finding a dancing-mistress—I thought first of the American who had that dancing class here where all the children went, but she didn't seem to understand exactly what I wanted. Finally some one told me I had much better send for Mrs. Roffy—ballet-mistress at the Alhambra—who has sometimes arranged menuets and gavottes for "les femmes du monde"; so I wrote to her to come and see me. She knew exactly what I wanted, would undertake the whole thing—how many children—what sort of a dance—was most business-like—and we

fixed the first répétition at once. There were about 20 children, of all ages and sizes, varying from 3 years to 14—Muriel White, Gay Edwardes and her brother, a little de Breunen, Elsa Deichmann, etc. Mrs. Roffy looked very nice. She is very tall, but rather graceful—she had a little black bag in which were her black silk stockings and pointed slippers, and asked if she might have a room to arrange herself—so Clarisse took charge of her. I took the piano—and most distracting it was—as no two of the children ever began their steps at the same time. It was amusing to see Mrs. Roffy. She moved extraordinarily gracefully for such a tall woman, and was so patient—holding up her dress, pointing her toes, and talking to them all the time— "Heads up, Dears—Heads up! Look at me—very proud, please." I should have given up in despair after a quarter of an hour. All the little arms and legs went at wrong times in wrong directions, and no one seemed to have the slightest idea of time. She will give one or two private lessons to some of the very small ones.

Madame de Langhe, too, has her hands full with the chorus, "Vive la Reine"—but I think she must have some one behind the scenes to sing the solo, and then the children will come out strong in the chorus. The rôles are all distributed—Bianca Deym—a tall handsome girl—is to be Marie Antoinette; and the various other Court ladies are Lady Helen Stewart (Lady Londonderry's daughter), Lady J. Meade (Lady Clanwilliam's daughter), Marguerite Phelps, Anna Lawrence, Elsa de Bille, etc. I think it will be pretty.

June 15, 1891.

Hilda and I have been half over London to-day for our stage scenes. We must have real ones representing a sort of wood where the market people have their

stands, and the Queen and the ladies come to buy flowers—also sufficient space for the gavotte. The man promises to send it all the day before, as the children must rehearse at least once with the real scenes—for their entrées—that is always a little difficulty. The bigger girls do all right, but the little ones rush in—speak very quickly—and *always* to Thénard, who stands at one side—looking hard at her to see if they are doing right—and paying no attention whatever to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Marie Antoinette. Muriel White is very good, very deliberate, very careful, and taking all the French nuances and intonations very well. Gay Edwardes, too, is very good—her French is pretty and easy, she learnt it so young in Paris. One of the others (I forget which one) was having a private lesson in a corner with Francis, who was trying to make her roll her Rs in a proper French fashion. She had a complaint to make of her garden—all about "carottes" et "giroflées," and the sentences had a true British ring. Francis is very important, takes himself quite "au sérieux," and is most interested in the proper diction of all the young ladies. I sat some time in the drawing-room while St. Genys was painting his scenes. We had various visitors (even W., who was very complimentary over the décor), tea, and Thénard to settle about a rampe of flowers and tapestry curtain.

Saturday, June 20, 1891.

I am rather lazy this morning and feel as if I had suddenly nothing to do. The comédie went off very well yesterday and was a pretty sight. Until the last moment I was doubtful, as we had so many péripéties. At the dress rehearsal on Thursday, Bianca Deym (Marie Antoinette) was so hoarse she could hardly speak. The

girl looked very handsome and distinguished in powder (trés bien coiffée) and one of her mother's handsome Court dresses, but Thénard wouldn't let her speak —said all her part herself, and told Bianca to pay great attention to her voice and gestures. Toupet (Francis), the cruel bailiff, had such a stiff neck and sore throat that he could hardly move—so he was rubbed hard with Elliman's Embrocation and sent to bed as soon as the répétition was over. His costume was very good—coat and long waistcoat of prune cloth—lace jabot—tricorne and gold-headed cane lent by one of his English cousins—a wig of course—which quite changed him. The girls looked charming—I don't know which was the most becoming—the powder and Court dress or the short skirts and high caps of the paysannes. The gavotte went very well. The small children in front and the bigger ones behind. I never could have believed that anyone could evolve anything like a gavotte from the whirling chaos of arms and legs that was my first impression. M. Lecomte (Secretary of the Embassy), who is a very good musician, was at the piano, and marked the time very exactly, which was absolutely necessary for such young performers.

Various friends and Mammas came to look on and criticise—which was what we wanted—and all were pleased. Thénard and St. Genys were quite delighted—and as they have seen it from the first and noted the improvement, that was reassuring. Henry Edwardes came, much amused and slightly astonished at his children's performance (the boy was so good). He told me he considered it quite remarkable. He offered to take charge of the green-room the day of the performance, and I accepted with pleasure, as I am sure the children will be rather excited and probably unruly.

I had a note from Miss Knollys while the répétition was going on saying that the Princess of Wales and her two daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, would be present on Friday at the performance. I announced this at once to my young troupe, and they were filled with pleasure and dismay at the appalling prospect of playing before Royalties. I went for a ride Friday morning with Pontavice and when I came in was given a wild note from the Countess Deym saying that Bianca had a complete "extinction de voix" and what could be done. If someone else could take the part (which was impossible at such short notice) she would send all her daughter's dress, which was very handsome, or Bianca would come and look the part and Thénard do the talking from the coulisses. Of course I chose the latter, and sent off Clarisse at once to the Austrian Embassy with a remedy that Mdme. Richard of the Opéra gave me. Francis was all right, his neck quite straight. After breakfast I had a last practice with him and Lecomte for the gavotte. I got in a small piano from Érard (my big one took up too much room behind the scenes) and then I dismissed the whole thing from my mind, and went to dress. I told the children to be there at 4.30 so as to begin the minute the Princess arrived. She said she would come at five.

The little blue salon was a pretty sight when it was filled with all the children in costume. Thénard's Marquis looked too sweet—she had dressed the girl so well in satin coat, ruffles, and silk stockings, and enormous paste buckles on her shoes. She did her part perfectly—so easy, and such pretty French. The Princess came punctually with her two daughters, and the play began at once. I think there were about 100 people—we couldn't seat any more as the stage took up a good deal of

Violet Freeman. Francis Waddington.

A Comedy for Children at the French Embassy.

From a Photograph by Barker & Pragnell, London.

room. The prettiest scenes were the Trianon and the Market Place. In the Trianon, Marie Antoinette was seated surrounded by her ladies, and le Marquis telling them "les petites nouvelles de la cour." The child was killing when she took out her snuff-box and made flowery phrases. The Market was very well arranged with flowers and vegetables. Violet Freeman made a splendid old woman at one stall, and Hilda Deichmann did her boy's part very well. After the Queen had made her round (her voice came back, though she was rather hoarse still) she and her ladies retired a little to the background, where the Court made a brilliant group, while the peasants sang their chorus, "Vive la Reine." Then came the gavotte, which really went extremely well. Mrs. Roffy was breathless with recommendations until the last moment. Both chorus and gavotte were encored, and there was much applause when the curtain fell.

The Princess, who is always so gracious, asked me what I would like her to do, so I said if she would allow the whole troupe to defile before her I would name each one—and I knew it would give them great pleasure. She agreed at once, so the procession, headed by Marie Antoinette, passed, and the Princess shook hands with every one, talking a little to those she knew. They all applauded when Toupet, with his wig and cane, appeared: Then I named Mdmes. Thénard and Roffy—and I wish you could have seen those ladies' curtseys (Mdme. Roffy's particularly splendid), also St. Genys and Lecomte. The whole thing lasted a short hour, even with the répétition of chorus and gavotte. We had tea in the drawing-room—the children downstairs. The Princess told me she thought it charming—quite wonderful. The only two French children were Francis and the Marquis, but

I must say I thought the others quite wonderful. When the Princess went away all the children assembled in the hall at the foot of the stairs, bowing and curtseying—and it was a pretty sight, such a mass of colour and flushed, eager little faces. The Princess told them all again how much she had enjoyed the performance, and it was quite a happy little crowd that dispersed soon afterward to their respective homes. W. complimented Thénard very much, who had given herself no end of trouble—also Mdme. de Langhe, who had undertaken the chorus. Some of the ladies were rather anxious we should repeat the performance for the benefit of some charity, but W. didn't like to have a paying thing at the Embassy; and at one of the public halls it would not have been very easy—some of the ladies objected.

I dined at home, but went to a concert in the evening, and had various compliments for my troupe. The Prince of Wales told me that the Princess had told him it was quite charming. I think on the whole W. was pleased. He was rather doubtful about inviting the Princess—thought it was a little informal, and would bore her, but I don't think it did.

Tuesday, June 23, 1891.

We have had various notices in the French papers of the comédie; generally "une bonne presse," but one or two of the very Republican papers expressed great surprise at such a *Royalist Demonstration*—couldn't imagine *why* we had chosen that particular chorus, "Vive la Reine," at an Embassy representing the French Republic!

I am sorry you couldn't come over—all the répétitions would have amused you so much. Nothing was funnier than to see Francis always in a corner with some of the

girls. Madame Campan (Elsa de Bille) had a long thing to say, and was most anxious to have the correct accent.

To H. L. K.

LONDON,
July 8, 1891.

I dined quietly with some of the personnel last night, and had Thekla Staal, as her mother and father had gone to Windsor for the State banquet for the German Emperor. Mdme. de Staal came in for a moment on her way home—she said it was very handsome, very well done, as it always is at Windsor, only they were all rather uncomfortable, as they went down from London by special train in full dress—diamonds and feathers—and when they arrived at the Castle they were asked to take off their wraps in the hall, no dressing-room of any kind provided. I don't know what my erratic hair would have looked like. Of course I couldn't go on account of my mourning.

All London was on the "qui vive" this morning, as the German Emperor was to make his formal entry into London. I thought I wouldn't go in the carriage and take up a position, so Mrs. Edwardes suggested that I should go with her to Constitution Hill, where she had places, and see the Emperor pass there; so we started off on foot quite cheerfully, but as soon as we got outside the Park and wanted to cross the Square, we were confronted by lines of soldiers and policemen, who refused to let us pass. I explained who I was and that I was merely going to cross to Constitution Hill, but they evidently thought nothing of an Ambassadress in a simple black dress with neither equipage nor servants, and we were getting rather discouraged when I saw a Park-keeper who knew

me, so he instantly went after one of the heads of the mounted police, who appeared, made way for us and accompanied us (he riding) across the Square. Some of our friends, who were looking on from windows in the houses opposite, were rather anxious—thought we had been arrested. We waited a little while and very soon the head of the procession appeared. We made ourselves as small as we could and squeezed close up to the gate, but the Horse Guards on their big, black horses came unpleasantly near and the least plunge or kick would have been disastrous. The Royal carriage passed quite close to us at a quick trot. The Emperor looked very wide-awake and soldierly in blue dragoon uniform; the Empress, tall and fair, in white, was seated next to him; the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh on the front seat. There was not much enthusiasm, a few hats (not all) lifted. The Emperor saluted all the time, mechanically. When he saw me he leaned forward, smiled and bowed in evident recognition. I can't think how he knew me, standing there in a crowd of nursery-maids and children. He had seen me but twice before, and then in the evening in full dress. I suppose it is that extraordinary memory, instinct almost, that all Princes have, and which does them such good service. Everyone is pleased and flattered at being recognised by a Royalty. I was, too, just like all the rest. I wasn't mistaken in thinking he knew me. He told one of our secretaries at the reception at the Palace that he had seen Mdme. Waddington *standing* in the crowd.

Hilda came to dinner with Countess Eulenbourg (wife of the Master of Ceremonies of the German Court) and her boy. They were very late, as the Countess had been to Buckingham Palace to see the Empress. She said the confusion was something awful. She had great diffi-

culty in getting in, was sent from pillar to post and finally the carriage was allowed to enter through the stable-yard. She was glad to have a quiet evening. Her husband was at the gala performance at the Opera with the Emperor and Empress. She spoke a great deal about the Emperor, said it was impossible to be with him without feeling what a strong personality he is; that what he felt was right and best for Germany he would certainly do—also that he would never shirk a responsibility, or put the blame on others if he made a mistake. It seems curious to be suddenly out of everything. W. is still in France* and of course our deep mourning makes all Court and gala things impossible for us. I think W. must come back before the Emperor goes and try to see him in a private audience, if nothing else can be arranged.

Thursday, 9th.

All the Corps Diplomatique were received this morning at Buckingham Palace—the men by the Emperor, the women by the Empress. Hatzfeldt presented the men. In W.'s absence, d'Estournelles represented the Embassy (with all the secretaries of course). As he was only Chargé d'Affaires, he could not take W.'s place as Doyen at the head of the row—on the contrary, was quite at the end; after all the Ministers of the small Powers—however they made a little group apart. The Emperor talked a little while to d'Estournelles—regretted very much not seeing W.—knew that he was still in France, and told him to tell me that he had recognised me at once in the Park. He said a few words to each member of the Embassy. The ladies were presented by Mdme. de Staal—my young women told me she did it very well, passing down the line with the Empress and

* Where he had been summoned on account of the death of his mother.

naming every one. They also found the Empress very gracious, saying something to each one—of course there is never any real conversation on such occasions, people are usually in a hurry and anxious to get through their *function.*

This afternoon was the garden party at Marlborough House—Mdme. d'Estournelles and Florian came in afterward to tell me about it; also Mme. de Billé (wife of the Danish Minister), she is an American, née Zabriskie. They said there was a great crowd, and such a hedge of loyal subjects around the Royalties that it was almost impossible to see them even. Princess of Monaco (née Heine), who was with the Court (her husband being a "prince regnant," of a minute principality, certainly), made a sign to Countess de Florian to come and speak to her, and she also had quite a talk with Princess Amélie of Schleswig Holstein, cousin of the German Emperor, whom she had known as a girl in Pau, when her father, Marquis de Nadaillac, was Préfet there. Staal came in late, and hopes that W. will come back (he is always such a good colleague). He thinks it will make a bad effect, the French Ambassador being the only one absent. He thinks he ought to come over for the breakfast at the Mansion House, which is strictly official, and where the Emperor will probably make a speech. I will write to him to-night and tell him what they all say.

Friday, July 10th.

I rode this morning with Pontavice, the Military Attaché, and just missed the Emperor, who was riding with six or seven officers, all in uniform, which seems strange, as the officers never wear uniform except when they are on duty. We sometimes see the officer of the day riding

in the Row in uniform, but never any other. In Paris it is quite different; all the officers of the Paris garrison, which is a very large one, always ride in uniform in the Bois in the morning. I went to the War Office afterward to see the Emperor, Empress, and Prince and Princess pass on their way to the Lord Mayor's banquet. The display of troops was rather mesquin—the Grenadiers standing so far apart that there were groups of street boys in between. The Royalties were fairly applauded (the Prince and Princess are always whenever they appear). The Emperor was in a white uniform, but his helmet is so big and heavy and so low on his face that one could hardly see him. Francis and I dined quietly at the Russian Embassy, and the Staals told us all about the various fêtes. They said the getting away from the Mansion House was awful—when the gentlemen of the household were trying to make a passage for the Princess of Wales there was a general skirmish, one of the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique was struck on the shoulder by one of the gentlemen, and there was a fine row—the husband of the lady furious, the unfortunate equerry protesting, saying he was incapable of such an enormity, etc. However, excuses were made and peace restored.

Saturday, July 11th.

I rode this morning with Pontavice, and we met the Emperor, also riding, several times; but he did *not* recognise me this time in my habit. He had six or seven officers with him and two grooms. All the officers, the Emperor also, in uniform, and wearing those long German sabres that hang loose and make a great clatter. They all rode at a gallop and set all the horses in the Row by the ears. I really had some trouble with my quiet ani-

mal, who was jumping and kicking all over the place. I had several visits at tea-time. My windows and balconies giving on the Park are most attractive, as there are quantities of people about—a sort of general excitement in the air, and royal carriages and soldiers passing all the time. D'Estournelles came in and told me about the review. He said the troops looked splendid, but the arrangements were very bad—no seats reserved—he and his wife and many ladies standing all the time. Mme. d'Estournelles was dead tired and had gone home to bed. W. came back for dinner; he looks grave and sad. We sat on the balcony after dinner while he smoked. He said he must go to the luncheon at Hatfield for the Emperor and Empress. As long as he was Ambassador, he had no right to let any private grief prevent his taking part in a public function, particularly in this case, when his absence might be misconstrued.

Sunday, July 18th.

I went this afternoon to consult some of my colleagues about my dress for Hatfield. Of course I am in deep mourning, and I didn't know if I could meet Royalties in black. At some Courts, Russia for instance, black is not allowed—when people are in mourning they wear white. After various consultations, I decided that I would go in my black dress; so I have had some lace put on top of the flounce of "crépon de laine," which is really very deep mourning.

To H. L. K.

Tuesday, July 19, 1891.

We had a most interesting day at Hatfield, and evidently we were right in going. We went down by a special, W. in deep mourning, I in my black crépon, my big pearls in my ears and around my neck, a little crêpe

bonnet (with a soupçon of jet) and an ordinary dotted tulle veil. All our colleagues were most empressés and nice—said it had been so strange not to see either of us at any of the fêtes. There were, as usual, a certain number of young men, sons of the house, secretaries, etc., at the station at Hatfield; plenty of carriagès, and in a few minutes we were at the house. We passed straight through the rooms to the terrace, where a very smart company was assembled. Some of the young women in white satin and lace, high bodices of course, all very much dressed, and all with necklaces and jewels on their corsages. No one in particular received us. Lady Salisbury was driving with the Empress, Lord Salisbury talking with the Prince of Wales, and the Emperor riding. (The Salisburys had an enormous house party, all arrived the night before for dinner—the Emperor and Empress with their suite, also the Prince and Princess and theirs.) I was strolling about the terrace with Countess Deym when we came suddenly upon the Princess of Wales, walking about with her "Kodak" and looking about 25 in her simple grey foulard and big black hat. As we went up to speak to her, she made us a sign to stop, saying "I want you in my picture." We talked to her a little while and then she said she must go and make herself "smart" for the lunch-party. There was still some time before there was any sign of Princes—or lunch. Mr. Barrington asked us to stand near the perron, as he had charge of the placing of the people. The Emperor and Empress appeared first, and immediately made a sort of cercle. Lady Salisbury presented me at once to the Empress, and she was most amiable, regretted not having seen me at the reception at Buckingham Palace, adding, "J'ai vu toutes vos jeunes femmes, plus jolies les unes que les autres." The Emperor, too, was easy and

pleasant, but so many people were brought up to him all the time that he couldn't talk much. It was interesting to watch him. He was of course *the* central figure, and there is always a certain curiosity as to what he will do. He holds himself very straight, has a stern face and rather a stiff manner, not particularly gracious, speaks English of course perfectly well (in fact looks like an Englishman, particularly in ordinary dress—of 'course the uniform changes him a little). I think he knew about everybody who was presented to him; soldiers, statesmen, artists, and seemed to be interested in the very short talks he had with each one. He and W. had quite a talk, and he again expressed his regret at not having seen him before, and also for the cause which had kept him away. The Prince and Princess stood about on the terrace while all the presentations were going on, talking to their friends. After about half an hour there was a move to the great dining-hall. I think there were about 150 guests. The Royalties and swells lunched in the great hall at small tables of ten, and the others in the ordinary dining-room. I was at Lord Salisbury's table, who took in the Empress; the Prince took me; Hatzfeldt (German Ambassador) Mdme. de Staal; Rustem (Turkish Ambassador) Princess Maud; Soveral (Portuguese Minister) Countess Spencer. At Lady Salisbury's table were the Emperor, Princess, Staal, W., etc. The talk was fairly easy at our table—Hatzfeldt said to me rather pointedly, "Je suis très heureux de vous voir ici aujourd'hui, Madame Waddington." The Prince also said we were quite right to come. I said I thought my plain black dress was rather out of place at such a brilliant entertainment, but he assured me it was quite correct.

About half way through luncheon came the pearl necklace incident (which you saw in the papers). I suddenly

felt that my necklace was unclasped. It was sewed on the corsage in front, as the pearls are large and heavy, and I am always afraid of breaking the string. I asked Soveral, who was next to me, if he couldn't clasp it for me. He tried, but was nervous or awkward; at any rate couldn't manage it, and we were both getting red and flustered when suddenly we heard the Emperor from his table calling W.'s attention to the fact that "le Portugal était en train d'étrangler la France"; also Staal, saying that his "Collègue du Portugal se livrait à une gymnastique étrange." They all made various jokes at my expense, and the Prince said "Let me do it," but he couldn't either, and again we heard the Emperor remarking, "Maintenant c'est plus sérieux—l'Angleterre s'en mêle." W., who had his back to me and who couldn't see what was going on, was decidedly mystified, and wondered what on earth I was doing to attract so much attention, in fact was rather annoyed. When we got up from table the Prince and I retreated to a corner of the terrace, and he cut the stitches that held the necklace in front with his knife (which again looked funny to the people assembled on the terrace). He advised me to put the pearls, *not* in my pocket, but in a safe place, as they were very handsome, so I put them *inside* my dress. Of course everybody asked me what had happened, and what the Emperor was saying to me from the other table. I asked the Empress if she was never afraid of losing her pearls, but she said all her jewels were most carefully sewn on and strung on a very thick string or sort of silk cord.

Very soon after lunch the Emperor and Empress left, as they were starting in the evening for Germany, and had to go to Windsor to take leave of the Queen. The Prince and Princess followed quickly, and then, of course, all of us. W. had again a talk with the Emperor, and all

his colleagues told him he was quite right to come. Any little incident between France and Germany always assumes gigantic proportions, and the papers, both French and German, would have been full of the *marked* absence of the French Ambassador from all the fêtes for the Emperor; his mourning a pretext, etc. It was a beautiful entertainment—bright, perfect summer day, quantities of pretty women beautifully dressed (a great many in white) and representative people of all kinds. The general impression was that the Emperor was not a lady's man—he evidently preferred talking to army and political men. My talk with him was so perfectly banal that I can scarcely have an opinion, but I should think one might talk to him easily. His face is certainly stern, and the manner very cold, but his smile, like the Queen's, lights up and softens the face. I said to one of the pretty young women who had made a luncheon-party for him, that I had heard that it was beautifully done, and that he was much pleased. She said she hoped he was, that as far as she personally was concerned he hadn't the slightest idea whether she was 25 or 50.

To H. L. K.

LONDON,
January 12, 1892.

W. and I came over yesterday in a snowstorm. It was beastly getting out of the train and on the boat at Calais. I am rather depressed, having left Francis behind at a professor's near the Lycée Janson, to follow the cours there as externe. I shall miss him frightfully, but it was quite time for him to go to France and go through the regular course. He was forgetting his French here. Of course he and his father always

speak French to each other, but he went to a little English school, Miss Quirim's, in Sloane Street (where there were quantities of little friends beginning their education), played all day with English children, heard nothing else spoken around him, and was rapidly becoming an Englishman. The house seems dreadfully quiet without him, and poor little Bonny, the fox-terrier, is miserable. He couldn't think why he wasn't with us today on our journey and galloped up to his room as soon as he arrived at the Embassy, asking everybody really with his eyes where his master was. Florian came in at once to see us, and told us that the Duke of Clarence was frightfully ill at Sandringham. He always looked rather delicate, tall and slight and colourless, but I hope his youth will pull him through. He had been rather more en évidence these last months since his engagement to Princess May, daughter of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. I think it is a marriage that pleases the nation. Princess May is young and pretty, with a pretty figure and essentially English—born and brought up in the country. Everybody adores her mother, Princess Mary, and I think it will be a very happy marriage.

January 13, 1892.

I am afraid there is no chance for the poor young Prince. Florian came in for a moment, just back from Marlborough House, where the bulletins are posted twice a day. There were crowds of people reading them and trying to get some detailed information. Florian saw one of the equerries, who told him there was no hope, he was sinking fast and would probably not live through the night. He told him the Princess never left him and was heart-broken, her eldest boy. It is hard for her.

They seem to think it was a neglected cold, caught out shooting, and not taken in time. All the personnel came in to see me and brought their New Year's present—4 pretty corbeilles for bonbons. They always give me something New Year's Day and I am much pleased to have the souvenirs. I can hardly realise that we have been here nearly 9 years. We came in '83 and thought we should stay perhaps two years. I am so accustomed to the life now that I feel as if I had always spent half the year in England and the other half in France. I suppose I shall miss a great many things when we retire into private life, perhaps most of all the family life with all the personnel of the Embassy. We have had various changes, of course, but I generally pull well with them all, and I must say they are always ready to help me in every way. I haven't had too many women, which is pleasant; women are much more complicated to deal with than men—there are always so many small jealousies and rivalries.

Thursday, January 14, 1892.

The poor young Duke is dead at 9 o'clock this morning, in spite of all that tender nursing and skill could do. He had not strength to fight against the malady. It is awfully hard at his age and in his position; just now, too, when his marriage was so popular. Florian came at once to tell us, and said there was such a crowd outside Marlborough House that he could hardly get through into the court, where the policeman showed him the Prince of Wales's telegram, "All is over." We had various visits at tea-time; Deym among others, who had done just what we did—sent telegrams to the Prince and Princess and the Tecks at Sandringham. He told me he had dined at White Lodge with the Tecks on

Christmas Eve (for their Christmas tree) and that they were all so happy. Princess Mary took him upstairs and showed him all the presents—coupons of velvet, brocade, etc., for dresses, also the wedding dress, and said to him, "Je suis si heureuse que j'en ai peur." Poor thing; perhaps it was a presentiment. I am awfully sorry for them, for her perhaps more than for Princess May, who is young and must of course get over it, as youth happily is elastic and rebounds; but Princess Mary is different. She has her share of worries and disappointments, and she was so happy and proud of the marriage. It must be an awful blow to her.

Sunday, January 19, 1892.

I went to the little church behind the Embassy this morning and am very sorry now that I didn't go to St. Paul's, where there was a fine service—the organ playing the Dead March in Saul, and all the congregation standing, a good many women crying, all in black. It was impressive in the little church—everyone in black. There is a general mourning ordered for three weeks, and Court mourning for six (which is a shorter time than I thought). (I send on a sheet apart what I would like you to order for me. I have nothing black but my black satin evening dress, which fortunately is all black, no white, lace, or colour). They sang the funeral hymn "Labourer, thy work is o'er," the first time I had ever heard it, and beautiful it was; read the prayer for the "Royal Family in affliction," and one for the influenza—which surprised me, as I should not have thought the epidemic was bad enough for that. The sermon, of course, was all about Prince Eddie and the young life cut short. It was very simple and earnest and the congregation certainly felt and showed great sympathy. I

went for a short turn in the Park afterward and walked about a little with Henry Edwardes and his children. He is rather down, poor fellow, as his congé drags on and they seem in no hurry at the Foreign Office to give him another post. I believe he didn't get on very well with his last chief, and of course all chiefs are not commodes, but equally of course when there comes a question the secretary is *always* in the wrong. Edwardes is very clever and cultivated. W. thinks him an excellent agent. In Paris he always knew what was going on, and knew so many people of all kinds.

This afternoon I had my usual Sunday visits—principally diplomatists this time, and all talking about Prince Eddie's funeral. It seems a pity they don't make a grand military funeral, the procession passing through London. There was such a striking outburst of sympathy and loyalty when his death was announced that the people would have been glad to associate themselves with the last rites. They don't invite all the Chefs de Mission to the funeral at Windsor (which also seems strange, Prince Eddie being the heir), merely those of the "Cours apparentées." That will take in Hatzfeldt, German Ambassador; Staal, Russian; de Bille, Danish Minister; Gennadius, Greece; Soveral, Portugese; and Solvyns, Belgian. All the others go to a special service at St. James's Chapel, in uniform.

Wednesday, January 20, 1892.

To-day is the funeral. Our flag is half-mast, and all the windows shut in the drawing-rooms. It is mild and damp, but not cold. Mdme. de Florian and I have been driving about this afternoon to have an impression of the streets. All the shops are shut, blinds down in all the houses, flags at half-mast, and everyone in

black. Some of the hansom cab drivers with bits of black ribbon or stuff on their whips, and everybody looks grave. I can't help thinking it was a pity not to let the people participate in the mourning and feel they were taking some part. In these days of democracy one should take any chance of strengthening the feeling of loyalty. W. went off in uniform, with crêpe on sleeve and sword hilt, at 3, to the service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which seems to have been rather mild. The diplomatists (4 Ambassadors), Chefs de Mission, were received by Mr. Eric Barrington, Lord Salisbury's secretary; Mr. Thomas Sanderson, and Colonel Chaine.

W. dined in the evening with Hilda, to meet Count Seckendorff and Bülow, who had come over from Germany to the funeral. They said the service was very simple and impressive, and that the Prince of Wales and Prince George looked badly, the Prince of Wales much agitated. Seckendorff said he could just manage to speak to them when they all filed past him after the ceremony. The Princesses were all in the chapel in a sort of gallery. Quite at the end the Prince stepped forward and laid a white wreath (given by Princess May) on the coffin.

Saturday, January 30, 1892.

It is still very mild and damp, rather dismal weather, and the streets are depressing, everyone in black—the mourning is very general, not at all confined to the fashionable world. Mdme. de Florian and I drove out to White Lodge, and cheerless it looked, so lonely and sad with the black winter trees all around the house. We did not see either of the Princesses; they were in London, but Teck came out to speak to us. I never saw him appear so well—he was so simple and distressed for his daughter. He said she was very quiet, but perfectly

heart-broken, and that he had always had a presentiment that something would happen—everything had gone too smoothly. He said the coming back there after the funeral was something too awful—all the wedding presents and stuffs and laces scattered about the rooms—letters and telegrams of congratulation, bouquets of white flowers, in fact all the preparations for a wedding; and at the same time people waiting to try on mourning—telegrams of condolence, etc. What a tragedy! He said he had no hope from the first. Prince Eddie was struck down at once, and he didn't think the Princess of Wales ever had a gleam of hope. She never left her boy until all was over.

To G. K. S.

Wednesday, February 10, 1892.

I went as usual to have tea with the Countess de Bylandt this afternoon, who receives always Wednesday. She always has plenty of people and one has a pleasant hour. She was worried about her husband to-day, who is ill. He is not very young and I should think has always been delicate. He is Dutch Minister, and has been here for years. She is a Russian born, very clever and amusing. We dined with Baron Gevers, Dutch Secretary, at the new restaurant or club, l'Amphytrion, which is supposed to be the best and dearest in London. It is kept by Émile, a well-known Parisian. We were a *young* party, the Florians, St. Genys, and the Lataings (Belgian Legation). The dinner was excellent, certainly—Émile knew that his Ambassador was coming and had done his best. He was always hovering about the table to see that all was right, and we complimented him very much on the way everything was cooked and served. I said to him

that he had very good material in London to work upon, to which he replied, with magnificent contempt for anything that was not French—"Il n'y a pas de marché à Londres, je fais venir tout de Paris." When one thinks of Covent Garden, with its piles of splendid salmon, haunches of venison, hot-house fruits, grapes, pine-apples, and *primeurs* of all kinds, the answer was amusing. We went upstairs for coffee and cigarettes and had a very pleasant evening. It is so good for W. to be with young people occasionally. He talked a great deal, and the young men were interested in some of his Cambridge reminiscences.

Thursday, February 11, 1892.

It is still quite mild. After breakfast I went with Hilda to the British Museum to hear a young Oxonian lady lecture on Greek Antiquities and the Eleusinian Mysteries. She did it very easily—a pretty, cultivated voice and very distinct pronunciation. The lecture lasted about an hour. She had all sorts of photographs of bas-reliefs, statues, paintings, etc., and it was very interesting, much more so than I expected, as Greek antiquities are not much in my line. After the lecture was over, Mr. Thomson, the director of the Museum (a charming man), came to get us and showed us as much as we could see before 4, when it gets dark and the Museum is shut. The reading-room and library are enormous, and for London very light. The collection of missals, autographs, etc., is splendid. Some of the old, old missals so beautiful still, the colours so wonderfully preserved. We went to Mr. Thomson's room in the Museum building for tea. His daughter was there and gave us very good tea and muffins. Altogether we had a most interesting afternoon. We dined with Mrs. Mitford (widow of

Percy Mitford, diplomatist). She has a very pretty and original house and is a very easy hostess, having lived much abroad. She is a great friend of Princess Mary and told me I ought to go and see her. Mr. Lincoln, the American Minister, was there, and we all teased him about the Presidential election (the papers say he is to be the next President). Mdme. de Bille and I told him we were racking our brains to think what we could ask him for our friends at home when he would be at the White House. He assured us there was no possible chance of it, and no one would be as sorry as he himself if ever the thing came to pass. It certainly would be difficult to be a second President Lincoln.

Friday, February 19, 1892.

It is still very cold, snow lying on the ground (in the parks), which is rare in London. I have just had a little note from Princess Mary, asking me to come and see her on Sunday at White Lodge, as she leaves early in the week for the Riviera. Wolff came in late to ask me if I would take him out to White Lodge, as Princess Mary had also written to him to come. He had his violin, so he played for about an hour, and most enchanting it was. I occasionally forgot about the accompaniment, listening to his beautiful long notes. He didn't mind, was standing in the middle of the room (playing by heart) and went on quite serenely until I caught him up somewhere and went on again. I dined quietly with Jean (as W. had a man's dinner at one of the clubs) and we made music all the evening. She is very busy translating a German book, Lady Blennerhasset's "Life of Madame de Staël." It looked easy at first, but I fancy is rather a formidable undertaking, as Lady B. has a very distinct style—very German, and I should think it must

lose in translation. She had rather come to grief over one page. I looked over it, and said I didn't find it *very* difficult, and I know German well, upon which she replied, "Please read it out to me, then, in good English." I began, but came to grief at once. I had got the meaning right enough in my head, but couldn't at all express it at once in correct or fluent English, and I don't know that a dictionary would have helped me much. It was more the turn of the phrase and a peculiar form of expression.

Sunday, February 21, 1892.

It is very mild to-day—a complete thaw. Wolff came to breakfast, also Mdme. de Florian, and we drove out to White Lodge for tea. It was pleasant enough driving, as there was no wind, but the park and place looked dreary. I had always seen it so gay, with so many young people about, that I could hardly realise that it was the same house. We were expected—two or three footmen in deep mourning were at the door and took us at once to the drawing-room. In a few minutes the three appeared: father, mother, and daughter. I was rather nervous, but they were so natural, it was such real grief, that we felt quite at our ease, and so sorry for them all. Princess May looked lovely. She has grown much thinner, and the long black dress covered with crêpe, with the white collar and cuffs (that all widows wear in England), was most becoming. Her complexion was beautiful, so delicate, and her eyes had that peculiar bright look that one sees in people who have cried a great deal. Before tea I had a long talk with Princess Mary, who said that it all seemed a dream—the first days at White Lodge, when the young couple were so happy, making all sorts of plans, for their future seemed so bright and

brilliant; so convinced that long years of happiness and usefulness were before them that she was frightened sometimes, and used to tell them that there would be great cares and responsibilities in their position, and that they must both help each other as much as they could (she said Prince Eddie was naturally timid, and rather disposed to underrate his intelligence). Then came the sudden change. Those terrible days at Sandringham, where she hoped against hope, and then the coming back to White Lodge, which must have been heart-breaking. I only said a few words to Princess May as we were going away, but Mdme. de Florian had some talk with her. She said she felt stunned—could hardly believe that all was over, but that she must try and take up her life again. "It will be very hard; I suppose I was too happy."

They are starting at once for the South, and I hope it will do her good. Various people came in, among others Mrs. Mitford, who is a devoted friend of the Tecks, and so sorry for them. She said it was melancholy to see them the first days after they got back to White Lodge. All the presents had to be put away or sent back; all the letters and telegrams sorted and put away, and that Princess May moved about like a ghost.

We had a quiet evening until some late telegrams came announcing a Ministerial crisis in France, for nothing apparently. W. and his secretaries were disgusted. There are so many changes in France, and we never know who is coming to the Foreign Office. I think it is time for us to go back. We have been away a long time, and it isn't good for a man to live too much out of his own country.

ALBERT GATE,
Wednesday, February 24, 1892.

It is very cold and foggy this morning, impossible to ride; we see all the grooms exercising the saddle horses in the Park. I went for tea as usual to Mdme. de Bylandt. He is still in his bed, and very bad I imagine. This evening we have been to "Venice," the great show at Olympia. We went a family party (Embassy), Florians, St. Genys, Pontavice, d'Agoult. It is really very prettily done; you must see it when you come over. We had a capital box directly in the centre of the house, but the director, hearing we were there, came to pay us a visit, and transferred us to the Royal box, which is very large and comfortable —seats twenty people easily. He sent us some ices, and said he would have two gondolas waiting at the end of the performance to take us through the lagoons. The performance was a sort of ballet—very pretty girls well got up in Venetian costume, very artistically grouped, and quantities of colour. As soon as it was over we went down to the "Canal," where we found two gondolas, the real thing, with Venetian gondoliers, who were much pleased when I spoke Italian to them. We went all around the show, passing under the Bridge of Sighs, and finally wound up at a Neapolitan café, where they were playing and singing all the well-known Italian songs, "Santa Lucia," "Bella Napoli," etc. Florian of course found a friend, one of the singers, who recognised him, having seen him in Rome when she was singing there; so of course we all fraternised, and we stayed there some time listening to all the familiar songs and accompaniment of guitar and mandoline. We had quite the impression of having spent our evening in Italy. W. was much amused when we told him of Florian's "connaissance," as he always says he knows more people than

anyone he has ever seen, and is related to half France. He is always going to some cousin's funeral in Paris. French people are so particular about funerals—never fail to pay that last respect to their dead friends; also wear mourning much more than we do. They are constantly in real mourning (not merely fancy black) for three weeks or a month, for a very distant cousin.

ALBERT GATE,
Monday, March 9, 1892.

It is cold and snowing, not a very pleasant day for our excursion to Herkomer's studio, in the country; however, I had a line from Hilda saying they were quite willing to go if I didn't mind the weather, so I consulted with Lecomte, one of the secretaries who was going with us, and we thought we would go. It would be very difficult for me to find another day, as London is filling up for its avant-saison, and we have quantities of engagements. We met the Deichmanns at the station, and there discovered that we had 40 minutes to wait, so we breakfasted there in the big dining-room, and it wasn't bad at all. Deichmann knows everybody and is well known at Euston—so thanks to him we had a really excellent breakfast (and it turned out very well, as we only got to Herkomer's for tea, and we should have been half starved). We had about three-quarters of an hour by rail to our destination, Bushey, in the county of Herts. It was bright and beautiful when we got to the station, but the trees were white with frost and snow everywhere. We found our host in a temporary installation. He is building himself an enormous castle, and all the work, stone-cutting, wood-carving, painting, etc., is done on the spot by his pupils, Herkomer himself superintending and directing everything. He is most interesting; full of all

sorts of knowledge and fancies. We went over the studios and saw everything. Some dull red wood they were using came from America he told me—I forget the name of the tree, I think-a Californian. It would have amused you to see the eager, intelligent faces of the young workmen, especially when Herkomer was going about explaining his ideas and criticising or encouraging. It reminded me rather of an evening at Wilhelmj's (the great violinist) long ago in Germany. He had a villa near my sister-in-law's, Mdme. Charles de Bunsen, at Mosbach, near Biebrich-am-Rhein. We all went over there one night to a musical party when I was staying with my sister. His house was most artistically arranged, all "Alt Deutsch," with an enormous music-room. He was waiting for us there surrounded by all his pupils, about 10, with their violins and music-stands, and all looking so eager and anxious to begin. He played himself quite beautifully, and when he was accompanied by all the others it was a very pretty sight, he in the middle and all the young ones around him with their eyes fixed on him. He was one of Wagner's right-hand men and played often with him. They played among other things the prelude of "Parsifal," which haunted me for days afterward. You can't imagine anything more divine than those beautiful long notes of his and the soft arpeggio accompaniments of the violins. I couldn't hear anything else afterward. Someone asked him to play Schubert's "Ave Maria," which he did of course beautifully, but it sounded so tame after the other, which I told him; but he said I was quite wrong, that Schubert had written beautiful things, so melodious. All the same, I would have preferred remaining with the impression of that wonderful prelude. What reminded me of all this was the same sort of cadre—"Maître et

apprentis," for Herkomer is quite the old-fashioned embodiment of the "Master" with his pupils. We had tea in the studio, where there were some fine portraits. I think I like his men better than his women. It is so difficult to make an interesting picture of a man in ordinary everyday dress. Herkomer has certainly succeeded in making some wonderful pictures, without uniform, or costume, or colour of any kind to appeal to the imagination. We got back late for dinner. I was rather tired and cold after my long day—we had started early, and I persuaded W. with some difficulty to go to Lord Salisbury's reception without me. However, he rather enjoyed himself. He didn't get much farther than the door, where he remained talking with Lady Salisbury, which he always likes. I don't think he was away more than an hour.

ALBERT GATE,
March 28, 1892.

We had a nice canter this morning. There were a good many people out. We had a pleasant dinner last night at Lady Winifred Gardner's, one of those curious mixtures one only sees in London. The Brownlows, Lord Carrington, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Hare the actor and his wife, also various stray men. I found Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone both much changed—much older—but he is marvellous—talked, eat, and drank like a man of 50. Hare talked a great deal, and a great deal to W., who found him clever and original.

Wednesday, 30th.

Well, my Dear, I opened my bazaar yesterday, and you will be surprised to hear that I was rather nervous—only for one moment, I must say, when they asked me, after

one or two speeches and a little "Marseillaise," if I would pronounce the sacramental phrase and declare the bazaar open. I, with the committee, was seated in a red chair on the platform. When I got up (the only person standing) and saw the crowd of faces beneath me looking hard at me, for a moment I was shy, but that didn't last. They all cheered me, so I recovered myself and made my statement, I think in a clear voice. W. jibed at me well afterward when I told him. I made a tour of the bazaar, buying something at each stall, Lecomte bringing up the rear, carrying a large doll. Do you remember what Lasteyrie used to say when he was W.'s Chef de Cabinet at l'Instruction Publique—that one of his principal functions was to accompany Madame Waddington to all the "Ventes de Charité" carrying a "paquet de chemises de femme," which means that I get so tired of all the fancy boxes, and pin-cushions, and screens I accumulate at the various sales that I finally asked for "layettes" and "vêtements de pauvres." Of course I can never have too many in the country. I was amused to hear one of my friends here who collects for the numerous "guilds" dilate upon the *smallness* of the objects sent her. She says she receives dresses and "brassières" (a sort of body with sleeves) that would go on *no* child of any age that she has ever seen. It is rather my own experience—people usually give me very minute garments, also in the most delicate colours, and my children work in the fields and at the "tourbières."

After we had visited all the stalls we had tea (not in a private room) at a round table at one end of the hall near the buffet. M. Dupoutet de la Harpe, the Protestant pasteur who got up the bazaar, explaining that the people would so like to see us. I am always very dressy on those occasions, so I was dressed in black satin with

a great deal of jet, and light blue feathers in my bonnet. I had just time to get home, have some tea, and see that my "orgue Mustel" had arrived and was properly placed and tuned to go with the piano, and to assist at a small rehearsal with M. Guillemain (organist at La Trinité in Paris), for whom I am having a dinner to-night, Mérindol, and Miss Stuart, an American girl who has a fine voice. The "orgue Mustel" is small and looks like a harmonium, but it has wonderful tones, particularly when played by a master hand like Guillemain's.

My dinner interested *me* very much—I hope the guests had the same impression. I called it my "dinner of organists," and I tried to get as many of the great English organists as possible, but only two came (the notice was short), Dr. Stainer of St. Paul's and Dr. Bridge of Westminster Abbey. Both have splendid instruments, and it is a great pleasure to stay sometimes after a week-day service and hear a fugue rolling through those great vaulted aisles. I had only asked musical people, and warned them that it was *serious*. We were 24 at dinner, and about 100 in the evening. The music was in the ballroom and the organ sounded very well, quite a volume of sound. Guillemain played, of course, beautifully and made it give all it could. The duos, organ and piano, were charming. Miss Stuart sang very well. I found Dr. Bridge most sympathetic. He and Florence Williams made great friends, and he promised to play her a gavotte whenever she likes if she would dance. I think you would have liked the evening—it wasn't banal. Staal was sympathetic and interested, and asked me what was the next original entertainment I was contemplating.

Wednesday, 31st.

We have rather a worrying letter from Henrietta this morning saying their house in Paris was watched by the police, having been threatened by the dynamiters on account of a judge who lives in the house. All the locataires are leaving, and she is bothered, and wants to know what she must do with Francis (who always goes to her Thursday and Sunday). I want W. to write to the Préfet de Police to ask for an extra man, but he doesn't seem to attach importance to it—says no harm ever comes when a thing is announced beforehand. I can't help feeling uncomfortable.

To G. K. S.

ALBERT GATE,
April 3, 1892.

It is rather nice to-day. After breakfast we drove down to Battersea Park, not a very fashionable resort, and walked about along the river, which is always alive —boats, barges, steamers, children in battered old scows that look as if they would break in two on the smallest provocation, and loungers of all kinds, some fishing, most doing nothing and keeping up a running fire of chaff and criticisms. The river life plays a great part in London—the Thames is such a thoroughfare all about London, and a beautiful pleasure ground higher up by Maidenhead, Clieveden, etc. We dined this evening at Lady Mary Lloyd's. She sang very well after dinner, and we went later to Lady Ashburton's, who has a beautiful house crammed with pictures and curios of all kinds. She had a concert of "old music" with old instruments —spinet, viola, viol d'amour, etc. It was interesting in

its way as a souvenir, but sounded weak and *tinkly*. In these days of great orchestras no one would listen to it.

Easter Tuesday, April 19, 1892.

I am delighted to have Henrietta and Francis, the boy's first holidays since he has been in Paris, and he is enjoying himself extremely. He rides with his father every morning, and goes about all day with his friends. We are busy getting up a "toy symphony"—Mlle. Levisohn, Francis's piano mistress, organises it. Francis has the piano, Comte Vinci, our Roman friend (who plays extremely well), is first violin; a little boy, a friend of Mlle. Levisohn's, the 2nd, and the minor instruments are distributed among all the children, Edwardes, Lawrence, Billes, Deichmann, etc. We gave young Bille, son of the Danish Minister, the drum—but the unfortunate boy could do nothing with it, and his mother said he must have some lessons. I applied to Pontavice (our Military Attaché), who said he was sure one of his friends, an officer in the Guards, would arrange it for me, so accordingly there appeared one morning a gentleman (Mr. Lloyd, I think) who said his friend, Comte de Pontavice, had told him that I wished to have some lessons on the drum, and that the drum-major of the regiment was quite at my service. I hastily explained that the lessons were not for me, but for a young friend who was to play that instrument in a toy symphony. He didn't seem at all surprised at my wishing to learn to play the drum, and yet I can't help thinking that he hadn't often been applied to for lessons on the drum for an Ambassadress. He promised to send his man to the Danish Legation, and Mdme. de Bille told me that all the household was upset, and the maids distracted by the magnificent drum-major who came three or four times,

and retired to a sort of basement, where he and the boy rattled away on the drum. If I had ever imagined what an undertaking it was, I never should have agreed to the performance. The principal instruments, piano and violins, were all right, but all the small ones, quails, nightingales, and cuckoos (oh, the cuckoos!) were something awful. The children distracted (sometimes they had 25 measures to count), the mammas and governesses equally so, and the impartial assistants (who had no children taking part) remarking to me with absolute frankness that it was the most awful noise they had ever heard. Comte Vinci, first violin, was a tower of strength, and kept them all in order. It is awfully good of him to come and play with all those children.

Friday, April 22, 1892.

I will write you about the performance at once, as I am too tired to do anything else, and have dined quietly at home. We had a last répétition this morning—Mlle. Levisohn directing from a small platform covered with red cloth. For the first time I thought it would go—really almost all the instruments were in tune and in time. Francis had been giving private rehearsals all the morning to Wilhelm Deichmann (trumpet) and the child, I forget which one, that had the triangle. The performance began at 4, and the orchestra was most effective. All the young ladies were in white and the men in dress clothes and white boutonnières. It was killing to see all eyes fixed upon Mlle. Levisohn as she stood on her platform with her baton raised. It really went extremely well. Pfeffer happened in, and said he had never heard the Romberg Symphony better given. After the music was over Francis and Hilda Deichmann played a little comedy, "La Souris," really very well—

Mdme. Thénard had coached them both. They weren't at all shy, and looked funny perched on chairs, standing, afraid of an imaginary mouse. They wound up with a dance, Gevers leading a most spirited cotillon. Francis danced with Nannie, who looked very pretty. He was very proud of his American cousin. Mlle. Levisohn had many compliments, and I think she was pleased. She certainly took no end of trouble.

ALBERT GATE,
Thursday, April 28th.

I had a nice ride this morning with Pontavice. W. and Francis went off on Monday—W. to Laon and Francis to school. Last night Henrietta and I went to the Italian Embassy, where there was a contract party for Tornielli's niece, who is to marry the Marquis Paulucci, one of the secretaries. The fiancée looked charming in pink satin, with a very pretty diamond tiara that her uncle had given her. There were a great many people. I had the Camerons with me—Nannie looking very pretty and chic in red satin with gold wings in her hair. I told her the dress was much too old and heavy for her, she should have been in white tulle, with nothing in her hair, but she says all the American girls wear satin. The Tornielli entertainments are always handsome; their full dress livery red is so effective. Henrietta and I have been driving about shopping. I never go near a shop alone, but Mrs. Edwardes told us there were wonderful "occasions" for silks at Marshall & Snelgrove's. We did pick up several things not dear. The English shops are not at all like the French ones.

To H. L. K.

FRENCH EMBASSY, LONDON,
May 1, 1892.

It is very cold to-day, and I think generally is on the 1st of May. One can't imagine a Queen of the May, crowned with flowers, dancing around a May-Pole. We are rather shivering, with a good fire in the room. It is true that we have been sitting for some time at the window looking at the crowds of people pouring into the Park for their great demonstration (anti-capitalist). It seems to be all going quite quietly—there are processions, and banners, and brass bands (such horrors), the usual thing, and I am sure there will be no row and that nothing will happen—nothing ever does happen in England.

The Salvation Army are also holding their service in the Park, so near that we can almost hear the hymns. There are always soldiers hovering near when they have their service; I wonder if it does any good. When we were at Dover last year I went quite often to their service—they had one almost every afternoon, late, on the beach. It was a curious sight, such a motley crowd, rugged old fishermen, boys (half water rats), women, children, and occasionally a well-dressed, prosperous small tradesman, often soldiers—some lounging on the outskirts of the little circle, some sitting on boats, some reverent, some merely curious, but all joining in the hymns. I must say it interested me very much; not the sermon, nor the preachers as a general thing, but the little earnest group gathered on the sands with the swash of the waves for an accompaniment, and the red coats of the soldiers making a patch of colour. Some of the women looked pretty even in their regulation poke-bonnets.

FRENCH EMBASSY, LONDON,
May 18th.

It is a beautiful, fine day. I did not perform the Drawing-room, but walked about in the crowd with Pontavice, which was decidedly amusing. We saw a good many people we knew in the carriages and talked to some of them. Very tired they looked, having been for hours in the string. I wanted too to see some of the handsome English turn-outs, as when we go ourselves we hardly see anything but colleagues. The policeman, who knew us, let us stand where we liked—I told him to stop the French Ambassador's carriage when it came out. He did, and I jumped in, much to the astonishment of the crowd. We had a pleasant dinner at Lady Delamere's. About the middle the electric light went out and we sat for a few minutes in perfect darkness, except for a succession of matches that Lord Wimborne, who was next to me, lit. The servants lost their heads, and didn't think at first of lighting candles which were on the table. It only lasted those few minutes. Of course such accidents will happen perpetually until the system is perfected and universally applied.

Saturday, May 20th.

We had a pleasant dinner to-night at Lord Tweedmouth's and I went afterward to a very handsome ball at the Burtons' with Nannie and Pontavice. They have Chesterfield House—one of the best London houses—flowers and electric light everywhere, and such splendid pictures. All the smart women in London were there, and all with their tiaras, except one, who explained to me that tiaras should only be worn at Embassies, or when one was invited to meet Royalties, "which of course you understand, as you haven't put yours on"—so I didn't

tell the reason, which was that I had forgotten mine, I so rarely wear anything in my hair, and a tiara is heavy; also I have to be "recoiffée," which I hate. My hair is done in the morning, and walks or rides all day, and is merely pulled out a little at night.

Saturday, May 21, 1892.

We dined to-night at the Trevelyans, all Conservatives. The Stanleys (African Stanley) were there. He looks as hard as steel, but I suppose couldn't do what he has done if he were not. Many say he wants to be an M.P. and is sure of his election. His wife can help him enormously. It is so curious to me to see all the women occupying themselves so energetically with politics. They go about the country canvassing for their husbands; wear the colours of the party; and have affiches sometimes in their windows. I saw one well-known political woman in London who had large bills posted on her window, "Vote for Lord R." We should be hooted in France if we did that sort of thing. My husband has been candidate very often, for many offices, but I have scarcely seen his name at the bottom of a circular and never heard him address a public meeting of any kind—in fact, have never been in the country when the elections were going on. It is rather curious, as women have such a strong position in France—a mère de famille, and above all a grandmother, is somebody. A clever, strong-minded grandmother is a power in her family and immediate circle.

French Embassy, London,
Wednesday, June 1, 1892.

We had a funny experience to-night. We had been engaged for some time to dine with the Gladstones, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson.

Mrs. Gladstone wrote to me yesterday, asking me to come punctually at 7.45, as the Archbishop didn't like late hours (he is rather a delicate man) and had asked to dine early. We made a great effort to get there in time—and *did;* so did everybody else—except the Bensons. We waited one hour—then went to dinner (they had sent a messenger to Lambeth and the answer came back that the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson had started *hours* ago. Everyone was worried and feared there must have been an accident. At 9.30 o'clock, when dinner was practically over (we had got to the jellies and ices), a message was brought to Mr. Gladstone. He left the room and reappeared with the Bensons. The explanation was that Mrs. Gladstone had written her invitation from Dollis Hill, a place belonging to Lord Aberdeen, some miles out of London. They often stay there, so the Archbishop naturally imagined he was to dine there, and they had been driving about in the country. The poor old lady was dreadfully put out—"The Archbishop might have known that we were in London." Of course the dinner was all brought back and our evening was long. However, we managed to go for a moment to the Foreign Office. I said to Lady Salisbury I hoped it wasn't the last time we were supping with her at the Foreign Office (everyone says the Liberals are coming in again). "Will you think me very rude if I say I hope so, though of course I shall always want to see my friends in Arlington Street" (their private residence). I think she and Lord Salisbury are both tired and will be glad to have a rest, not that they will *socially,* for they are always receiving, both in London and at Hatfield. We got home fairly early, though the streets were crowded, Piccadilly something awful. It is a regular London night—carriages rolling in every direction, and all the world dining,

dancing, supping. W. was rather funny over the dinner and the long wait, but said that if he had been in Benson's place he would have gone straight home from Dollis Hill, and had a cup of tea in his library.

Thursday, July 2, 1892.

We had a small luncheon party this morning to hear the band of the Garde Républicaine, who have come over from Paris for a few days to the Exhibition. They play magnificently—we have been to hear them once or twice and I assure you when they play the "Marseillaise" it makes one's pulses leap. We had the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Staals, Coventrys, etc. They played on the terrace—we had draped the balcony with red stuffs, and had some flowers and plants and about 70 chairs on the terrace. The Duke talked a great deal. As soon as luncheon was over he went straight to the library, which opens on the terrace. We presented the Chef-de-Musique, and they played at once a few bars of "God Save the Queen"; then the "Marseillaise," everyone standing. Someone said to the Duke, "It is very fine, but not an anthem like our 'God Save the Queen.'" "Non," he answered, "mais c'est un magnifique chant de guerre." They played for about an hour, people coming and going and standing about on the terrace. Some of our friends passing couldn't imagine what was going on—there was quite a crowd collected in the Park listening. My dress hadn't come from Paris, so I wore white, trimmed with Valenciennes; I thought a little of wearing a tiny tricolour bow, but didn't after all. One of the prettiest women there was Mrs. Astor, in black, with a big black picture hat.

To H. L. K.

WALMER CASTLE,
July 17, 1892.

We came down here yesterday and hoped (at least I did) to have a lovely day on the water. Lord Dufferin is a great yachtsman and cruises all about in his own little boat. At the present moment it is pouring—I can hardly see the sea—every now and then comes a partial break and I get a glimpse of a great grey expanse of water. We got down for dinner last night; a small party, as there are not many bedrooms—Lord and Lady Wantage (he such a nice man, one of the few Englishmen who has the "Légion d'Honneur," which he got in the Crimean War), the Marchesa Chigi from Rome, and various young men. The dinner was handsome—Lord Dufferin always a charming host—and we finished the evening in the big drawing-room, where I always feel as if I were in the cabin of a ship, it is so directly on the water. It looks exactly as it did in Lady Granville's time, and in fact Lady D. told me she had not changed anything. When I went to the drawing-room this morning I found the three ladies talking and trying to persuade themselves that it would clear after lunch. I said I did not mind weather and could not stay in the house all day, so we agreed to equip ourselves suitably and go for a walk after lunch. In the meantime Lady D. took me over the house—we went to see Wellington's room (where he died). His little camp-bed is still there, and some interesting relics, bits of uniform, and one or two letters framed and hung upon the wall. The room is small, in one of the towers, nothing magnificent or ducal about it. In fact the whole house is simple and not large, one good drawing-room, looking straight out to sea, so that sitting

inside you see the big ships pass apparently close under the windows—a fair dining-room, no library or billiard-room, and a few bedrooms—an ideal place for a *water* life. The moat has been changed into a garden and there is a tennis-court somewhere, though I didn't exactly make out where. We went for a walk along the sea wall with waterproofs and umbrellas, and I wondered if we should be blown over into the sea, the wind came in such violent gusts sometimes. It seems a child and a perambulator were blown off the other day, and strange to say nothing was hurt, neither child nor perambulator—only the nurse had hysterics. We walked to Deal and paid Lady Herschell a visit. I rather demurred at going in, as my hair was decidedly ruffled and I was very wet, but they all wanted to and I didn't look any worse than any of the others. The Castle is fine, interesting—not so large as Walmer, but with always the same beautiful situation close to the sea. It is one of the Cinque Ports, and Lord Sydney had it as long as he lived. The Herschells walked back with us, and coming home was pleasanter, as the rain had stopped and the wind diminished a little. I came up after tea, as I was a little tired and thought I would take advantage of a quiet moment to write to you. I will finish to-night, as we have come upstairs early. We had rather an amusing evening. The young people proposed playing "Historical Portraits," and insisted upon our all taking part. I protested vehemently, as I never have drawn anything in my life. I remember the drawing class years ago at Mrs. Ward's, when we all copied a Greek girl with an amphora on her head, and the tears I shed over my performance. The amphora (that might have been anything) was crooked and toppling over, and all her arms and legs were of different lengths. Even the drawing master was obliged to say

I had no facility with my pencil. The game is really an undertaking. Everyone is given paper and pencils and you have 5 minutes by the watch to draw a historical portrait or portraits. My neighbour, one of the sons, was doing something most elaborate—a quantity of figures—my other neighbour, about my calibre, looked helpless, but said she must do something. What do you think she did? "The House that Jack Built," an infantine production with 4 lines and a chimney, the sort of thing that we all have done as children. That gave me courage, particularly as she had played the game before, and knew what could be received, so I drew the "Man in the Moon." Can't you see it—a large, round O with dots for eyes, nose, and mouth. Some of the drawings were really very clever—the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" with a great many figures, and Raleigh and his cloak before Elizabeth; Queen Elizabeth with a chignon and a short bicycle skirt. We amused ourselves very much. We leave to-morrow morning, W. by the first train, as he had an early rendezvous in London. I shall go a little later with the Wantages.

LONDON,
Friday, July 22, 1892.

W. and I drove out to Lyon House this afternoon to a garden party at the Duke of Northumberland's. It is a fine old place, about an hour's drive from London, with big iron gates, with the Percy lion with its tail straight out on top. The Duke did not appear—his daughter-in-law, Countess Percy (who is a daughter of the Duke of Argyll) did the honours. She showed us the great corridor and large drawing-room with a fine Adam's ceiling, and then we went out into the garden, where there were quantities of tents, carpets, tea-tables—and half London.

Everyone was talking elections. I sympathised with Philip Stanhope, who has been beaten, and said, "Why didn't you spend more money while you were about it?" He was not in the least outraged at such a question, and replied promptly, "I should have certainly, if I hadn't been so sure of being named." They say a great deal of money has been spent this time.

LONDON, July 27th.

We had our last outing for this year last night; a handsome dinner at Tornielli's for the Duc d'Aoste. He is a tall, good-looking young fellow, decidedly dashing, and inclined to amuse himself. He is a curious contrast to his father, whom I liked extremely, but who was cold and silent, looked like a Spanish grandee of the Middle Ages, or a soldier-monk—a very striking face and figure. Countess Somaglia (née Gwendoline Doria) was among the guests, with her two daughters. We talked a little of old days in Rome. I remember so well when she was married.

To-morrow I shall make our paquets, and we four, Francis and I, May and Beatrice, leave for Bayreuth and the Tyrol by the Club train on Saturday. I ordered my mountain dresses at Nicoll's—two skirts to one jacket—a real short one faced with leather for mountaineering, and a longer one, shortish too, for travelling, in blue serge; a shortish blue linen, and an alpaca. All the personnel dine to-night for good-bye. This is my 9th season in London—I wonder if I shall ever see it again. I have a presentiment that next year we shall only go back to take leave.

To G. K. S.

FRENCH EMBASSY,
February 1, 1893.

We came over last night; a very good crossing, the shortest I ever made; we were just one hour on the boat. Lady Salisbury was on board, coming from the Riviera We talked all the way over. She is very sorry we are going—says the Queen will regret M. Waddington very much; that she had great confidence in him, and now, at her age, rather dreads seeing strange faces around her. W. is very glad to get back to France—I too. After all, ten years is a long time to be away from one's country.

Sunday, 5th.

W. and I drove out this afternoon to White Lodge to say good-bye to Princess Mary. As we came quite near to the house we crossed very quickly two gentlemen in a hansom and just recognised the Prince of Wales and Prince George. Everyone is saying that that marriage will be arranged. Princess Mary and Princess May were alone, and decidedly more cheerful. Princess May still in black, but with no crêpe and a little jet. Princess Mary was charming and friendly as she always is, and seemed really sorry we were going, also wanted to know who was coming in our place; but that I couldn't tell her. She promised to come to tea one afternoon at the Embassy before we went away. Various people came in to tea, as they always do here on Sunday afternoon, and someone said the marriage was certainly decided and would be announced after the 27th, which was to have been the wedding-day last year. They certainly looked much brighter and happier than I expected to see them.

FRENCH EMBASSY,
February 13, 1893.

I went this afternoon to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Gladstone make his great Irish speech. I had an excellent place in the front row of the ladies' gallery, and heard and saw everything. The House was packed, chairs all along the gangway—the Prince, Dukes of York and Teck in their places, quantities of peers and some diplomats—no Ambassadors, which surprised me. I know that W. always prefers reading a speech the next day, but I thought some of the others would be there. Mr. Gladstone was much cheered by both sides when he came in (a tribute to his age and intelligence rather than to his politics). He rose to speak at a quarter to 4, finishing at 5 minutes past six (two hours and 20 minutes). He was much quieter and less passionate than I had expected. There was no vehement appeal for the wrongs of Ireland. It was more an "exposé de motifs" than a real speech, but it was an extraordinary effort for a man of his age (83). His voice was so clear and strong, never faltering: a little weaker and lower perhaps toward the end. I suppose it is the last great political speech he will ever make.

To H. L. K.

FRENCH EMBASSY,
March 3, 1893.

We are beginning our tournée of farewell visits, and to-day we have been to take leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. I had not seen the Princess since Prince Eddie's death. I wore blue velvet and my Jubilee medal. We were received at the door by all the household—Probyn, Lord Suffield, Stanley Clark, Lady Suffield, and Miss Knollys. Prince

George was in the first drawing-room. The Prince and Princess with two daughters in the big long room. I can't say I found the Princess changed or grown older. She looked sad, but it was the same slight, youthful figure. She was still in deep plain black (woollen stuff) with no ornaments. She was charming, with the sweet, simple manner she always has. Tears came into her eyes when she said she hadn't seen me for so long on account of her mourning. I asked her about her first grandchild—Princess Louise Fife's little girl. She said she was a dear little thing, talked a great deal, trotted about everywhere, and called her "Granny." W. and the Prince talked together, but we didn't stay very long. I didn't say a word to the Princess about Prince Eddie (they told me not to), only just as we were going I said I hoped the end of the year would bring her happiness and blessing. She squeezed my hand, but her lips quivered and she couldn't speak. She has been unfailing to us always and said we should certainly meet again, and that I must always let her know when I came to England. I begin to realise now that we are going, with all these leave-takings. After all we have been here 10 years, and that is a good piece out of one's life.

ALBERT GATE,
March 5, 1893.

I wish you had been here yesterday to see the farewell dinner for W. at the Mansion House. It was a great tribute to a departing Ambassador—all the distinguished men in England assembled to say good-bye. The Lady Mayoress had asked me to dine with her and bring anyone I wanted, so I took Hilda and Mdme. de la Villestreux. Hilda and I started together a little before 7. As we drew near the Mansion House there was quite

a crowd; quantities of policemen, and empty carriages driving away. We went in by the same entrance as the men, and then turned off sharp to the right and were conducted to the drawing-room of the Lady Mayoress. I wore black moiré with a great band of orange velvet on the corsage, and all the jewels I possessed—tiara, pearls, and diamond necklace and diamond stars and ornaments fastened on the front of the dress, as I knew we were to sit in the gallery after dinner to hear the speeches. We found Mdme. de la Villestreux already there—there were 16 women. The Lady Mayoress presented them all to me. They were all ex-Lady Mayoresses—"ladies who had passed the chair," which it seems is the technical term. She also gave me a splendid bouquet tied with a tricolour ribbon. The dinner was very good, the traditional London public dinner menu—turtle soup, salmon, etc. There was very handsome silver on the table: great massive bowls and flagons and beautiful flowers—very quickly served, and really very pleasant. After the first five minutes everyone talked. Some of the women were handsome, all well dressed and with quantities of diamonds. Just as we were finishing a servant came to summon us to the gallery. The loving cup was going round and the speeches were to begin. The Lady Mayoress led the way to the gallery in the great banqueting hall directly opposite the table d'honneur. It was a striking sight, particularly that table where was the Lord Mayor in his robes, and all the diplomatists with stars and broad ribbons. There was a blaze of light and at first I couldn't recognise anyone (we were very high), and then I saw W. standing, drinking out of the loving cup, with the Lord Mayor on one side and Rüstem on the other, and gradually I made out a good many people. There were two long tables besides the table d'honneur,

and they told me about 300 guests. All the representative men and intelligence of England assembled to say God-speed to the departing Ambassador. The Speaker and Lord Herschell (Presidents of the two Houses) were both there, and men of every possible coterie from Lord Lorne to James Knowles of the "Nineteenth Century." As soon as the regular toasts had been drunk there was a pause and then came the toast of the evening with "bumpers," "The French Ambassador." There were roars of applause when W. got on his legs, and I must confess to a decided choke in my throat. W. spoke (in English, which they had asked him to do) very simply and very well, going back to his early days. When he said that he had done his best always to keep up good and friendly relations with England, and that he had had much sympathy from all sides, he was much cheered; but much more when he said that perhaps what had given him more friends in England than any of his public acts as a statesman was the fact that he had rowed in the University eight at Cambridge. Then there were roars of applause, and he heard quite distinctly the people below saying—"he is quite right, we always remember it." He was quite ému when he came to the end; his voice taking that grave tone I like so much when he said "good-bye." One heard every word. He was much cheered when he finished. The Lady Mayoress came and shook hands with me and asked me if I wasn't proud of my husband. Some of the speeches were charming—the Speaker's particularly; Lord Lorne also made a very pretty little speech, and Rustem (Turk), who answered the toast for the "Corps Diplomatique," made a very good speech. I can't remember all the names and all the speeches, but it was a most brilliant assembly, and as Countess Deym said to me, a wonderful tribute to W. As

soon as the speeches were over we all went down to the great hall, where I had a perfect défilé of compliments and regrets, Lord Lorne again repeating his words "that W.'s departure was a national calamity." All had something friendly to say—the two Law Lords, Judge Bowen and Sir Francis Jeune, most sympathetic. S. too told me I should be much pleased—he had never seen such a demonstration in England for a foreigner. Of course some of the young men came in to the Embassy to talk the dinner over, and gave their impressions. They were all much pleased. W. certainly was, and said he felt quite ému when he saw all the faces turned to him and knew that every word he said would tell—also he knew quite well that his reference to the boat-race would appeal much more to the *general* public than any expressions of good feeling toward England. He hasn't always had an easy time with his English name and his English education. Of course it has been very useful to him here, as he has been thrown with all sorts of people, and could understand the English point of view, but in France they were always afraid he was too English. I think when he has gone they will realise at home what good work he has done here *because* he understands them.

FRENCH EMBASSY, LONDON,
March 8, 1893.

W. and I went together to the Mansion House, Tuesday, to pay a farewell visit to the Lady Mayoress, who was receiving formally with music, tea, and quantities of people. The Lord Mayor appeared too when he heard we were there, and was quite pleased when W. said how gratified and touched he had been by the banquet and the universal expression of regret at his departure. The Lord Mayor said to him, "You can't find any warmer

friends, Ambassador, in France than those you are leaving here, but I quite understand that a man can't live long out of his own country." We had just time to get back to the Embassy, dress, and start for Windsor, where we dined: our last stay in the yellow rooms. The dinner was almost entirely Royal—the Empress Frederick, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Duchess of Connaught, del Mazo, the Spanish Ambassador, I the only other lady. The cercle was not long—I thought the Queen looked tired. She sat down at once; said she wouldn't say good-bye, as she hoped to see me once more at Buckingham Palace. She said at her age she rather dreaded saying good-bye, also seeing new faces, and she was very sorry we were going. "Who comes to replace you?" I said I thought nothing was yet decided. I talked some time to the other Princesses after the Queen had congédied me. The Empress was as usual charming, and said, "I am afraid we sha'n't meet again often, Mdme. Waddington, you won't cross to Berlin, and I can't go to Paris, but that isn't my fault. I think we shall have to meet in Italy, where I first had the pleasure of seeing you." The end of the evening we spent as usual in the drawing-room with the "household." I had quite a talk with Prince Henry, who is very good-looking and attractive. We left the drawing-room about eleven—W. going as usual to smoke, and I to my rooms. I sat some time in front of the fire in the beautiful little yellow drawing-room wondering if I ever should see it again, and going back to our first Windsor visit, when all was so new and strange to me. I wonder where we shall be this time next year, and if we shall settle down easily to our quiet life in France. W. came in rather late from the smoking-room: he said all the men were so nice to him, and seemed really

sorry he was going; also were very anxious to know if he wasn't sorry himself.

This morning (Wednesday) it was beautiful. I breakfasted as usual in my rooms and sat some time in the deep window recess watching all the people coming and going. There is always so much life about Windsor when the Queen is there. About 10 Colonel Byng came to take us to the Chapel to see the sarcophagus of Prince Eddie, which is enormous and has rather too much colour—almost gaudy. I went with Hilda the other day to Gilbert's studio to see the monument he is making, and which I liked. It is very elaborate and complicated, but the sleeping figure good: so reposeful and young; the long straight limbs. One quite realised a young life cut short. Gilbert is clever and interesting, and begged us to criticise freely.

We got home about 12 and I took a short turn in the Park before breakfast, which was full as usual when the Queen passes. She came this afternoon for two Drawing-rooms. I shall do my last to-morrow—I sha'n't go to the second.

French Embassy,
March 10, 1893.

I am doing all my last things. I went to the Drawing-room yesterday (our last). Countess Spencer presented the ladies, and looked very stately and handsome in black, with splendid jewels. The Queen didn't stay very long, but looked less tired, I thought, than the other night at Windsor. I said good-bye to a great many people whom I sha'n't see again. At this season plenty of people are still in the country, and only come up for a day or two for Drawing-rooms, theatres, etc. Teesdale and I had quiet an affectionate parting. For so long now we have made our entrée together into the Throne Room: he

holding my hand and both of us making a deep bow and curtsey at the door, that we have become quite like puppets.

This afternoon I have had my farewell audience from the Queen at Buckingham Palace at 4 o'clock. I wore as usual the blue velvet, which will walk about alone soon, as it has done all the ceremonies lately; my pearls, and a crême velvet bonnet with light blue feathers. I went in the ordinary open carriage (not gala). The gala carriage with the powdered wigs, big footmen, canes, etc., went out yesterday for the last time to the Drawing-room. I had some difficulty in getting into the court-yard, which was filled with carriages, luggage-vans, soldiers, etc., as the Queen was leaving this afternoon for Windsor. I was sent from one entrance to another, in spite of the tricolour cockade, and finally drew up at a side-door (where a shabby little victoria was standing). A man in ordinary black livery appeared, and after a short parley (in which I intervened myself, saying that I was the French Ambassadress and had an audience with the Queen) he showed me into a room on the ground floor. I waited about 15 minutes (it was 5 minutes to 4 when I arrived) and then Lady Southampton, Lady in Waiting, appeared, with many apologies for being late—she didn't think I would come so soon (and I was a little afraid of being late, they kept me so long in the court-yard). We went upstairs to a small drawing-room looking out on the court-yard, and in about 10 minutes the same servant in black appeared, saying, "The Queen is ready to receive the French Ambassadress." Lady Southampton said she couldn't come, as the Queen wished to see me alone, so I followed the servant down a long corridor—he stopped at a door, knocked, a voice said "come in," and I found myself in

the Royal presence. It was a small, ordinary room, rather like a sort of waiting-room, no traces of habitation, nothing pretty or interesting. The Queen was standing, very simply dressed in black (her travelling dress she said, she was starting at once for Windsor) before a writing-table which was in the middle of the room, covered with books and papers. She was most kind, made me sit down on the sofa next to her, and said she was afraid she had kept me waiting, but that she had been kept by a visit from Mr. Gladstone—she then paused a moment, so I made a perfectly banal remark, "what a wonderful man, such an extraordinary intelligence," to which she replied, "He is very deaf." She expressed great regret at our departure, and hoped we were sorry to leave England and all our friends, but after all Paris was not very far off, and she hoped she should see me again. She was sure M. Waddington would find plenty to do when he got back—would he continue his literary work? I said he would certainly have plenty to do, as he was Senator and Membre de l'Institut, but that we should both miss the Embassy life and the varied interests it brought. She repeated that she hoped to see me again, so I asked if ever I came back to England might I write to one of her ladies, and ask if I could be received. "Pray do, and I shall not say good-bye, but au revoir." We talked about 15 minutes about all sorts of things—some of our colleagues—our successor, etc. She asked again who was coming to London, and said, "My last two Ambassadors to France were ex-Viceroys." It seemed to me that she said it on purpose, and that she wanted France to send one of her best men to St. James's. I repeated the remark to my husband, and the chancellerie. It is quite true. The present British Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, is certainly the first

diplomatist they have. He has had every distinguished post England can offer—Ambassador to St. Petersburg and Rome, Governor of Canada, and Viceroy of India, and has played a great part. His predecessor, Lord Lytton, was also Viceroy of India, and very distinguished, though in a different way from Lord Dufferin. I rather fancy that Montebello would be an acceptable appointment. He knows English well, has English relations, and I should think would like the post, but I have really no idea. Some of the papers say that Ribot wants the place, but I think he prefers home politics and would not care to leave France; however, I could not tell the Queen anything definite. She kissed me at parting, and gave me her photograph, signed, in a handsome silver frame—then half turned her back, moving to a door on the other side of the room, so that I could get out easily and not altogether à reculons, which would have been awkward to open the door. I tucked my parcel under my arm, opened the door myself (a thing I don't often do in these days, except my bedroom door) and found myself again in the long corridor. My audience was over, and I daresay I shall never see the Queen again. She was unfailing to us both from the first moment, always welcomed us with the same smile, was always inclined to talk about anything and to understand and smooth over any little difficulty or misunderstanding. I think she is a wonderful woman and a wonderful Queen. In her long life she must have had many difficult questions and responsibilities, and certainly England has not suffered under her rule. I met Lady S. in the corridor, who came downstairs with me, and said she was quite sure the Queen meant it when she said she would like to see me again, that she *never* said anything she didn't mean.

I found Hilda and one or two friends when I got home who told me that the English ladies, headed by Ladies Salisbury and Spencer, representing the two parties, Conservative and Liberal, were going to give me a souvenir (in memory of my ten years in London), a jewel of some kind. I was rather pleased. The last days of adieux are rather melancholy. I shall be glad when they are over. I forgot to say that Wednesday I had a message about 3 o'clock from the Princess Beatrice, saying she and Prince Henry of Battenberg would come about 5 and ask me for a cup of tea. The notice was so short that I hadn't time to ask anyone except Hilda, who happened in, and some of the secretaries. They came alone and were most friendly—said they had not given me any more time on purpose, as they didn't want a party, but merely to see us. They were as easy and pleasant as possible, she talking much more than she ever does in the grand monde. I told her I hoped she would let me know if ever she came to Paris. She said. "Oh, yes—and we will do a lively play together."

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE,
Tuesday, March 14, 1893.

I went this afternoon with Mdme. de la Villestreux to the French bazaar at Kensington Town Hall to receive Princess Mary, who opened it (and very much better than I did the day I performed the same thing). Mdme. de Bylandt, de Bille, Mdme. du Poutel de la Harpe were all there waiting at the foot of the stairs. Princess Mary was easy and charming, and I really think was not bored. She had all the ladies presented to her, talked to them all, knew apparently all their relations, young and old, com-

plimented them on the arrangement of their stalls, said the various objects made and presented by the Ladies' Art Association were very artistic and useful (I wish you could have seen them—*our* pincushions at the Vente des Diaconnesses were things of beauty next to them), took her tea, said the cake was so good, and delighted everybody. When I see how easy it is for Royalties to win golden opinions with a few gracious words and a smile, I wonder at the stiff, stand-off manner some of them adopt. Princess May looked very slight and pretty, and is always well dressed. I again wore the blue velvet, which will fall off me soon, but this time I changed the bonnet and wore a black jet one with a red rose, and it wasn't very pretty.

March 16, 1893.

We had a last musical afternoon to-day at Marie Humlicher's: 8 hands, two pianos, she directing and the performers being Ctesse. de Bylandt, Mlle. de Staal, Hilda and I. We played Mozart and Schumann, really very well. Mlle. Humlicher has a nice big room over a coutourière on Fulham Road. She always gives us tea after the music, which is generally brought up by a tidy little English maid with her cap and apron. She was astounded this afternoon when the tea was brought in by a most elegant young person, dressed in the latest fashion, and attended by a second, also most stylish—however, as the tea was all right she did not say anything; neither did I, but I waited a moment after the other ladies had gone and she had a mysterious conversation on the stairs and came in highly amused. It seems the two elegant ladies were the dressmaker and her assistant. When they saw all these ambassadorial equipages at their door—enormous powdered footmen, wigs, cockades, etc., also Hil-

da's beautiful carriage (Deichmann has splendid horses always and everything perfectly well turned out), their curiosity got the better of them and they felt they *must* see the swells; so they interviewed the maid, installed her in their rooms to attend to any customer who might come, got into their swell garments, and brought up the tea. Wasn't it funny? Luckily we were all rather elegant. I had been paying some farewell visits, and it so happened that we were all up to the mark. I have sometimes gone to Mlle. Humlicher's on foot in a cloth dress, as it is not far from the Embassy. I am sorry to have done with those afternoons—Mlle. Humlicher plays beautifully—she is a pupil of Rubinstein's and has a real artistic nature.

Friday, March 17th.

I had a line from Lady Salisbury yesterday, asking if to-day at 5 would suit me to receive the ladies and my present. I accepted of course, asking her about how many would come. She answered, between 50 and 60, she thought. As the moment drew near I got rather nervous, for W. said they would certainly make me a little speech and that I would have to reply, and he suggested thinking it over; but that I refused and said I must trust to the inspiration of the moment. I wore my purple satin. The ladies arrived very punctually. There were one or two men, all the personnel, including W., and one or two of my friends, Sir George Arthur, Gevers, etc. Lady Salisbury asked me where I would stand, so I put myself in the middle of the big drawing-room, under the chandelier. Lady Salisbury was spokeswoman, flanked on one side by Lady Spencer, the other by Mrs. Gladstone; all the other ladies, including Ladies Londonderry, Cadogan, Shrewsbury, Harcourt, etc.,

forming a circle round me. Lady Salisbury made a very pretty little speech, beginning—"Madame Waddington, Ambassadress," and saying they hoped I would sometimes think of England and my English friends, that I had been there so long that I seemed one of themselves, etc., and then handed me a blue velvet étui. I don't know exactly what I replied (I was rather émue and W. just opposite to me was looking at me hard), but evidently only a few words, to say that the ten years I had spent in London had been very happy ones, that France wasn't very far away, and that I hoped to come back often—but I think they understood that I was pleased and grateful for the present, and above all with the feeling that prompted it. The jewel is very handsome, a circle of large, beautiful white diamonds with a large pearl in the centre and another as pendant. It was passed around the company and they all found it very handsome. We had tea in the blue room, and I talked to them all and said what was perfectly true, that they had been ten perfectly happy years we had spent in London, and ten years is a good piece out of one's life. They left me a book with the names of all the "signataires." W. was much pleased, and I fancy it was rather an unusual demonstration. One of these days, when Francis's wife wears it, it will be a historic jewel. After all the company had gone the secretaries stayed on a little while. I think they are all sorry we are going, and they certainly regret W. as a chief. They all say he is so absolutely just.

ALBERT GATE,
Monday, March 27, 1893.

We walked about in the Row this morning. It was cold and raw, not many people. We dined at the Italian

Embassy in the evening with Tornielli. The Comtesse is at Naples with her niece, the young Marquise Paulucci, who has just had a fine boy. The dinner was small, mostly colleagues. We sat after dinner in the red drawing-room, which is very picturesque—a fine old carved chimney, enormous, and beautiful old red silk hangings just faded enough to give an old-world look. He has brought quantities of things from his palace in Italy. Lincoln was there. He knows who his successor is—Mr. Bayard. We don't know ours.

ALBERT GATE,
March 29, 1893.

Princess Mary and Princess May had promised to come once to tea before I left and they named to-day. I asked very few people—Duchess of St. Albans, Ladies Arran, Randolph Churchill, Hilda, and some men, Deym, Tornielli, Mensdorff, George Arthur, etc. Lady Randolph is very musical, plays extremely well and is very kind to all the artists. I asked Mlle. Jansen (Swedish), who sang quite beautifully—a fine voice, such a ring in it. She is going to America, and I am sure she will have a great success. Both Princesses were as cordial and nice as possible, said it would seem strange not to see me about everywhere any more. "Of course you will come back to London," Princess Mary said; "but it can never be the same thing—you will be a visitor; now you are living your life with us, and London is your home." Princess May looked very pretty, and so bright that I fancy her engagement is settled—everyone seems to think so. I didn't say anything to her, but when I parted from Princess Mary at the foot of the stairs I couldn't help saying that I heard that very soon all her friends would be able to congratulate her, and that as I was

going I would like to think that very happy days were before her. She said "I hope so—I think so," and kissed me. At the door she turned and said, "I wonder when I shall have tea and music again in these rooms. I shall always think with pleasure of the French Embassy." We had a farewell dinner at our cousin's, Mrs. Mostyn's. Lord Herschell was on one side of me and talked a great deal about the banquet at the Mansion House. He said W.'s English was so good, too classical if anything; said he would like very much to hear him speak in French and at the Tribune. He couldn't imagine such a quiet speech and manner in the fiery French Chamber. I told him the Senate was much more sedate than the Chamber (consequently much less amusing) and that he would often hear a perfectly quiet academic speech there.

FRENCH EMBASSY,
Good Friday, March 31, 1893.

We went to the afternoon service at St. Paul's, where the anthem was beautiful. There were a great many people, a great many men following the service, and a great many also walking about looking at the tombs and tablets.

We really have not a moment these last days. I shall go over a little before W., about the 12th of next month. We have had all sorts of leave-takings. The Empress Frederick received us the other day—always charming and interesting, but still talking of her visit to Paris, which she can't get over. She said to me, "I would have liked so much to see you in Paris, in your own house. M. Waddington promised me a dinner with all your clever men." "I should have been much pleased and honoured, Majesté; perhaps a little later he may have that pleasure—but I'm afraid——"

We had all a pleasant visit to Princess Louise at Kensington, who said she would certainly let us know when she came to Paris—I think she often comes. We went to White Lodge, of course, where they all look so happy I can't help thinking that the marriage is arranged. We also went, for a farewell cup of tea, to Alma Tadema, who receives once a week in his beautiful studio. He is going to send me an engraving of one of his lovely Greek pictures. His atelier is most picturesque and full of interesting things. He has a set of panels painted by all his artist friends which are gems. He is very attractive himself—so simple. There were a good many people there.

We had a dinner and party (music) last week at Lady Wimborne's. Their entertainments are always successful. The house (Hamilton House) is one of the best in London. Lord B., a great friend of W.'s, took me to get an ice at the buffet, and was deploring W.'s departure. "Such a pity that Waddington had gone back to France after graduating so brilliantly at Cambridge. He would certainly have made the same career in England, and would have been Premier in England, so much better than being Premier in France"—a truly British sentiment (what makes their strength, perhaps), but naïf.

To G. K. S.

ALBERT GATE,
Easter Sunday, April 2, 1893.

My last Easter in London, a beautiful bright day. Henrietta, Francis, and I walked down to Westminster Abbey in the morning. It was crowded, as it always is —Easter is such a splendid service—the fine old Easter hymn always the same, with the Hallelujah echoing

through the vaults and arches. We had a small dinner in the evening—Jusserand (who had come back to see his friends, of whom he has thousands here), the La Villestreux, the personnel, and a few young people in the evening. I wore my jewel, which they all found very handsome.

FRENCH EMBASSY,
April 9th.

Henrietta, Francis, and I went to the Temple Church this morning. It is a grand old place, right in the heart of London. We were met at the door by one of the "benchers," who gave us very good places and took us all over the church and various halls after service. Francis had never been there and was wildly interested, particularly in the tombs of the old Crusaders with their crossed legs. We lunched with quite a party of benchers and their wives in the "parlement" room, a charming room looking out on the river and across a garden filled with roses, streams of sunlight pouring in at all the windows. They told us the War of the Roses, white and red, was planned in those gardens, and asked us if we remembered the old lines:

"If this red rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white
And turn Lancastrian there."

Yesterday we had a handsome "Diner d'Adieu" at the Turkish Embassy, principally colleagues. Lincoln was there—he too is going, his wife left yesterday. They have raised the United States Legation here to an Embassy, and I hope they will raise the salaries. No one is more asked out or has a better position here than the

United States Minister. I always remember the remark of one of our colleagues, Baron Solvyns, who had been long in London and knew it well. We were talking one day about the Corps Diplomatique, small Powers, Embassies, etc., and were discussing who was the most important Ambassador in London. Solvyns said, "There is no doubt about it, the American *Minister* is the first Ambassador in London."

FRENCH EMBASSY,
April 12, 1893.

My last letter from Albert Gate, Dear. Yesterday all our small things, silver, house linen, etc., departed. The packing seemed well done. We put everything that was to go in the ballroom (little Dresden figures, glasses, silver ornaments), nothing packed, all spread out, on tables. A man came and made an inventory, packs everything in a great van that comes to the door and arrives at our door in the Rue Dumont d'Urville, where equally everything is taken out and unpacked. He says nothing will be broken. It is certainly a very easy way of moving, and I shall be anxious to see how they arrive. The Florians had their furniture taken over like that, and I think one table was a little démantibulée. We leave tomorrow; we being Henrietta and I. W. stays some little time still. I take over all the French servants, both coachmen, and my victoria and horses, as I must settle myself for the spring in the Paris house. W. sends over one of the secretaries, M. Lecomte, with us, and the colleagues are all coming to the station to say good-bye. The rooms look melancholy to-night, so many things gone; piano of course and all books and small tables, screens, etc.—all the gros mobilier belongs to the Embassy. We sat some time talking, just we three: W.,

Henrietta, and I, after dinner. W. has just been named one of the Directeurs du Canal de Suez. I think he will find plenty of occupation when he gets back.

PARIS, 31, RUE DUMONT D'URVILLE,
April 16, 1893.

Here I am, Dear, back in my little salon, writing at my table in the corner by the window, and rather distracted by the quantities of carriages passing. There is so much more movement in the street than when we left ten years ago, and I have got accustomed to such a quiet bedroom and salon. All our living rooms (except the dining-room) at Albert Gate gave on the Park, so we never heard the rattle and noise of carriages over pavements, and as no cabs nor camions are allowed in the Park the passing never disturbed us. We came over very comfortably on Thursday. All our colleagues were at the station to see us off, and I think they are sorry to say good-bye. We found our voiture-salon filled with flowers. Sir George Arthur and S. came over with us. It was very cold and very rough. All the men disappeared at once, but Henrietta and I remained on deck and were quite happy, well wrapped up with rugs, and tarpaulins stretched in front of us to keep out the wet. Lecomte had arranged our lunch in the private room of the buffet at Calais (where W. and I always breakfasted when we came over) and it was comfortable to see a bright fire. I am ashamed to say that the ladies of the party eat a very good breakfast. The men looked rather white, and certainly were not good "fourchettes" at that meal. At Dover we had found Lord William Seymour in uniform, with his aide-de-camp, wife and daughter waiting for us. He took me on the boat, and to the cabin, where there were more flowers, and stayed until

the last moment, giving the captain all manner of instructions for my comfort, and particularly to see that my cabin was warm, with plenty of rugs, etc. I never went near it. I think Adelaïde and Bonny had a very comfortable time there. Francis met us at the Gare du Nord, much pleased to have us back. We went to Henrietta's to dine. I was glad to come home directly after dinner and go to bed. Well, Dear, there is one chapter of my life closed—I wonder what the future reserves for us. I shall be uncomfortable for a few days until my van arrives. It left the same day we did, and the man said it would take a week to bring the things over, but I shall not expect them for ten days. I found quantities of cards and notes here, and Louise and Henrietta of course will give me dinner or anything else I want until I can get quite settled. Hubert got over only to-day. The sea was so rough he wouldn't cross on Thursday; he waited a day at Folkestone, and another at Boulogne, to rest the horses which had been knocked about. W. writes that the Embassy seems absolutely empty. Still he dines out every night (at the club when he hasn't an invitation) and will come over as soon as he can. The house looks so small after the big rooms at Albert Gate, and the stable and little cour minute. It sounded so familiar to hear the carriage coming in under the voûte, and also the street cries. I daresay in a few days I shall take up my ordinary Paris life, and London will seem a dream—like Moscow.

To G. K. S.

BAYREUTH,
Saturday, July 31, 1897.*

We arrived Thursday evening from Nuremberg in a pouring rain, which continued all day Friday, and detestable it was—streets crowded, everybody's umbrella running into one and catching in your veil (really twice in mine), mud everywhere, carriages scarce and dear. Our rooms are comfortable, Mary de Bunsen got them for us, a good-sized salon (with a piano), three bedrooms, and two maids' rooms. We have our early breakfast and supper, but dine out. Our experience at the Sonne was not very agreeable—a long, hot dining-room, quantities of hungry people and no servants to speak of. I was rather interested in my neighbour, a long, thin American, a Western man from Iowa I think, a schoolmaster. He told me he had been saving for years to get money enough "to come across" (as he said) and hear "Parsifal." He had taught himself German in the evenings when his class was finished. The man was in such a quiver of delighted anticipation that it was a pleasure to see him. I told him I was sure he would not be disappointed, as Van Dyck was to sing "Parsifal." There were quite a number of priests at table, and one heard a little French, but the talk was principally German and English. We got up to the theatre easily enough, as carriages were going backward and forward all the time. The opera, "Parsifal," was beautifully given—Van Dyck as good as ever. I always think he stands so wonderfully in that scene where he has his back to the public and is absorbed by all he sees. He told me it was one of his most difficult parts. We had great difficulty in

* M. Waddington died in 1894. Hence the interruption in the series of Madame Waddington's letters from 1893 until 1897.

getting our coffee between the acts, and greater still in finding our carriage at the end. The crowd, and scramble, and mud were something awful.

Friday, August 6th.

We are leaving this afternoon, having had an enchanting week. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, the whole Ring beautifully given. All the music is racing through my brain, from the lovely wave chorus of the swimming Rhine maidens to the magnificent end of the "Götterdämmerung" with all the different motifs worked in. They played the funeral march of "Siegfried" splendidly. It is a curious life one leads here. In the morning everybody walks about the town—the streets are narrow and it is amusing to be hailed from windows over small shops, grocers', bakers', watchmakers', by friends who are lodging there. About 3 a sort of restless excitement is in the air and one sees a long procession mounting the hill to the Opera House, everyone absorbed by the one idea. There are quantities of people we know. I didn't go and see Mdme. Wagner this time, as Henrietta and Pauline don't know her. Her evenings, the off night, are very interesting. One sees all the distinguished people of any kind at her house, all the artists, critics, etc. Of course no one ventures to criticise the *music*—merely the execution.

Meingeningen, Biebrich,
Sunday, August 15, 1897.

I have been here two or three days and am glad to have some quiet hours in the garden after the fatigue and excitement of Bayreuth. Four Wagner operas in succession is a strain on one's brain (not that I wouldn't do it straight over again this week if I could, but one wants the rest between). The crowd at Bayreuth the

day we started was something wonderful, as of course everyone leaves after their série—there is nothing to do or see in the town. At Nuremberg, too, the scramble to get something to eat was funny, as there were two courants, all of us leaving Bayreuth, and just as many more arriving to take our places. There is always a crowd at the Nuremberg station, though they have multiplied little buffets outside the regular salles d'attente with coffee, beer, sausages, etc. We were late all along the line, and again there was such a crowd at the big Frankfort station that I could not get my trunks in time to take the first train for Mosbach—however, I arrived finally and was pleased to see Heinrich's broad, good-humoured face, and we drove at once to the house, where Mary was waiting for me with supper. We talked a little, but even that took us on to 2 o'clock, as it was after midnight when I arrived.

We have seen various people, and made expeditions to Wiesbaden. We wrote to the Empress Frederick's lady-in-waiting the other day (Countess Perponcher, whom Mary knows very well) to say that I was here near Cronberg, and would be so pleased if the Empress would receive me. The answer has just come, asking me to lunch at Cronberg on Wednesday. I am delighted to go—first to see the Empress, and then to see the house, which is filled with beautiful things. The Empress has travelled so much, and been so much in Italy, and has bought all sorts of treasures.

Tuesday, August 17, 1897.

Last night we went to the opera at Wiesbaden. It was "Hansel and Gretel," beautifully given—the orchestra very good and the angel scene with all the angels coming down a sort of ladder and circling round the sleeping

children quite exquisite. It was a funny contrast to the London and Paris Opera. Mary and I started off about 5.30 in ordinary summer dress—foulard and voile. We went to the great confectioner at Wiesbaden for our tea and cakes, and a little before 7 walked across to the Opera. There we took off our hats and jackets, hung them up on a little peg, found our seats without any trouble, and had a very pleasant evening. The entr'actes are much shorter than in France, so that we were out a little before 10. The drive home was lovely on a bright starlight summer night; about three-quarters of an hour. It was such an easy, independent way of going, without the complications of a man to go with us, servant to take our cloaks, etc. I often think I should like to live a little in Germany, there is so much that I like in the country, and life seems so easy, though I believe German women wouldn't say so. They all seemed weighed down with cares, and apparently all with very small incomes. I wonder if you have read Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke"; I am fascinated by it. It was a little difficult reading at first on account of the sort of patois, but it is a wonderful book, so weird and full of sentiment. I will finish my letter after our day at Cronberg.

Thursday, August 19, 1897.

We had a charming day; I am so glad we went. We started a little after ten for Frankfort, where we had a wait of 20 minutes. I wore my black voile and a little black and jet toque in which I put a white aigrette, and white gloves, so as not to be too black. The trajet is short from Frankfort to Cronberg, about an hour. We found two carriages (rather pretty victorias in wood natural colour and cushions the same colour—they looked very chic and country) and tall powdered footmen in the

black and silver Imperial livery. There were two or three people in the second carriage whom I didn't recognise at first, but made out when we arrived. Val Prinsep, the artist, and his wife, a very pretty woman, and a German lady, also an artist I think. The Castle is not far from the station, and Cronberg (the town) is rather picturesque. The house is large—nothing particular in the way of architecture, but stands well in a fair-sized park. We were received in a fine hall, with pictures, carvings, and plenty of old furniture. Countess Perponcher and Baron Reischach received us. Count Seckendorff was not there, which I regretted, as I like him very much and should have been glad to see him again. Countess Perponcher took us to a small room on the ground floor where we left our parasols, wraps, etc., and then we went through one or two handsome rooms into a large salon where the company was already assembled. Lady Layard and her niece were staying in the house, also Prince Albert Solms (our old friend) with his wife. He is very ill, poor fellow, and can hardly get about. Some English friends arrived from Hombourg—Lady Cork, Lord Algy Lennox. About 1.30 the Empress came—always the same charming manner, and always her sad eyes. I thought she looked thinner and paler perhaps, but not ill. We went immediately to luncheon—the Empress first, alone, all of us following. Baron Reischach sat opposite to her, between me and Lady Cork. The talk was easy, the Empress talking a great deal. Val Prinsep too did his share, and Lady Cork is always clever and original. After luncheon we went back to the big drawing-room and looked at some of the beautiful things. Angeli's last portrait of the Empress had just come and had been placed (temporarily only) in a corner where the light was not very good. It

The Empress Frederick, wearing the Order of the Black Eagle.

The last portrait of the Empress by the artist Angeli.

is a fine picture—the Empress all in black with her splendid pearl necklace, seated on a sort of carved throne, or high-backed chair—all the shading dark, the only bit of colour the yellow ribbon of the Black Eagle. It is a striking picture and very like her, but so inexpressibly sad. She called each one of us in turn to come and sit by her. She spoke very warmly of W. to me, and asked me if I didn't regret my London life, and if I did not find it very difficult to settle down in France after having lived ten years in London, "the great centre of the world." It is curious how universal that feeling is with English people (and "au fond," notwithstanding all the years she has lived in Germany, the Empress is absolutely English still in her heart). They think that life in England—London—spoils one for everything else. I told her I didn't think I was to be pitied for living in Paris—after all, my boy was a Frenchman and all his interests were in France. She asked about Francis, how old he was, and couldn't believe that I was going back to fêter his 21 years, and thought it was fortunate for him that his early education had been in England.

We talked a little about French literature—I think she reads everything—and she asked about Bayreuth, were there many French people there. I told her the Director of the Grand Opéra, among others, who wants to have the "Meistersinger" in France, but Mdme. Wagner is rather unwilling—the choruses, she thinks, are too difficult either to translate or to sing with the true spirit in any other language. The Empress said, "She is quite right; it is one of the most difficult of Wagner's operas, and essentially German in plot and structure. It scarcely bears translation in English and in French would be impossible; neither is the music, in my mind, at all suited

to the French character. The mythical legend of the Cycle would appeal more to the French, I think, than the ordinary German life." I daresay she is right. When she congédied me I talked some little time to Prince Solms, Reischach, and others. Then it was getting time for us to go, as we had to take the 4.30 train back to Frankfort. I was standing by the window, from which there is a fine open view over plain and woods, when the Empress came up to say good-bye. She supposed I was going back to France, where I would find my boy. "You are very fortunate to have him still with you; it gives such an interest to your life." She kissed me, and then said sadly, "*My* task is done—I am quite alone." I watched her go out of the room, across the hall, and up the great staircase, with her long black dress trailing behind, alone—as she said. It must be an awful solitude for her—living there in her beautiful house, filled with art treasures of all kinds, and with friends near all summer at Hombourg, Wiesbaden, etc., who are only too happy to go to her—but her real life is over, and she is as far away from Germany and the throbbing pulse of the nation as if she were a cloistered nun.

The Val Prinseps came away with us, and we made a bout de chemin together until they branched off to Hombourg. He has quite the same idea of the Empress; says "elle se ronge," that she had always had such aspirations and wanted to do so much for the intellectual life of Germany. Mary and I got to Frankfort in good time, and home for dinner. We were glad to prowl about in the garden after dinner, when it was deliciously cool and the air heavy almost with the scent of roses, of which she has quantities. We saw the Rhine and the lights of Mayence in the distance. I suppose this place too I shall never see again, as I think Mary has made up her mind

to sell Meingeningen. I think she will settle in Ireland if she can get the old Townshend place where she was one summer. It is ideal, close on the sea, with a splendid park rising up behind the Castle, but will be a great change for her.

To H. L. K.

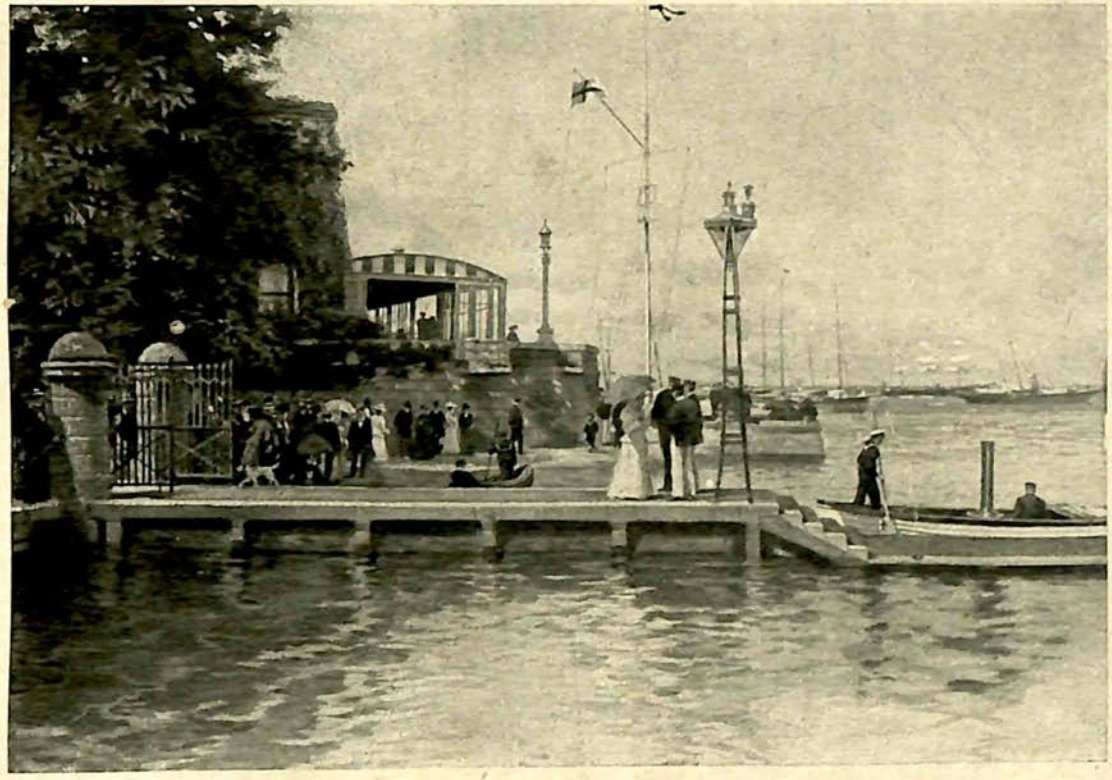
SOUTH PAVILION, WEST COWES,
August 9, 1900.

We are becoming accustomed, Dear, to the wind and rain and a general damp feeling. I don't think I have been really dry since we left Paris. I live in my serge dress and a waterproof. I should have been quite comfortable if I could have changed with the other one, but Bessie Talleyrand is disporting herself in it. When we arrived we found everyone in mourning for the Duke of Edinburgh, the first days not so marked, but since the Osborne has arrived with the Prince and Princess on board one sees nothing but black, and Bessie was much disgusted, having only blue. The steam launches and boats go all day between the yachts and the shore. Everyone, men and women, wears those remarkable yellow mackintoshes; you can't tell them apart, and the boats look as if they were loaded with great yellow "ballots." The two American yachts, Nahma, Mrs. Goelet, and Itwana, Mr. Armour, are splendid, enormous steamers and beautifully kept. Yesterday after lunch Bessie and I started in the wind and rain to drive over to Osborne and write ourselves down for the Queen. I am afraid I sha'n't see her, which will be a great disappointment to me; but the ladies here tell me she is much affected by the Duke of Edinburgh's death, and after all, the Prince has only just got back from his funeral. The drive through Cowes is not very interesting, through

dirty, smelly little streets; but once over the ferry (which one crosses in a boat large enough to take the Queen's carriage with four horses) it is pretty enough, up a long hill with fine trees and a few places. We didn't see the Castle, as of course we were stopped at the gates, which were open, with a policeman standing just inside. The park looked fine, grass and flower beds beautifully kept. We wrote ourselves down and I left a card for the Duchess of Roxburghe, who is in waiting. We went for tea to the Club garden, and there I saw the Duchess of Roxburghe, who told me the Queen would certainly see me. We dined quietly at home, rather a fancy meal, but we prefer that to going out. There is a nice little dining-room, and Joseph waits. How he gets on downstairs with the three maiden ladies who run the establishment I don't know. He doesn't speak or understand one word of English and has never been out of France before. He went nearly mad over that remarkable railway journey of ours across country from Eastbourne to Cowes, where we changed about 10 times (all the luggage naturally being transferred each time), lost all our connections everywhere and arrived at Cowes at 10.30 at night, having left Eastbourne at 2. He is much impressed with the uncleanliness of the house, and said to me just now, "Si Madame voyait les torchons *sales* dont on se sert pour essuyer les assiettes *propres*, Madame ne mangerait jamais à la maison."

EAST COWES,
Sunday, August 12, 1900.

I had two notes this morning, one from Miss Knollys saying the Princess would receive me, and one from Madame d'Arcos saying the Empress Eugénie would like us to come to tea with her on the Thistle at 5. I



Entrance to the Club and Gardens, Cowes, Isle of Wight.
From a photograph by Broderick.

had rather hesitated about writing myself down for the Empress. I had never seen her, and W. was in such violent opposition always to the Empire that I never saw any of the Imperial family; but Madame d'Arcos said Bessie and I were the only Frenchwomen at Cowes; we had been everywhere—on the Osborne, to the Queen, etc., and it was rude not to do the same thing for the Empress—au fond, I was rather glad to have the opportunity, as I had never seen her. We went to the club garden after church, as I wanted to find a friend who would lend me a steam launch to go out to the Osborne. Lord Llangattock offered his, and also said he would take us to the Thistle for tea, as they were going on board to say good-bye to the Empress (they leave tonight). I wore my black and white foulard and a big black hat with feathers (never a sailor hat), which could go, as the day was fine and the sea smooth. The Princess was not there when I arrived; she had gone to the service on the Victoria and Albert. Miss Knollys appeared and we sat some time talking on deck. I was leaning over the railing when the Royal launch arrived, and I was astounded, after all these years (7), at the appearance of the Princess. Just the same slight, youthful figure and light step. The Duke of York came forward first and talked a little. He was dressed in undress admiral's uniform and looked very well. Then the Princess came, quite unchanged. She was simply dressed, in mourning, and looked quite as she did the last time I saw her, when she was also in mourning (for Prince Eddie). She kissed me, seemed pleased to see me, and we sat on two straw chairs, under the awning on the deck, talking about all sorts of things. She said the Duke of Edinburgh's death was a great grief to them. They were very fond of him, and it was sudden; and

spoke most sadly about the Empress Frederick, who seems to be dying, and of a cancer. It seems that she knows quite well what is the matter with her and what is before her, as she nursed her husband through his long malady. Isn't it awful? She spoke about Francis, recalling his first afternoon at Marlborough House, when he was quite small and wept bitterly when the negro minstrels appeared. I told her he was working for diplomacy, and she said she would be much pleased to see him when he came to London as attaché.

The Prince came and talked a little while, and also recalled the last time we met last summer on the quai at Nuremberg, both coming from Marienbad, and swallowing hastily a cup of very hot coffee. I thought he looked grave and preoccupied. He talked a little about Cowes. He said he never remembered such a bad week —awful weather and few yachts. He was very complimentary about the two big American yachts, Itwana and Nahma; said he had never seen the Nahma, which he regretted, but he didn't know Mrs. Goelet—did I? "Oh yes, very well, ever since she was a child, and her mother and father before." I was sure she would be very pleased to receive them. The Prince said they were in such deep mourning that they had been on no yacht, and he hoped there would be no party. I said Mrs. Goelet herself was in deep mourning. After some consultation with the Princess they said they would like to go on board to-morrow morning at 12 o'clock (they leave early Tuesday morning), and I promised to speak to Mrs. Goelet.

He was amused when I said I liked the "Japs" so much, as he rather invented them. They came to sing to him one summer when he was ill at Cowes and on his yacht all the time. There are four people, three women

and a man (a Frenchman), all masked, the women in pretty Japanese dresses and the man in ordinary clothes. One woman accompanies at the piano by heart, and extremely well; the other two and the man sing and dance —dancing very moderate—a sort of "walk around," but the singing very good; all English except one or two little French songs the man sings alone. One of their favourite ditties, "Mary housemaid," always brings down the house. It is just the sort of thing that would have amused us in our young days when we used to play and sing by heart and invent steps. The women are very graceful—I don't know if they are pretty, as one never sees their faces—and the man extraordinary, very amusing and never vulgar.

I think I must have been a long time on the yacht, and nothing could be more gracious and sympathetic than the Princess. She told me the Queen would certainly receive me. I hadn't more than time to get back where Bessie and Borghese were very hungry waiting for luncheon, and to start again at 4; this time with Bessie and the Llangattocks for the Thistle. We were received by Madame d'Arcos, Mlle. Darauvilliers, and M. Rambaut. They told us the Empress had a cold and was very hoarse; had been forbidden by the doctor to come on deck, and also to talk, but that she would receive us in the cabin. We went down almost immediately, preceded by Madame d'Arcos, who said we must not stay long, as the Empress ought not to talk. She was standing in her cabin, still a handsome, stately figure, with beautiful brow and eyes, and charming manner, more animated than I had imagined. She was very well dressed in black. She made us sit down and talked herself a great deal, always about Paris, the Bassanos (speaking most warmly of the Duke), d'Albuféras, and

various mutual friends. She knew Francis was to work for diplomacy, and said she could wish him nothing better than to walk in his father's footsteps. We were afraid we were tiring her, as she talked all the time. Twice the "dame d'honneur" appeared, but she waved her away. When she finally dismissed us she said "Je ne dirai pas adieu, mais au revoir"—regretted very much that she could not come on deck and have tea with us, but that we must certainly stay. We had a pleasant half hour talking with the others, and then there came a message from her begging that we would take her launch and cruise about in the harbour. I accepted gladly, as I wanted to communicate with the Nahma and didn't exactly know how to manage. The French ladies too wished to see the American yacht, so off we started in the Empress's launch. It seemed funny after all these years to be suddenly thrown with the Empress and her suite and careering about in her launch. Mrs. Goelet was not on board, but the steward took the visitors all over the yacht, and I discovered Mrs. Warren and told her that the Prince and Princess would like to go on board to-morrow—she said she was quite sure her daughter would be very happy to see them. I found a note from the Duchess of Roxburghe when I got home, saying that the Queen would receive me to-morrow at 4.30 at Osborne, so my day will be full, as I told Mrs. Goelet I would come to the Nahma to present her to the Prince and Princess.

To H. L. K.

EAST PAVILION, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Monday, August 13, 1900.

Well, Dear, I am just back from Osborne. I have the salon all to myself, Bessie and Borghese are out, and I

will write you all about my audience while it is fresh in my memory, but I must begin at the beginning and tell you about the Royal visit to the Nahma, which went off very well. A little before twelve Mr. Warren, Mrs. Goelet's brother, came for us and we went off at once to the yacht. The Royal party arrived very punctually, Prince and Princess, Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, and various gentlemen. They were all delighted with the yacht, particularly the Duke of York, who saw everything. He called an officer of the Osborne to see some arrangement of signals which it seems is wonderful, and said they had nothing so perfect in the Royal Yacht. Mrs. Goelet did the honours very well and simply, receiving the Princes at the gangway, with her son and daughter on each side of her, a pretty, graceful figure in her plain black dress. I remained on board to lunch after the Princes departed, and they sent me ashore at 2.30 as I had just time to dress and go to Osborne.

I started again a little before 4, wearing my black taffetas trimmed with lace and a tulle bonnet and white aigrette (quite costume de ville—I could not go to the Queen in a serge skirt and big hat). I took Joseph with me in plain black livery. We arrived quite in time, as there was no delay at the ferry this time, and the large gates were open, the man making a sign to us to drive in. There were two or three policemen standing near the gate and in the park. The park is pretty—not very large but beautifully green, and as we got near the house, quantities of flowers—a mass of colour. The house is not handsome—rather imposing, a large grey stone house with two wings, and flower-beds close up to the windows. Three or four footmen in plain black livery were waiting in the hall, and they took me at once upstairs to the ladies' drawing-room—a nice room at the

side of the house not looking out to sea. The Duchess of Roxburghe was waiting for me, and we talked about fifteen minutes. Then came a Highland servant saying, "Her Majesty was ready to receive *Lady* Waddington." The Duchess and I went downstairs, walked through various galleries, and stopped at a door where there was no servant. The Duchess knocked, the Queen's voice said, "Come in," and I found myself in a beautiful large salon, all the windows opening on the sea. The Queen, dressed as usual in black, was seated in the middle of the room facing the door. I had barely time to make one curtsey—she put out her hand and made me sit down next to her. She spoke to me first in French (just as she always did when I was at the Embassy—to mark, I suppose, that I was the French Ambassadress), "Je suis très heureuse de vous revoir—I think we can speak English—how much has happened since we met"; and then we talked about all sorts of things. I thought she looked extremely well—of course I couldn't tell if her sight was gone, as she knew I was coming and I sat close to her. Her eyes were blue and clear, and her memory and conversation quite the same. She thanked me for my letter; said the Duke of Edinburgh's death was a great blow to her. It was so sudden, she had not thought him ill. She had lost three children all very dear to her, and it was hard at her age to see her children go before her. She spoke at once (so moderately) of the caricatures and various little incidents that had occurred in France. I said I was very glad to have an opportunity of telling her that everybody in France (except for a few hot-headed radicals and anti-English) was most indignant at such gratuitous insults not only to the Queen but to a woman. She said she quite understood that—that wherever she had been in France everybody had done

what they could to make her stay happy and comfortable; that she never could forget it, and hoped the French nation felt that—also that she would never dream of holding the country responsible for the radical press, but "my children and my people feel it very deeply." We talked about the King of Italy's murder (she was much pleased with the expression in one of the Italian papers "è morto in piedi") and she expressed great sympathy for Queen Margherita—"She is fond of Italy and is always thinking and planning what she can do for the people." We also talked about the Shah and the attentat in Paris. I said that left me rather indifferent, but she answered instantly, "You are quite wrong—it is the principle, not the person, that is attacked in those cases." I then remarked that it was a great pity, I thought, that one of those gentlemen (anarchists, not sovereigns) shouldn't be lynched; that I believed the one thing they were afraid of was the justice of the people. She said, "That is not a very Christian sentiment"; but I think she didn't altogether disagree with me. She asked me about Francis—was he working for diplomacy; and then, I don't know exactly how, we began talking about mixed marriages. She said she didn't think religion ought to be an invincible obstacle. I said I thought with her, but that French Protestants were very strict. I told her it had been said that my husband, who was certainly a very large-minded man in most things, was really narrow about Catholics. She said, with such a charming smile, "Oh, I can't think M. Waddington was ever narrow about anything, I always thought him one of the most large-minded, just men I ever knew." I must say I was pleased, and W. always felt that for some reason or another he was sympathetic to her. We talked a little about the Empress Frederick; she said the last news was

better, but she evidently didn't want to pursue the subject. We talked on some little time, and when she finally dismissed me, she said, "I hope you will come back to England, and whenever you do I shall be very glad to see you." She shook hands—I backed myself to the door, opened it, and there found the Highland servant, who took me back to the drawing-room where the Duchess of Roxburghe was waiting. She suggested that we should go for a turn in the garden, and when she went to get her hat I looked about the room, which is quite plainly furnished—a grand piano, comfortable furniture, not pretty, and no particular style.

We walked about the gardens a little, which are pretty, such quantities of flowers, and had tea under the trees. Two of the ladies came out—Mrs. Grant and Miss Harbord. They were very anxious to know if I found the Queen changed after seven years, but I really can't say I did. My impression is that they find her older. They say she felt the Duke of Edinburgh's death very much, and that she is very worried about the Empress Frederick, though she doesn't talk much about her. It was lovely sitting under the trees, so cool and quiet after the noise and glare of Cowes. All the people bowed as we drove home through Cowes. I think they took Joseph in his black livery for one of the Queen's servants.

I must tell you that Joseph and Élise are also moving in high society. Joseph came with a most smiling face to me Saturday night to say that one of his friends was chef on the Empress's yacht (the Thistle) and had invited them to breakfast on Sunday on the yacht. I said they could go, and when Bessie and I were going to church we saw them start—he in the regulation Cowes blue serge costume (*not* the short, very short, Eton jacket which is the dress attire of the Club men) and yellow

shoes, and she in my old purple foulard, with a very nice little toque. A very smart little boat was waiting for them.

Now, my Dear, I must stop, as I am exhausted, and a perfect Mrs. Jellyby, papers flying all over the place, as I am writing at the open window, and ink all over me, fingers, hair, etc. I can't say, as Madame de Sévigné did, "ma plume vole," for mine stops and scratches, and makes holes in the paper, and does everything it can to make my writing difficult. I wonder why I hate it so—I do—as soon as I sit down to my writing-table I want to go out or play on the piano, or even crochet little petticoats—anything rather than write. I suppose I shall never see the Queen again—at her age it isn't very likely, especially if I wait another seven years without coming over. I am glad she received me, it was a great pleasure.

Note.

PARIS, 29, RUE AUGUSTE VACQUERIE,
Dimanche, 29 Decembre, 1901.

Of course I never saw the Queen again. She began to fail that same autumn (1900) after her return home from Balmoral, and died at Osborne the 22d of January, 1901—a beautiful death, painless, sleeping away and all her children and grandchildren with her. It isn't only the Queen who has disappeared—it is the century. England will enter on a new phase—but it must be different from the chapter that has just closed.

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